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THE STREAM OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

The STREAM *of* ENGLISH LITERATURE

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INTRODUCTION

A survey of English literature may serve either of two purposes in a college curriculum. (1) It may serve as an introduction to the field of literature, with a generous sampling from every age and type of literature, supplementing the high school classics, and leading into more detailed studies later on in the course, or (2) make familiar, by its wide range of selections, the great names of literature and the leading works for those students who are going to be restricted or very limited in the study of English in their college course.

Within the scope set for themselves by the authors, this survey will serve either of these purposes well. Excluding the drama, and the problems of structure of novels and short stories, the selections furnish a very good basis for such an *introductory study*, or such a *general survey* as is outlined in the first paragraph. One is glad to find here selections of some length, such as *Everyman*, episodes from *Morte d'Arthur* and from More's *Utopia*, the first two books of the *Faerie Queene*, the first book of *Paradise Lost*, Burke's *Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful*, and others, which are not usually found in such collections.

One notes that books like this one are replacing histories of literature in the early years of the college course, and students continue to come into contact with actual literature, instead of being told about it, or of reading about it. The biographical details regarding the authors in this book are sufficiently detailed and relevant to give the student the place and significance of the writer in the general trend, or at least the outstanding characteristic of his work. An excellent history of literature, like Brother Leo's, might serve to supplement this data, if the student sees, for any reason, no opportunity for the continuance of his study of English literature.

The glories of English literature are the glory of the English-speaking people, both Catholic and non-Catholic. Only the break in the European tradition by the so-called Reformation has caused the present dominant tradition in this country which neglects Catholic contributions to civilization except in extraordinary cases. One must be struck, as he reads through the notes in this book, by the number of literary men who became converts to Catholicism: Thomas Lodge, Henry Constable, James Shirley, Sir William Davenant, Richard Crashaw, John Dryden, Sir Samuel Garth, Cardinal Manning, Frederick William Faber, Cardinal Newman, Aubrey De Vere, Coventry Patmore, Adelaide Ann Procter, Gerard Manley Hopkins, John Ayscough, Ernest Dowson, Lionel Johnson, Robert Hugh Benson, and at the end of his life, Oscar Wilde. One notes, too, with pleasure, that the living authors represented include a number of Catholics.

In any case, the authors of this "survey" strive to do justice to Catholic contributions to English literature, without doing injustice to our Milton, Johnson, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Browning, or Tennyson.

One is struck, as he goes over this book, by the intimate relationship that may exist between religion and poetry, and the neglect that ordinarily exists in anthologies of this relationship. The inspiration of poetry is not always religion, nor has it ever been merely romantic love, patriotism, or death. The inspiration of poetry was originally religious, but our movement toward secularization distorts our historical view as well as our contemporary conception of the proper poetic theme. *The Hound of Heaven* could have been written just as well in the ages of faith as in the nineteenth century.

It is pleasing to note the poems and hymns to Mary, in every age. St. Mary Magdalene continues to inspire poets. There is in this volume a litany of the Holy Ghost, numerous poems on the Sacraments, hymns to St. Cecelia, songs of divine love, as well as hymns to God's power. One finds the expression of awe in the hymn, *To the Name Above Every Name, the Name of Jesus*, as well as the more intimate *Walking with God.* One finds such widely different religious inspirations as in the quaint *Spirituall Consolacyon*, the ballad of Father Gilligan, the lyrics to the nuns of Perpetual Adoration, and the *Heaven Haven.*

All which suggests Thompson's introduction to the essay on Shelley. That great essay begins: "The Church which was once the mother of poets, no less than of saints, during the last two centuries has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry, if the chief glories of holiness she has preserved for her own." And the introduction ends: "There is a change of late years: the Wanderer is being called to her Father's house, but we would have the call yet louder, we would have the proffered welcome more unstinted." May this book help us to bring that call to college students and make it reverberate and echo louder and louder and wider and wider among that promising body of youth.

The book renders a real service to the study of English literature by restoring something like a balance so far as the Catholic element is concerned, and still the book gives a very good general view of the development of English literary movements within the scope set by the authors. It may be contended that other poems, or essays, or selections might have been chosen rather than those actually included. I gladly leave that problem to the teacher steeped in English literature, who, in any case, will frequently make the selection actually included in this book the starting point of delightful rambles to literary "fresh woods and pastures new," for the students.

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK

CONTENTS

Introduction v
Prayer Before Study 1

Geoffrey Chaucer

From *The Canterbury Tales:* The Prologue 3
From *An A. B. C.* 12
Truth 13
The Complaint to His Empty Purse 13

Reginald Pecock

From *The Repressor of Over Much Blaming of the Clergy* 14

John Lydgate

From *Horns Away:* Humility 18
A Praise of Saint Anne 18

Thomas Hoccleve

From *De Regimine Principum:* To Chaucer 19

Sir Thomas Malory

From *Le Morte D'Arthur* 20

Robert Henryson

The Bloody Sark 27
Robin and Makyne 29

Blessed John Fisher

A Spirituall Consolacyon 31

William Dunbar

The Merle and the Nightingale 37

Stephen Hawes

From *The Pastime of Pleasure* 39
From *The Example of Virtue* 39

Blessed Thomas More

From *A Dialogue of Syr Thomas More* 40
From *Utopia* 41
Letter to His Wife 47

Ballads

The Storke 48
I Saw Three Ships 49
Johnie Armstrong 49
Young Waters 50
Sir Patrick Spens 51
Robin Hood's Death 51
Brown Robin's Confession 52
Hugh of Lincoln 53
The Carnal and the Crane 54

Anonymous

Everyman 56

Sir Thomas Wyatt

The Lover for Shame-Fastness Hideth His Desire 68
Description of the Contrarious Passions in a Lover 69
The Lover Sendeth Sighs to Move His Suit 69
The Lover Beseecheth His Mistress 69

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

Description of Spring 70
Complaint of a Lover Rebuked 70
The Means to Attain Happy Life 70
Of the Death of Sir T[homas] W[yatt] 70

Edmund Spenser

From *The Faerie Queene:* Book I 72

Sir Philip Sidney

Sonnet XXXI 84
Sonnet XXXIX 84
Sonnet XLI 84
Leave Me, O Love 84

Thomas Lodge

Love's Protestation 85
Phyllis 85
Rosalind's Madrigal 85

Sir Francis Bacon

Of Truth 86
Of Marriage and Single Life 87
Of Friendship 88
Of Riches 91
Of Youth and Age 93
Of Studies 94

Robert Southwell

Mary Magdalen's Complaint at Christ's Death 95
Times Go By Turns 96
Look Home 96
Fortune's Falsehood 96
A Child My Choice 97
Life Is But Loss 97
What Joy to Live 98
The Burning Babe 98
The Nativity of Christ 99
Christ's Childhood 99
Of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar 99

Henry Constable

To the Blessed Sacrament 101
To Our Blessed Lady 101
To Saint Mary Magdalen 101
Love's Difficulties 101

William Shakespeare

Sonnet XVIII 102
Sonnet XXIX 102
Sonnet XXX 102
Sonnet XXXII 102
Sonnet LXIV 103
Sonnet LXV 103
Sonnet LXVI 103
Sonnet LXXI 103

Sonnets LXXIII, XCVIII 103
Sonnets CVI, CXVI 104
From *Love's Labour's Lost:* When Icicles Hang by the Wall. 104
From *Two Gentlemen of Verona:* Who Is Sylvia? 104
From *As You Like It:* Under the Greenwood Tree 104
From *As You Like It:* Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind 105
From *Cymbeline:* Hark, Hark! the Lark 105
From *Cymbeline:* Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun 105
From *Hamlet:* How Should I Your True Love Know? 105
From *Measure For Measure:* Take, O, Take Those Lips Away 105
From *A Midsummer Night's Dream:* Over Hill, Over Dale 106
From *The Merchant of Venice:* Tell Me, Where Is Fancy Bred 106
From *The Tempest:* Full Fathom Five . 106
From *The Tempest:* Where the Bee Sucks 106
JOHN DONNE
Death 106
The Computation 107
BEN JONSON
Hymn to Diana 107
To Celia 108
An Ode 108
To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare 108
EDMUND BOLTON
A Palinode 109
ROBERT HERRICK
From *Hesperides:* The Argument of His Book 110
Corinna's Going A Maying 110
An Ode for Ben Jonson 111
From *Noble Numbers:* His Prayer for Absolution 111
To Electra 112
His Litany to the Holy Spirit 112
GEORGE HERBERT
Virtue 113
The Altar 113
Easter Wings 113
THOMAS CAREW
Mediocrity in Love Rejected 114
Celia Singing 114
Ask Me No More 114
Of Celia Singing 114
JAMES SHIRLEY
Song 115
No Armour Against Fate 115
The Garden 115
Piping Peace 116
The Passing Bell 116
RICHARD FLECKNOE
Silence 116
On the Death of Lady Cheynée. . . . 117
A Rich Miser. 117
A Valiant Man 117
Noble Love 117
SIR THOMAS BROWNE
From *Hydriotaphia, or Urn-Burial* . . 118
WILLIAM HABINGTON
A Dialogue Between Hope and Fear. . 121
To Cupid 121
Upon Cupid's Death and Burial . . . 122
The Description of Castara 122
To Castara Praying 122
To Castara: Upon Beauty 122
To Castara: Melancholy 123
The Reward of Innocent Love 123
Recogitabo Tibi Omnes Annos Meos . 123
Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam 123
Non Nobis Domine 124
A Holy Man 124
SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT
From *Gondibert:* Praise 126
Song 126
Morning 126
Epitaph 126
JOHN MILTON
On His Blindness 127
L'Allegro 128
Il Penseroso 129
From *Paradise Lost:* Book I 131
THE BIBLE
The Book of Ruth 142
RICHARD CRASHAW
Wishes to His (Supposed) Mistress . . 146
To the Name Above Every Name. . . 148
New Year's Day 150
Dies Iræ, Dies Illa 151
St. Mary Magdalen, or the Weeper . . 152
A Hymn to the Name and Honor of the Admirable Saint Teresa 154
The Flaming Heart 156
From *Steps to the Temple:* Upon Easter Day 157
Description of a Religious House and Condition of Life 157
A Song of Divine Love 158
Psalm CXXXVII 158
On Mr. George Herbert's Book . . . 158
ABRAHAM COWLEY
The Wish 159
Upon the Shortness of Man's Life. . . 159
Of Obscurity 160
RICHARD LOVELACE
From *The Grasshopper* 161
To Lucasta, On Going to the Wars . . 162
To Althea, From Prison 162

Sir Edward Sherburne
- Christus Mathaeum et Discipulos Alloquitur 162
- The Magdalen 163
- Good Friday 163
- Mary Weeping for Jesus Lost 163
- The Fountain 163

Henry Vaughan
- The Retreat 163
- The World 164
- Ascension Hymn 165

John Dryden
- From *The Hind and the Panther* 166
- A Song for St. Cecelia's Day 173

Daniel Defoe
- From *Robinson Crusoe* 174
- The Instability of Human Glory . . . 176
- The Education of Women 177

Sir Samuel Garth
- From *The Dispensary* 179
- From *Claremont:* Manners 180
- Choice of a Wife . . 180

Jonathan Swift
- From *The Art of Political Lying* 181
- A Meditation Upon a Broomstick . . 182
- From *A Tale of a Tub* 183

Joseph Addison
- The Spectator's Account of Himself . 185
- Polite and Rustic Manners 187
- Death of Sir Roger de Coverley 189

Sir Richard Steele
- The Club 191
- Sir Roger on Men of Fine Parts . . . 193

Edward Young
- From *Night Thoughts:* Silence and Darkness 195

John Gay
- From *Fables:* The Hound and the Huntsman 197
- The Poet and the Rose 197

Alexander Pope
- An Essay on Criticism 198
- Ode on St. Cecelia's Day 201

James Thomson
- From *The Seasons:* Spring 203
- Hymn to God's Power 205

Samuel Johnson
- The Advantages of Living in a Garret . 206
- Wealth 208
- From *London* 210
- From *The Vanity of Human Wishes* . . 211

William Shenstone
- From *The Schoolmistress* 212

Thomas Gray
- Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard 213
- An Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College 215

William Collins
- Ode to Evening 217
- Ode to Simplicity 217
- Ode Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746 218

Oliver Goldsmith
- From *The Citizen of the World:* First Impressions of England 219
- The Character of Beau Tibbs 220
- The Deserted Village 222

Edmund Burke
- From the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* 228
- From the *Speech on Conciliation with the American Colonies* 238

William Cowper
- The Diverting History of John Gilpin . 241
- From *Table Talk* 244
- From *Olney Hymns:* Walking With God 245
- On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture 245

James Macpherson
- From *Ossian:* Oina-Morul 247
- Address to the Sun 248

James Boswell
- From *Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson* . . . 249

Thomas Chatterton
- From *Ælla: A Tragycal Enterlude:* Mynstrelles Songe 256
- From *The Bristowe Tragedie:* The Farewell of Sir Charles Baldwin to His Wife 257

George Crabbe
- From *The Parish Register:* Isaac Ashford 258
- From *The Village* 259

William Blake
- From *Songs of Innocence:* Cradle Song . 261
- The Tiger 261
- The Piper 261

Robert Burns
- Verses on an Evening View of the Ruins of Lincluden Abbey 262
- O Thou Dread Power 263
- To a Mountain Daisy 263
- The Cotter's Saturday Night 264

William Wordsworth
- We Are Seven 267
- Expostulation and Reply 268
- Tintern Abbey 268
- Lucy 270
- "My Heart Leaps Up" 270
- "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" . . . 271
- "She Was a Phantom of Delight" . . 271
- Ode to Duty 271
- Ode on the Intimations of Immortality 272
- "It is a Beauteous Evening" 274

- Lines Composed Upon Westminster Bridge . . . 274
- "The World Is Too Much With Us" . . 275
- The Virgin . . . 275

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
- The Rime of the Ancient Mariner . . . 275
- Kubla Khan . . . 281
- Epitaph . . . 281

SIR WALTER SCOTT
- From *Marmion* . . . 282

JOHN LINGARD
- From *A History of England* . . . 285

CHARLES LAMB
- Dream-Children: A Reverie . . . 286

WILLIAM HAZLITT
- From *On the Conversation of Authors* . 288

THOMAS MOORE
- "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms" . . . 289
- "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls" . . . 290
- "Oft in the Stilly Night" . . . 290
- "At the Mid Hour of Night" . . . 290
- "Dear Harp of My Country" . . . 290

LORD BYRON
- From *Childe Harold* . . . 291
- Sonnet on Chillon . . . 292
- Epistle to Augusta . . . 292
- "She Walks in Beauty" . . . 293
- From *Don Juan* . . . 294

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
- To a Skylark . . . 295
- Ode to the West Wind . . . 297
- To Night . . . 298

JOHN KEATS
- On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer . . . 299
- Ode on a Grecian Urn . . . 299
- La Belle Dame Sans Merci . . . 300
- "When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be" . . . 300

THOMAS HOOD
- The Bridge of Sighs . . . 301

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN
- Dark Rosaleen . . . 302

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY
- The Bells of Shandon . . . 303

THOMAS CARLYLE
- From *Past and Present:* Labor . . . 304

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY
- From *Ranke's History of the Popes* . . 306

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN
- From *The Dream of Gerontius* . . . 307
- From *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* . . . 308
- From *Loss and Gain* . . . 310
- "Lead, Kindly Light" . . . 311

NICHOLAS PATRICK, CARDINAL WISEMAN
- From *Fabiola* . . . 312

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL MANNING
- From *The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost* . . . 313

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER
- From *Spiritual Conferences:* On Kindness in General . . . 314

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
- From *Sonnets from the Portuguese:* XLIII 315
- From *The Cry of the Children* . . . 315

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
- The Lady of Shalott . . . 317
- Break, Break, Break . . . 319
- Tears, Idle Tears . . . 319
- St. Agnes' Eve . . . 319
- Sir Galahad . . . 320
- In Memoriam A. H. H. . . . 320
- From *Morte D'Arthur* . . . 322
- Crossing the Bar . . . 325

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
- From *Vanity Fair* . . . 326

ROBERT BROWNING
- My Last Duchess . . . 327
- Incident of the French Camp . . . 328
- Home Thoughts, from Abroad . . . 328
- Rabbi Ben Ezra . . . 329

CHARLES DICKENS
- From *A Tale of Two Cities* . . . 332

AUBREY DE VERE
- A Year of Sorrow . . . 334
- The Sacraments of Nature . . . 334

GEORGE ELIOT
- From *Romola* . . . 335

JOHN RUSKIN
- From *Sesame and Lilies* . . . 337
- From *The Crown of Wild Olive* . . . 337

MATTHEW ARNOLD
- From *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time* . . . 339
- Shakspere . . . 339

COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE
- From *The Angel in the House:* Unthrift 340
- The Toys . . . 340
- From *The Child's Purchase:* A Prologue . 341

ADELAIDE ANN PROCTER
- Give Me Thy Heart . . . 343

GEORGE MEREDITH
- From *The Egoist* . . . 343

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
- The Blessèd Damozel . . . 345
- Love-Lily . . . 346

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI
- A Birthday . . . 347
- Trust . . . 347

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
- From *Atalanta in Calydon:* Chorus . . 348
- On a Country Road . . . 348

WALTER PATER
- From *Wordsworth* . . . 349

THOMAS HARDY
From *The Withered Arm* 350
GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS
Heaven Haven 351
Barnfloor and Winepress 351
WILLIAM FRANCIS BARRY
From *The Triumph of Life* 352
ALICE MEYNELL
Chimes 353
Renouncement 353
The Shepherdess 353
Via, Et Veritas, Et Vita 354
Easter Night 354
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
From *Virginibus Puerisque* 354
Requiem 355
PATRICK AUGUSTINE SHEEHAN
From *My New Curate* 355
OSCAR FINGAL O'FLAHERTY WILDE
From *De Profundis* 356
Helas! 357
JOSEPH CONRAD
From *Lord Jim* 357
JOHN AYSCOUGH (MONSIGNOR COUNT BICKERSTAFFE-DREW)
From *French Windows* 358
FRANCIS THOMPSON
To a Poet Breaking Silence 359
To a Snow-Flake 360
'Ex Ore Infantium' 360
The Hound of Heaven. 360
SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE
From *Courage* 363
KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON
God's Bird 364
Planting Bulbs 364
RUDYARD KIPLING
Danny Deever 364
Recessional 365
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
The Ballad of Father Gilligan 365
When You Are Old 366
ERNEST DOWSON
Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration . . . 367
JOHN GALSWORTHY
The Lost Dog 367
LIONEL JOHNSON
The Dark Angel 370
Mastery 370
JOHN MASEFIELD
"Rest Her Soul, She's Dead" 371
HILAIRE BELLOC
Courtesy. 371
From *Europe and the Faith* 371
ROBERT HUGH BENSON
From *Christ in the Church* 373
GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON
From *Orthodoxy*. 373
Love's Trappist. 374
The House of Christmas 374
ALFRED NOYES
The Fiddler's Farewell 375
PADRAIC COLUM
An Old Woman of the Roads 376
HELEN PARRY EDEN
The Confessional 376

INDEX 379

Prayer Before Study

O INEFFABLE Creator, my Lord and my God, Who in unsearchable wisdom hast formed the nine choirs of angels and set them on high above the Heavens in a wonderful order and hast exquisitely fashioned and knit together all the parts of the universe, do Thou, Who art the true Fountain and one essential Principle of light and wisdom, design to shed the brightness of Thy light upon the darkness of my understanding and thus to disperse the two-fold darkness, of sin and of ignorance, wherein I was born.

O Thou, Who makest eloquent the tongue of babes, instruct my tongue and pour forth on my lips the grace of Thy blessing. Grant me acuteness in understanding what I read, power to retain it, subtilty to discern its true meaning, readiness in learning, and clearness and ease in expressing it. Do Thou order my beginnings, direct and further my progress, complete and bless my ending, through Christ our Lord.

St. Thomas Aquinas

THE STREAM OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

ca. 1340-1400

"The father of English poetry," Geoffrey Chaucer, was not only the first Englishman to take place among the great poets of the world; he was also the writer who gave the first impetus toward the present status of the language, using as he did the dialect of the southeast Midlands, the source of our modern speech.

His first work was based upon French and Latin sources, naturally, these being the sources of most fourteenth-century learning. His early poems, then, were chiefly translations and adaptations, like *The Romance of the Rose*, *The Death of Pity*, *The Complaint of Mars*, and *The Book of the Duchess*. By 1383, having digested the Italian influence under which he had come during his diplomatic journeys—during the first, in 1372, he is generally believed to have visited Petrarch and through him to have learned of Boccaccio and Dante—he was ready to settle into what is commonly thought of as his Italian period. During this time he wrote *Troilus and Criseyde*, *The House of Fame*, *The Parliament of Fowls*, and translated *The Consolation of Philosophy* of Boethius. In 1387 he is supposed to have begun *The Canterbury Tales*. This work, although never completed, is his masterpiece, marking him as a fully matured artist. In it he is still the adapter; the creative impulse has, however, now gained the ascendancy, and what lay ready to the hand of the adapter has been transmuted by his genius into something that must stand for all time as the beginning of the "great tradition" in English verse. For, in *The Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer is predominantly English. The French and Latin influences of his early days are present, as is likewise the later Italian influence; but welding them all together, permeating them, and weaving the whole into a compact unity is that same spirit that has made English poetry the finest in the literature of the world. *The Legend of Good Women* also belongs to this period. But after these two pieces, representative as they are of the poet's best, he produced very little, only four poems being definitely considered as having been written during his last years: *Envoy to Scogin*, *Complaint to Venus*, *Envoy to Bukton*, and the *Complaint to His Empty Purse*.

Chaucer was born in London about 1340. When eighteen years old he became attached to the household of the Duke of Clarence as a page. In 1359, however, he entered the military service of Edward III and served during the French campaign of that year until taken prisoner, being finally ransomed by the king. From this time he remained more or less closely connected with the court until his death, serving upon diplomatic missions to France and Italy; acting as comptroller of customs of wools, skins, and leather; sitting in parliament as knight of the shire for Kent; and functioning as clerk of the king's works and as forester of North Petherington Park. Moreover, he was pensioner of the crown during the reigns of three successive monarchs.

FROM THE CANTERBURY TALES

THE PROLOGUE

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote[1]
The droghte of March hath percéd to the roote,
And bathéd every veyne[2] in swich[3] licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt[4] and heeth
The tendre croppes,[5] and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours[6] y-ronne,
And smale fowles[7] maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yë,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages[8]):
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken straunge strondes,[9]
To ferne halwes,[10] couthe[11] in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,

---

[1] sweet showers
[2] vein
[3] such
[4] woods
[5] shoots
[6] In April the course of the sun lies in the zodiacal signs of both the Ram and the Bull.
[7] birds
[8] hearts
[9] foreign lands
[10] distant shrines
[11] known

The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seke.
Bifel[1] that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night were come into that hostelrye
Wel[2] nyne and twenty in a compaignye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure[3] y-falle
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren eséd atte beste.[4]
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward[5] erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.[6]
But natheles, whyl I have tyme and space
Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun
To telle yow al the condicioun[7]
Of ech of hem, so as it seméd me,
And whiche[8] they weren, and of what degree;
And eek in what array that they were inne;
And at a knyght than wol I first biginne.

A Knyght ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To riden out, he lovéde chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto[9] hadde he ridden, no man ferre,[10]
As wel in cristendom as in hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisaundre he was, whan it was wonne;
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne[11]
Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.[12]
In Lettow[13] hadde he reyséd[14] and in Ruce,[15]
No Cristen man so ofte of his degree.[16]
In Gernade[17] at the seege eek hadde he be
Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.[18]
At Lyeys[19] was he, and at Satalye,[20]
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete See[21]
At many a noble armee[22] hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
And foughten for our feith at Tramyssene[23]
In lystes thryes, and ay slayn his foo.
This ilke[24] worthy knyght hadde been also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,[25]
Agayn[26] another hethen in Turkye:
And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.[27]
And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
And of his port[28] as meeke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vileinye[29] ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit, gentil knyght.
But for to tellen yow of his array,
His hors weren goode, but he was nat gay.
Of fustian[30] he weréd a gipoun[31]
Al bismotered[32] with his habergeoun.[33]
For he was late y-come from his viage,[34]
And wente for to doon his pilgrymage.

With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle,[35] as[36] they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,[37]
And wonderly delyvere,[38] and greet of strengthe.
And he hadde been somtyme in chivachye,[39]
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,
And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady[40] grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede[41]
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting,[42] al the day;
He was as fresh as is the monthe of May.
Short was his gowne, with sleves longe and wyde.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He coude songes make and wel endyte,[43]
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and wryte. . . .
Curteys he was, lowely and servisable,
And carf[44] biforn his fader at the table.

---

[1] it happened
[2] full
[3] chance
[4] made comfortable
[5] agreement
[6] describe
[7] character
[8] what sort
[9] besides
[10] farther
[11] sat at the head of the table
[12] Prussia
[13] Lithuania
[14] made expeditions
[15] Russia
[16] rank
[17] Granada
[18] in Africa
[19-20] in Asia
[21] Mediterranean
[22] Military expedition
[23] in Asia
[24] same
[25] in Asia
[26] against
[27] high favor
[28] bearing
[29] discourtesy
[30] coarse cloth
[31] shirt
[32] soiled
[33] armor
[34] voyage
[35] curly
[36] as if
[37] average height
[38] active
[39] cavalry engagements
[40] lady's
[41] meadow
[42] whistling
[43] compose
[44] carved

A Yeman[1] hadde he,[2] and servaunts namo[3]
At that tyme, for him liste ryde so;
And he was clad in cote and hood of grene;
A sheef[4] of pecok[5] arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bar ful thriftily,
(Wel coude he dresse[6] his takel[7] yemanly;
His arwes drouped noght with fetheres lowe,[8])
And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.
A not-heed[9] hadde he, with a broun visage.
Of wode-craft wel coude he all the usage.
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,[10]
And on that other syde a gay daggere,
Harneiséd wel, and sharp as poynt of spere;
A Cristofre[11] on his brest of silver shene.
An horn he bar, the bawdrik[12] was of grene;
A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;
Hir gretteste ooth was but by Seynte Loy;[13]
And she was clepéd[14] madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel she song the service divyne
Entunéd in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,[15]
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,[16]
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At mete wel y-taught was she withalle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe
That no drope ne fille upon hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful muchel hir lest,[17]
Hir over lippe wypéd she so clene
That in hir coppe ther was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,[18]
And sikerly[19] she was of greet disport,[20]
And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port,[21]
And peynéd hir[22] to countrefete[23] chere
Of court, and been estatlich[24] of manere,
And to ben holden digne[25] of reverence.
But, for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed.[26]
But sore wepte she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde[27] smerte;[28]
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely[29] hir wimpel[30] pinchéd[31] was:
Hir nose tretys;[32] hir eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal and therto softe and reed,
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed—
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For, hardily,[33] she was nat undergrowe,
Ful fetis[34] was hir cloke, as I was war.[35]
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire of bedes gauded[36] al with grene,
And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene,[37]
On which ther was first write a crownéd A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*[38]

Another Nonne with hir hadde she,
That was hir chapeleyne, and Preestes thre.

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrye,[39]
An outridere that lovede venerye;[40]
A manly man, to been an abbot able.
Ful many a deyntee[41] hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rood men mighte his brydel here
Gýnglen in a whistling wynd as clere,
And eek as loude as doth the chapel belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of seynt Maure or of seynt Beneit—
By-cause that it was old and som-del streit[42]—
This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the space.
He yaf nat of that text a pulléd[43] hen
That seith that hunters been nat holy men;
Ne that a monk whan he is recchelees[44]
Is likned til a fish that is waterlees;
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
But thilke text held he nat worth an oystre.
And I seyde his opinioun was good.
What sholde he studie, and make himselven wood,[45]

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[1] yeoman
[2] the knight
[3] no more
[4] bundle
[5] peacock
[6] take care of
[7] equipment
[8] worn out
[9] closely cut head
[10] shield
[11] image of St. Christopher
[12] cord
[13] St. Eligius (Eloi)
[14] called
[15] skillfully
[16] convent near London
[17] pleasure
[18] reached
[19] certainly
[20] good humor
[21] hearing
[22] exerted herself
[23] imitate
[24] dignified
[25] worthy
[26] bread like cake
[27] stick
[28] smartly
[29] neatly
[30] face cloth
[31] plaited
[32] well-formed
[33] certainly
[34] well-made
[35] aware
[36] decorated
[37] beautiful
[38] love conquers all
[39] a very worthy one
[40] hunting
[41] fine
[42] strict
[43] plucked
[44] vagabond
[45] crazy

Upon a book in cloystre alwey to poure,
Or swynken[1] with his handes, and laboure,
As Austyn bit?[2] How shal the world be servéd?
Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reservéd.
Therfore he was a pricasour[3] aright;
Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel in flight;
Of priking[4] and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust,[5] for no cost wolde he spare.
I seigh[6] his sleves purfiled[7] at the hond
With grys,[8] and that the fyneste of a lond;
And for to festne his hood under his chin,
He hadde of gold wrought a ful curious pin;
A love-knot in the gretter ende ther was.
His heed was balled, that shoon as any glas,
And eek his face, as he hadde been anoynt.
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt;[9]
His eyen stepe,[10] and rollinge in his heed,
That steméd[11] as a forneys of a leed;[12]
His bootes souple, his hors in greet estat.
Now certeynly he was a fair prelat;
He was nat pale as a for-pynéd[13] goost.
A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a berye. . . .

A Marchant was ther with a forkéd berd,
In motteleye,[14] and hye on horse he sat,
Upon his heed a Flaundrish bever hat;
His botes claspéd faire and fetisly.[15]
His resons[16] he spak ful solempnely,[17]
Sowninge[18] always thencrees[19] of his winning.
He wolde the see were kept for any thing[20]
Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.
Wel coude he in eschaunge[21] sheeldes[22] selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette;[23]
Ther wiste[24] no wight that he was in dette,
So estatly was he of his governaunce,
With his bargaynes, and with his chevisaunce.[25]
For sothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soothe to seyn,[26] I noot[27] how men him calle.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde longe y-go.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was nat right fat, I undertake;
But lokéd holwe,[28] and therto[29] sobrely.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy;[30]
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
For him was levere[31] have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele,[32] or gay sautrye.
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte of his freendes hente,
On bookes and his lerninge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that yaf him wherwith to scoleye.[33]
Of studie took he most cure[34] and most hede.
Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
And that was seyd in forme and reverence,
And short and quyk, and ful of hy sentence.[35]
Sowninge in[36] moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A Sergeant of the Lawe, war[37] and wys,
That often hadde been at the Parvys,[38]
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discreet he was, and of greet reverence:
He seméd swich, his wordes weren so wyse.
Justice he was ful often in assyse,[39]
By patente and by pleyn[40] commissioun;
For his science and for his heigh renoun
Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
So greet a purchasour[41] was nowher noon.
Al was fee simple to him in effect,
His purchasing mighte nat been infect.[42]
Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,[43]
And yet he seméd bisier than he was.
In termes hadde he caas[44] and doomes[45] alle,
That from the tyme of king William were falle;
Thereto he coude endyte, and make a thing,[46]
Ther coude no wight pinche at[47] his wryting;

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[1] work
[2] bid
[3] hunter
[4] tracking
[5] pleasure
[6] saw
[7] trimmed
[8] gray fur
[9] fleshy
[10] large
[11] gleamed
[12] heated cauldron of metal
[13] tortured
[14] gray clothing
[15] neatly
[16] remarks
[17] pompously
[18] sounding
[19] the increase
[20] at any cost
[21] exchange
[22] French coins
[23] employed
[24] knew
[25] borrowing
[26] say
[27] know not
[28] hollow
[29] besides
[30] short overcoat
[31] he had rather have
[32] musical instrument
[33] go to school
[34] care
[35] meaning
[36] concerning
[37] cautious
[38] porch of St. Paul's, meeting place of lawyers and clients
[39] assize court
[40] full
[41] conveyancer
[42] invalidated
[43] was not
[44] cases
[45] decisions
[46] compose a legal instrument
[47] find fault with

And every statut coude he pleyn[1] by rote.[2]
He rood but hoomly in a medlee[3] cote,
Girt with a ceynt[4] of silk, with barres smale;
Of his array telle I no lenger tale.

A Frankeleyn[5] was in his compaignye;
Whyt was his berd as is the dayesye;
Of his complexioun[6] he was sangwyn.
Wel loved he by the morwe[7] a sope[8] in wyn.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,[9]
For he was Epicurus owne sone,
That heeld opinioun that pleyn delit
Was verraily felicitee parfit.
An householdere, and that a greet, was he;
Seynt Julian[10] he was in his contree.
His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon;[11]
A bettre envynéd[12] man was nowher noon.
Withouten bake mete[13] was nevere his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous,
It snewéd[14] in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deyntees that men coude thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yeer,
So chaungéd he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,[15]
And many a breem[16] and many a luce[16] in stewe.[17]
Wo was his cook but if[18] his sauce were
Poynaunt and sharpe, and redy al his gere.
His table dormant[19] in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longe day.
At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire;
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire.
An anlas[20] and a gipser[21] al of silk
Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.
A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour;[22]
Was nowher such a worthy vavasour.[23]

An Haberdassher and a Carpenter,
A Webbe,[24] a Dyere, and a Tapicer[25]—
And they were clothed alle in o liveree,[26]
Of a solempne and greet fraternitee.
Ful fresh and newe hir gere[27] apykéd[28] was;
Hir knyves were chapéd[29] noght with bras,
But al with silver, wroght ful clene and weel,
Hir girdles and hir pouches everydeel.
Wel seméd ech of hem a fair burgeys,
To sitten in a yeldhalle[30] on a deys.[31]
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,[32]
Was shaply for to been an alderman.
For catel[33] hadde they ynogh and rente,[34]
And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente;
And elles certeyn were they to blame.
It is ful fair to been y-clept[35] *ma dame*,
And goon to vigilyës[36] al bifore,
And have a mantel roialliche y-bore.

A Cook they hadde with hem[37] for the nones,
To boille the chiknes with the mary-bones,
And poudre-marchant tart,[38] and galyngale.[39]
Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe,[40] and broille, and frye,
Maken mortreux,[41] and wel bake a pye.
But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shyne[42] a mormal[43] hadde he;
For blankmanger,[44] that made he with the beste.

A Shipman was ther, woning[45] fer by weste:
For aught I woot,[46] he was of Dertemouthe.
He rood upon a rouncy[47] as he couthe,[48]
In a gowne of falding[49] to the knee.
A daggere hanging on a laas[50] hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote somer hadde maad his hewe al broun;
And, certeynly, he was a good felawe.[51]
Ful many a draughte of wyn had he y-drawe
Fro Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chapman[52] sleep,
Of nyce conscience took he no keep.[53]
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond,
By water he sente hem hoom to every lond.[54]
But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,

[1] fully
[2] by heart
[3] grey
[4] girdle
[5] landowner
[6] temperament
[7] in the morning
[8] sop
[9] custom
[10] patron of hospitality
[11] always the same quality
[12] supplied with wine
[13] pasties
[14] snowed
[15] coop
[16] kind of fish
[17] pond
[18] unless
[19] permanent
[20] knife
[21] pouch
[22] treasurer
[23] landholder
[24] weaver
[25] upholsterer
[26] similar uniform
[27] clothing
[28] trimmed
[29] sheathed
[30] guildhall
[31] dais
[32] knows
[33] property
[34] income
[35] called
[36] vigils
[37] them
[38] tart - flavoring powder
[39] flavoring herb
[40] boil
[41] chowders
[42] shin
[43] sore
[44] minced chicken
[45] living
[46] know
[47] horse
[48] as well as he could
[49] cheap cloth
[50] cord
[51] rascal
[52] shopman
[53] care
[54] threw them overboard

His stremes[1] and his daungers him bisydes,
His herberwe and his moone, his lodemenage,[2]
There nas noon swich from Hulle to Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wys[3] to undertake;
With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake.
He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were,
From Gootlond[4] to the cape of Fynystere,
And every cryke in Britaine and in Spayne;
His barge y-clepéd was the Maudelayne.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisik,
In al this world ne was ther noon hym lik
To speke of[5] phisik and of surgerye;
For he was grounded in astronomye.
He kepte his pacient a ful greet del
In houres, by his magik naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his pacient.
He knew the cause of everich maladye,
Were it of hoot, or cold, or moiste, or drye,
And where engendred, and of what humour;
He was a verray parfit[6] practisour.
The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the rote,[7]
Anon he yaf the seke man his bote.[8]
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries,
To sende him drogges, and his letuaries,
For ech of hem made other for to wynne;
Hir frendschipe nas nat newe to bigynne.
Wel knew he the olde Esculapius,
And Deïscorides, and eek Rufus;
Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;
Serapion, Razis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;
Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.[9]
Of his diete mesurable[10] was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of greet norissing and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sangwin[11] and in pers[12] he clad was al,
Lyned with taffata and with sendal;[13]
And yet he was but esy[14] of dispence[15];
He kepte that he wan in pestilence.[16]
For gold in phisik is a cordial,[17]
Therfore he lovede gold in special.

A Good-wyf was ther of bisyde Bathe,
But she was somdel deef, and that was scathe.[18]
Of cloth-making she hadde swiche an haunt,[19]
She passéd hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offringe bifore hir sholde goon;
And if ther dide, certeyn so wrooth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground,
I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound,
That on a Sonday were upon hir heed.
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste[20] and newe. . . .

—But therof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe.[21]
And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem;
She hadde passed many a straunge streem;
At Rome she hadde been, and at Beloigne,
In Galice at Seynt Jame, and at Coloigne.
She coude[22] muche of wandring by the weye.
Gat tothéd[23] was she, soothly for to seye.
Upon an amblere esily she sat,
Y-wimpled[24] wel, and on hir heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe[25];
A foot-mantel[26] aboute hir hipes large,
And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe.
Of remedies of love she knew perchaunce,[27]
For she coude of that art the olde daunce.

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre Persoun of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thoght and werk;
He was also a lernéd man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parisshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benygne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient;
And swich he was y-prevéd[28] ofte sithes.[29]
Ful looth were him to cursen[30] for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Unto his povre parisshens aboute
Of his offring and eek of his substaunce.
He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne lafte[31] nat, for reyn ne thonder,

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[1] currents
[2] piloting
[3] skillful
[4] Denmark
[5] concerning
[6] true
[7] root
[8] remedy
[9] men famous in the history of medicine
[10] moderate
[11] red
[12] blue
[13] silk
[14] sparing
[15] expense
[16] the plague
[17] remedy
[18] harm
[19] skill
[20] soft
[21] at present
[22] knew
[23] teeth set wide apart (indicative of the traveller)
[24] wimple pulled up about her face
[25] target
[26] riding habit
[27] perhaps
[28] proved
[29] times
[30] abuse
[31] neglected

In siknes nor in meschief to visyte
The ferreste[1] in his parisshe, muche and lyte,[2]
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte;
Out of the gospel he tho[3] wordes caughte;
And this figure he added eek[4] therto,
That if gold ruste what shal yren do?
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewéd[5] man to ruste;
And shame it is, if a preest take keep,
A [foule] shepherde and a clene sheep.
Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,
By his clennesse, how that his sheep shold lyve.
He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to London, unto seynte Poules,
To seken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;[6]
But dwelt at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were and vertuous
He was to sinful man nat despitous,[7]
Ne of his speche daungerous[8] ne digne,[9]
But in his teching discreet and benigne;
To drawen folk to hevene by fairnesse,
By good ensample, this was his bisyneese.
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snibben[10] sharply for the nonys.[11]
A bettre preest I trowe that nowher non is.
He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
Ne makéd him a spycéd conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it himselve.

With him ther was a Plowman, was his brother,
That hadde y-lad[12] of dong ful many a fother[13]—
A trewe swinkere[14] and a good was he,
Livinge in pees and parfit[15] charitee.
God loved he best with al his hoole herte
At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or smerte,[16]
And thanne his neighebour right as himselve.
He wolde thresshe, and therto dyke and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,
Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might.
His tythes payed he ful faire and wel,
Bothe of his propre swynk and his catel.[17]
In a tabard[18] he rood upon a mere.
Ther was also a Reve[19] and a Millere,
A Somnour[20] and a Pardoner also,
A Maunciple,[21] and myself; ther were namo.

The Miller was a stout carl for the nones,[22]
Ful big he was of brawn and eek of bones;
That provéd wel, for overal[23] ther he cam,
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the ram.[24]
He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre,[25]
Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,[26]
Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
And therto brood, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop[27] right of his nose he hade
A werte, and theron stood a tuft of heres,
Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres;[28]
His nose-thirles[29] blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde;
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.
He was a janglere[30] and a goliardeys,[31]
And that was most of synne and harlotryes.
Wel coude he stelen corn and tollen thryes;
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold,[32] pardee!
A whyt cote and a blew hood weréd he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and sowne,
And therewithal he broghte us out of towne.

A gentil Maunciple was ther of a temple,[33]
Of which achatours[34] mighte take exemple
For to be wyse in byinge of vitaille;
For whether that he payde or took by taille,
Algate he wayted[35] so in his achaat[36]
That he was ay biforn[37] and in good staat.
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,

[1] farthest
[2] rich and poor
[3] those
[4] also
[5] ignorant
[6] maintained
[7] pitiless
[8] overbearing
[9] arrogant
[10] rebuke
[11] for the time
[12] carried
[13] load
[14] laborer
[15] perfect
[16] though he were happy or unhappy
[17] own labor or property
[18] short jacket
[19] overseer of a manor
[20] bailiff
[21] steward
[22] The miller was a very strong fellow.
[23] everywhere
[24] the prize
[25] burly fellow
[26] hinges
[27] end
[28] ears
[29] nostrils
[30] loud talker
[31] joker
[32] proverbial saying about millers
[33] inn of court
[34] buyers
[35] watched
[36] purchase
[37] ahead

That switch a lewéd mannes wit shal pace[1]
The wisdom of an heepe of lernéd men?
Of maistres hadde he mo[2] than thryes ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious;
Of which ther were a doseyn in that hous,
Worthy to been stywardes of rente and lond
Of any lord that is in Engelond,
To make him lyve by his propre good,
In honour dettelees, but he were wood,[3]
Or lyve as scarsly[4] as him list desire;
And able for to helpen al a shire
In any cas that mighte falle or happe;
And yit this maunciple sette hir aller cappe.[5]

The Reve was a sclendre colerik[6] man,
His berd was shave as ny as ever he can.
His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.
His top was dokkéd[7] lyk a preest biforn.
Ful longe were his legges and ful lene,
Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.
Wel coude he kepe a gerner[8] and a bynne;
Ther was noon auditour coude on him wynne.
Wel wiste he, by the droghte and by the reyn,
The yelding of his seed and of his greyn.
His lordes sheep, his neet,[9] his dayerye,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor,[10] and his pultrye,
Was hoolly in this reves governing,
And by his covenaunt yaf the rekening,[11]
Sin[12] that his lord was twenty yeer of age;
Ther coude no man bringe him in arrerage.[13]
Ther nas baillif, ne herde,[14] ne other hyne,
That he ne knew his sleighte and his covyne;[15]
They were adrad of him as of the deeth.
His woning[16] was ful fair upon an heeth,
With grene treës shadwed was his place.
He coude bettre than his lord purchace.
Ful riche he was astoréd prively,
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owne good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote, and hood.[17]
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mister;[18]
He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.
This reve sat upon a ful good stot,[19]
That was al pomely[20] grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of pers[21] upon he hade,
And by his syde he bar a rusty blade.
Of Northfolk was this reve, of which I telle,
Bisyde a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.
Tukkéd[22] he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rood the hindreste of our route.

A Somnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face,
For sawceflem[23] he was, with eyen narwe.
. . . . . .
With scalléd[24] browes blake, and piléd[25] berd;
Of his visage children were aferd.
Ther nas quik-silver, litarge[26], ne brimstoon,
Boras,[27] ceruce,[28] ne oille of Tartre noon,
Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,
That him mighte helpen of his whelkes[29] whyte,
Ne of the knobbes sittinge on his chekes.
Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,
And for to drinken strong wyn, reed as blood.
Thanne wolde he speke, and crye as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,
Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
A fewe termes hadde he, two or thre,
That he had lernéd out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herde it al the day;
And eek ye knowen wel how that a jay
Can clepen 'Watte,'[30] as well as can the pope.
But whoso coude in other thing him grope,[31]
Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophye;
Ay '*Questio quid iuris*'[32] wolde he crye.
He was a gentil harlot[33] and a kynde;
A bettre felawe sholde men noght fynde. . . .
And prively a finch eek coude he pulle.[34]
And if he fond owher[35] a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe,
In swich cas, of the erchedeknes curs,[36]
But if[37] a mannes soule were in his purs;[38]
For in his purs he sholde y-punisshed be.
'Purs is the erchedeknes helle,' seyde he.
But wel I woot he lyed right in dede;
Of cursing oghte ech gilty man him drede[39]—
For curs wol slee right as assoiling[40] savith—
And also war him of a *Significavit*.[41] . . .

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[1] surpass
[2] more
[3] crazy
[4] economically
[5] cheated them all
[6] irritable
[7] cut short
[8] granary
[9] cattle
[10] equipment
[11] account
[12] since
[13] arrears
[14] herdsman
[15] whose tricks he did not know
[16] dwelling
[17] lend his lord his own property and receive gifts
[18] trade
[19] horse
[20] dappled
[21] blue
[22] girdled
[23] pimpled
[24] scurfy
[25] scraggy
[26] ointment
[27] borax
[28] ointment
[29] bumps
[30] Walter
[31] test
[33] The question is what is the law
[33] rascal
[34] "rob a greenhorn"
[35] anywhere
[36] excommunication
[37] unless
[38] purse
[39] be afraid
[40] absolving
[41] writ

A gerland hadde he set upon his heed,
As greet as it were for an ale-stake;[1]
A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,
Thestat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the cause
Why that assembled was this compaignye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte[2] the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,[3]
And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.
But first I pray yow of your curteisye,
That ye narette it nat[4] my vileinye,[5]
Thogh that I pleynly speke in this matere,
To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes proprely.[6]
For this ye knowen also wel as I,
Whoso shal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as evere he can,
Everich a word, if it be in his charge,
Al[7] speke he never so rudeliche and large;[8]
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thing, or finde wordes newe.
He may nat spare, althogh he were his brother;
He moot as wel seye o word as another.
Crist spak himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye woot no vileinye[9] is it.
Eek Plato seïth, whoso can him rede,
The wordes mote be cosyn[10] to the dede.
Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,
Al have I nat set folk in hir degree
Here in this tale, as that they sholde stonde;
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.
Greet chere made our hoste us everichon,[11]
And to the soper sette he us anon;
And served us with vitaille at the beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke us leste.[12]
A semely man our hoste was withalle
For to han been a marshal in an halle.
A large man he was with eyen stepe,[13]
A fairer burgeys was ther noon in Chepe:[14]
Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel y-taught,
And of manhod him lakkede right naught.
Eek thereto[15] he was right a mery man,
And after soper pleyen he bigan,
And spak of mirthe amonges other thinges,
Whan that we hadde maad our rekeninges;
And seyde thus: 'Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye been to me right welcome hertely:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
I ne saugh this yeer so mery a compaignye
At ones in this herberwe[16] as is now;
Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste[17] I how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bithoght,
To doon yow ese, and it shal coste noght.
'Ye goon to Caunterbury; God yow spede,
The blisful martir quite yow your mede![18]
And wel I woot,[19] as ye goon by the weye,
Ye shapen yow to talen[20] and to pleye;
For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon
To ride by the weye doumb as a stoon;
And therfor wol I maken yow disport,
As I seyde erst,[21] and doon yow som confort.
And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,
Now for to stonden at my jugement,
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
Tomorwe, whan ye riden by the weye,
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,
But[22] ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heed!
Hold up your hond, withouten more speche.'
Our counseil was nat longe for to seche;
Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it wys,
And graunted him withouten more avys,[23]
And bad him seye his verdit, as him leste.[24]
'Lordinges,'[25] quod he, 'now herkneth for the beste;
But tak it nought, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyn,
That ech of yow, to shorte with your weye,
In this viage shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,
Of aventures that whilom[26] han bifalle.
And which of yow that bereth him beste of alle,
That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence[27] and most solas,
Shal have a soper at oure aller cost[28]
Here in this place, sitting by this post,

---

[1] sign of an ale-house
[2] was called
[3] journey
[4] not attribute it to
[5] being ill-bred
[6] correctly
[7] although
[8] coarsely
[9] vulgarity
[10] cousin
[11] every one
[12] pleasant to us
[13] large
[14] Cheapside
[15] besides
[16] inn
[17] knew
[18] give you your desert
[19] know
[20] tell stories
[21] before
[22] unless
[23] consideration
[24] pleased
[25] gentlemen
[26] formerly
[27] meaning
[28] common cost

Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury.
And for to make yow the more mery,
I wol myselven gladly with yow ryde,
Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde.
And who-so wol my jugement withseye[1]
Shal paye al that we spenden by the wey
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Tel me anon, withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shape me[2] therfore.'
This thing was graunted and oure othes swore
With ful glad herte, and preyden him also
That he wold vouchesauf for to do so,
And that he wolde been our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a soper at a certeyn prys;
And we wol reuled been at his devys,
In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon assent,
We been acorded to his jugement.
And thereupon the wyn was fet[3] anon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echon,
Withouten any lenger taryinge.
A-morwe, whan that day bigan to springe,
Up roos oure host, and was oure aller cok.[4]
And gadrede us togidre alle in a flok,
And forth we riden, a litel more than pas,[5]
Unto the Watering of Seynt Thomas.
And there oure host bigan his hors areste,
And seyde: 'Lordinges, herkneth if yow leste.
Ye woot your forward,[6] and I it yow recorde.
If even-song and morwe-song acorde,
Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale.
As ever mote I drinke wyn or ale,
Who-so be rebel to my jugement
Shal paye for all that by the weye is spent.
Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twynne;[7]
He which that hath the shortest shal bigynne.
Sir Knight,' quod he, 'my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord.
Cometh neer,' quod he, 'my lady Prioresse;
And ye, sir Clerk, lat be your shamfastnesse,
He studieth noght; ley hond to, every man.'
Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
And shortly for to tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort,[8] or cas,[9]
The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knyght,
Of which ful blythe and glad was every wyght;
And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,
By forward[10] and by composicioun,[11]
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this goode man saugh that it was so,
As he that wys was and obedient
To kepe his forward by his free assent,
He seyde: 'Syn[12] I shal bigynne the game,
What, welcome be the cut, a[13] Goddes name!
Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I seye.'
And with that word we ryden forth our weye;
And he bigan with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and seyde in this manere. . . .

FROM AN A. B. C.

PRAYER TO OUR LADY

A

Almighty and al merciable quene,
To whom that al this world fleeth for socour,
To have relees of sinne, sorwe and tene,[14]
Glorious virgine, of alle floures flour,
To thee I flee, confounded in errour!
Help and releve, thou mighty debonaire,
Have mercy on my perilous langour!
Venquisshed m'hath my cruel adversaire.

C

Comfort is noon, but in yow, lady dere;
For lo, my sinne and my confusioun,
Which oughten not in thy presence appere,
Han take on me a grevous accioun
Of verrey right and desperacioun;
And, as by right, they mighten wel sustene
That I were worthy my dampnacioun,
Nere mercy of you, blisful hevene quene.

F

Fleeing, I flee for socour to thy tente
Me for to hyde from tempest ful of drede,
Biseching you that ye you not absente,
Though I be wikke. O help yit at this nede!
Al[15] have I been a beste in wille and dede,
Yit, lady, thou me clothe with thy grace.
Thyn enemy and myn (lady, tak hede)
Un-to my deeth in poynt is me to chace.

X

Xristus, thy sone, that in this world alighte,
Up-on the cros to suffre his passioun,
And teek, that Longius his herte pighte,[16]

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[1] gainsay
[2] prepare myself
[3] brought
[4] cock (to wake us)
[5] faster than a walk
[6] remember our agreement
[7] go any farther
[8] fate
[9] chance
[10] agreement
[11] compact
[12] since
[13] in
[14] trouble
[15] although
[16] wounded

And made his herte blood to renne adoun;
And al was this for my salvacioun;
And I to him am fals and eek unkinde,
And yit he wol not my dampnacioun—
This thanke I you, socour of al mankinde.

TRUTH

Flee fro the prees,[1] and dwelle with sothfastnesse,[2]
Suffyce unto thy good, though hit be smal;
For hord hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,[3]
Prees[1] hath envye, and wele blent overal;[4]
Savour no more than thee bihove shal;
Werk wel thy-self, that other folk canst rede;[5]
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.[6]

Tempest[7] thee noght al croked to redresse,
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal:
Gret reste stant[8] in litel besinesse;
And eek be war[9] to sporne[10] ageyn an al;[11]
Stryve noght, as doth the crokke[12] with the wal.
Daunte thy-self, that dauntest otheres dede;
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,[13]
The wrastling for this worlde axeth a fal.
Her nis non hoom, her nis but wildernesse:
Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste,[14] out of thy stal!
Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al;
Hold the hye wey,[15] and lat thy gost[16] thee lede;
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

ENVOY

Therefore, thou Vache,[17] leve thyn old wrecchednesse
Unto the worlde; leve[18] now to be thral;
Crye him mercy that[19] of his hy goodnesse
Made thee of noght, and in especial
Draw unto him, and pray in general
For thee, and eek for other, hevenlich mede,[20]
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE

To you, my purse, and to non other wight[21]
Compleyne I, for ye be my lady dere!
I am so sory, now that ye be light;
For certes, but[22] ye make me hevy chere,[23]
Me were as leef be leyd up-on my bere,[24]
For whiche un-to your mercy thus I crye:
Beth[25] hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Now voucheth sauf this day, or[26] hit be night,
That I of you the blisful soun may here,
Or see your colour lyk the sonne bright,
That of yelownesse hadde never pere.
Ye be my lyf, ye be myn hertes stere,[27]
Quene of comfort and of good companye:
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Now purs, that be to me my lyves light,
And saveour, as doun in this worlde here,
Out of this toune help me through your might,
Sin that ye wole nat been my tresorere;
For I am shave as nye[28] as any frere.[29]
But yit I pray un-to your curtesye:
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

LENVOY DE CHAUCER

O conquerour of Brutes Albioun!
Which that by lyne and free eleccioun
Ben[30] verray king, this song to you I sende;
And ye, that mowen[31] al our harm amende,
Have minde up-on my supplicacioun!

---

[1] crowd
[2] truth
[3] insecurity
[4] Good fortune blinds everybody
[5] advise
[6] doubt
[7] trouble
[8] stands
[9] cautious
[10] kick
[11] awl
[12] crock
[13] good part
[14] beast
[15] high way
[16] spirit
[17] Philip la Vache (a pun)
[18] cease
[19] thank him who
[20] reward
[21] creature
[22] unless
[23] cheer
[24] bier
[25] be
[26] before
[27] guide
[28] close
[29] friar
[30] are
[31] may

REGINALD PECOCK

ca. 1359-*ca.* 1460

One of the most active opponents of Wyclifism and the Lollards, Reginald Pecock, Bishop of St. Asaph and later of Chichester, set forth his views in defense of the clergy against the criticism with which they were assailed in both English and Latin. So bold was his reasoning, however, and so apparent his intellectual superiority, that he antagonized his colleagues rather than harmed his opponents, and in the end he was forced to recant.

His most noteworthy compositions are two works in English, *The Repressor of Over Much Blaming of the Clergy*, 1449, and *The Book of Faith*, 1456. For us these must stand as among the best examples of the beginnings of English style. They exhibit a prose that, for fullness of language, pliancy of expression, extent of learning, and critical skill—and this in a time when almost all such writing was being done in Latin—is a worthy forerunner of the prose of men like Hooker and Jeremy Taylor. Especially noticeable are his use of familiar figures in the midst of a weighty argument, and his feeling for rhythmic clauses. He lacks restraint, however, and the poetic imagination that aided Cardinal Fisher in becoming the stylist which we are coming more and more to realize he was.

Bishop Pecock was born, it is thought, in Wales, about 1359. In 1417 he was elected fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and took orders in 1421. Having distinguished himself as a student of both sacred and profane literature, he became master of Whittington College ten years later and, at the same time, rector of St. Michael in Riola at London. Coming into prominence through his efforts to convince the Lollards of their errors—the task which was to become the reason both for his fame and for his downfall,—he was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph in 1444 and translated to the see of Chichester in 1450. As his views became generally known, however, a fierce opposition grew up against him among the clergy, which was augmented by the political situation at court. As a result he was deprived of his seat at Chichester in 1457, forced into a public recantation of his opinions, and compelled to assist at the burning of his books by the hangman. Going into retirement, he died in obscurity about 1460.

From THE REPRESSOR OF OVER MUCH BLAMING OF THE CLERGY

The First Part, XVI Chapiter

In whiche answeris though y haue write or seid more than whole anoon accorde with the capacite of the Bible men,[1] to whom and agens whom this book is principaly maad, yit y haue leefir[2] so do than forto seie and write lasse; lest therbi schulde seeme to hem, that sufficient answere couthe not be gouun[3] to her[4] ii obiecciouns; and lest that ellis thei myghten trowe[5] that bi her powring in the Bible aloon thei myghten leerne for to assoile sufficientli alle obiecciouns biholding the Bible, though thei hadden no counseil of substancial clerkis weel leerned in logik and in moral philsophie. And ther fore of oon thing y warne al the world, which is this. If substanciali leerned clerkis in logik and in moral philsophie and in dyvynyte, and in ripeli exercisid ther yn,[6] weren not and schulden not be forto wiseli and dewli geue trewe vndirstondingis and exposiciouns to textis of Holi Scripture: or ellis, though suche clerkis ben, and the lay parti wolen not attende to the doctrine, whiche tho clerkis mowe[7] and wolen (bi proof of sufficient and open euydence) mynystre to the lay parti; but the lay parti wolen attende and truste to her owne wittis, and wolen lene to textis of the Bible oonli, y dare weel seie so many dyuerse opinions schulden rise in lay mennys[8] wittis bi occasioun of textis in Holy Scripture aboute mennys moral conuersacioun, that al the world schulde be cumbrid therewith, and men schulden accorde to gidere in keping her seruice to God, as doggis doon in a market, whanne ech of hem terith otheris coot. For whi oon man wolde vnderstonde a text in this maner, and an other man wolde vnderstonde it in an other dyvers maner, and the iii^{e}. man in the iii^{e}. maner; namelich for that weelnigh in ech place where Holi Writ spekith of eny point of moral lawe of kinde, it is so spoken that it nedith forto haue a redressing of it in accordaunce with lawe of kinde and with doom[9] of reson; and than if no iuge schulde be had forto deeme bitwixe hem so diuersely holding, eende schulde ther neuere be of her strijf, into tyme that thei schulden falle into fighting and into werre and bateil; and thanne schulde al thrift and grace passe awey, and noon of her holdingis schulde in eny point be therbi strengthid or confermed.

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[1] Lollards, who held that matters of faith and morals depended upon the individual's interpretation of the Scriptures

[2] rather

[3] given

[4] their

[5] think

[6] eyes

[7] may

[8] laymen's

[9] judgment

Certis in this wise and in this now seid maner and bi this now seid cause bifille the rewful and wepeable destruccioun of the worthi citee and vniuersite of Prage, and of the hool rewme of Beeme,[1] as y haue had ther of enformacioun ynough.[2] And now, aftir the destruccioun of the rewme, the peple ben glad for to resorte and turn agen into the catholik and general feith and loore of the chirche, and in her pouerte bildith up agen what was brent and throwun doun, and noon of her holdingis can thriue. But for that Crist in his propheciyng muste needis be trewe, *that ech kingdom deuidid in hem silf schal be destruyed,* therfore to hem bifille the now seid wrecchid mys chaunce. God for his merci and pitee kepe Ynglond, that he come not into lijk daunce. But forto turne here fro agen vnto oure Bible men, y preie ye seie ye to me, whanne among you is rise a strijf in holdingis and opiniouns, (bi cause that ech of you trustith to his owne studie in the Bible aloon, and wole haue alle treuthis of mennys moral conuersacioun there groundid,) what iuge mai therto be assigned in erthe, saue resoun and the bifore seid doom of resoun? For though men schulden be iugis, yit so muste thei be bi vce of the seid resoun and doom of resoun; and if this be trewe, who schulde thanne better or so weel vse, demene, and execute this resoun and the seid doom, as schulde tho men whiche han spende so miche labour aboute thilk crafte? And these ben tho now bifore seid clerkis. And therfore, ye Bible men, bi this here now seid which ye muste needid graunte, for experience which ye han of the disturblaunce in Beeme, and also of the disturblaunce and dyuerse feelingis had among you silf now in Ynglond, so that summe ben clepid[3] *Doctour-mongers,* and summe ben clepid *Opinioun-holders,* and summe ben Neutralis, that of so presumptuose a cisme abhominacioun to othere men and schame to you it is to heere; rebuke now you silf, for as miche as ye wolden not bifore this tyme allowe, that resoun and his doom schulde haue such and so greet interesse in the lawe of God and in expownyng of Holi Scripture, as y haue seid and proued hem to haue.

And also herbi take ye a sufficient mark, that ye haue nede forto haue youre recours and conseil with suche now biforesaid clerkis, though ye wolden labore, and powre, and dote alle the daies of youre lijf in the Bible aloon. And drede ye of the effect which bifille to Bohemers for lijk cause, and mys gouernaunce in holding the first seid opinioun; and bi so miche the more drede ye thilk effect, bi how miche bi Crist it is pronouncid forto falle, where eyer cysme and dyvisyoun is contynued; for he seith, *that euery kingdom or comounte*[4] *dyvidid in himsilf schal be destruyed.* But thanne agenward ye must be waar her of, that euen as oon sterre is different from an other sterre in cleernes, so oon clerk is different from an other in kunnyng. And ther fore, brother, take heede to doom of cleer resoun in this mater, whiche also is remembrid to vs bi the wise man, thus, *Manie be to thee pesible, but of a thousand oon be thi counseiler.* And in special be waar that thou not accepte, chese, and take a clerk forto be sufficient to thee into the now seid purpose bi this aloon, that he mai were a pilioun[5] on his heed; neither bi this, that he is a famose and a plesaunt precher to peple in a pulpit; neither bi this, that he is a greet and thikke rateler out of textis of Holi Scripture or of Doctouris in feestis or in othere cumpanyingis: for certis experience hath ofte taught and mai here teche surely youngth, that summe werers of piliouns in scole of dyuynyte han scantli be worthi for to be in the same scole a good scoler; and ful manye of the ii^{e}. and iii^{e}. soortis appeering ful gloriose to the heering lay parti, and also summe of othere maner of clerkis, whanne thei schulden come forto dispute and examyne and trie and iuge in harde doutis of Goddis lawe, were not worthi forto therto vnnethis opene her mouth. I detecte here no man in special; who euer can proue him silf to be noon such as y haue here now spoken of, he therbi schewith weel him to be noon of hem.

Weel y wote, that though the office of preching is ful profitable into the eende of exortacioun and of remembrauncing, certis it is not so into the eende of best teching. Forwhi it is not so into the eende of formal and groundli disputing, arguing, and prouyng, withoute which no sure trial mai be maad upon eny hard and doutable question of mannis conuersacioun; and yit if such maner of arguying and groundli prouyng schulde be sett in sermonying, the sermon schulde be ful vnsauory; and if the maner of outring[1] which is sauory in a sermonyng schulde be sett and vsid in the office of scole prouyng and determynyng, al the werk ther of schulde be the vnsaueryer and the vnspedier.[2] And therfore the office and werk, (wherof y have spoke bifore to be so necessari as is said to al the world,) into repressing of errouris and into grounding of al Goddis lawe, the teching muste be take bi othir testimonie and witnessing than bi wering of pilleoun, or bi greet kunnyng of preching and bi sauory vttring therof, or bi greet plenteuose out hilding of textis written in the Bible or in Doctouris. For manye, whiche neuere leerned ferther in scolis than her grammer, kunnen[3] suche textis bi herte and bi mouth, and kunnen[4] bi textis and by narraciouns and parabolis and lijknessis[5] preche ful gloriosely into plesaunce of the peple and into profite of the peple, and semen therfore and therbi ful wise. And if thei were weel apposid in eny of tho textis and parabolis and othere precheable processis, thei couthe not defende and meyntene eny oon of hem, neither couthen putte out sufficientli the very and ful dewist[6] vndirstonding of eny oon of hem.

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[1] Bohemia, with reference to the disturbances instigated by John Huss

[2] enough

[3] called

[4] commonwealth

[5] doctor's hood

This is now seid of me, (God y take therto into witnes,) for harme which y haue knowen come bi defaut and vnhauying and the vnknowing of this now seid consideracioun, and for perel that suche harmes schulde the oftir in tyme here aftir come, if of this consideracioun no mensioun and waarnyng were bi me or bi sum other in writing bifore mad. For, as sikir[7] as the sunne schineth in somerys dai, the vnconsideracion of this, whereof y haue gouen now warnyng, hath be a greet cause of the wickidli enfectid scole of heresie among the lay people in Ynglond, which is not yit conquerid. And therfore into plesaunce bi which y wolde plese God and serue to God, and to do sumwhat into goostli profite of myn euene Cristen, and for drede of God, (lest so profitabli to be spoken a thing y shulde spare, speke, and write for fere of bacbitingis,) y write and outre what y now haue outrid. And if any man iuge me in eny other wise, be waar he thanne of him which schal ther upon iuge vs bothe.

But wolde God that the king of Ynglond wolde sette so myche bisynes forto conquere and reforme his lond of Ynglond fro this seid wickid scole, and fro othere defautis, as miche as he dooth aboute the conquest of his lond of Normandi and of Fraunce, and peraduenture he schulde thanne haue more thanke and reward at his laste comyng hoom to the King of blisse, and more noble flauour of digne[8] fame among alle the princis of the world and the worthi peeris of heuen, than he schal haue bi miche of his labour and cost doon aboute the worldli conquest of Fraunce.

Verili to seie vndir perel of my soule, (and no man conceyue me in contrarie wise to feele,) y wolde grees[9] of scolis to be take and not to be left, whanne euer the persoone desiring the gree is able thereto in scolis bi kunnyng longing to the same gree, and ellis not, though he be able into othere deedis profitabili to be doon. I wolde also that the office of preching had his dew honour and favour and his dew wiseli to be don exercise and execicioun, and God forbede that y schulde in contrarie wise feele or meene. But certis her withal y wolde that profound and groundli scholing in logik, philsophi, and dyuynyte, and lawe were not left bihinde, but that he were to euereither of these ii. now seid thingis preferrid; for without him grees goon on out of gree, and prechingis rennen arere, as herof experience is ouer ofte in my daies at Poulis Crosse takun. And without him the sad forth leding and reuling and the firme stabiling of al the chirche, both in the clergie and in the layfe,[10] may not be had and doon, for al the preching which without him into the worldis eende mai be mad and doon.

Also y wolde that, bi cause he flotereth not so ofte aboute the eeris of the lay peple as dooth the feet of preching, that the lay peple schulden not therfore trowe noon such so preciose and vnlackeable occupacioun to be had and laborid among hem that in scolis waken, studien, and disputen, though thei not into preching attenden; neither that therfore the lay peple schulden lacke wil and purpos forto bisette notable costis vpon hem, whiche so in scolis laboren; neither that the lay peple holden hem silf theryn deceyued, if therto thei han eny expensis bifore leid out and mynystrid. Certis ofte han men and wommen come to me, and seid: 'Thus hath a doctour seid in this mater: and thus hath a doctour seid in thilk mater: and thus hath this famose precher prechid: and thus hath thilk famose precher prechid:' and y haue answerid agen thus: 'Though he and he and he and he han so taught and prechid it is not therfore and therbi euer the rather trewe, but it is vntrewe, and needis muste be vntrewe, and mai be schewid and proued undoutabili to be vntrewe.' No man conceyue bi my wordis here that y meene and lete[1] as though y neuere failid, or that y am sikir that y schal neuere faile in myn answeris; but for the experience which y haue had upon the failing of othere doctouris and prechers, that y myghte the suerlier therby warne peple vpon the failing of clerkis, ther fore y haue seid what is now seid: and y haue lefir forto mekeli knouleche[2] that y and thei han failid and mowe[3] her aftir faile, and that y haue had ther of suer experience, than that the peple schulde trowe stidfastli that neither y neither thei han failid neither schulen faile, and that for wering of oure pilleons or for preching in pulpitis of oure sermons. And how schulde eny doctouris and prechers be wrooth for this what y haue of hem seid, whilis y seie and knouleche the same of mi silf which y haue seid and knoulechid of hem.

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[1] uttering
[2] unworthier
[3] know
[4] are able
[5] figures of speech
[6] given
[7] surely
[8] worthy
[9] degrees
[10] laity

Neuertheles, whanne the comoun lay peple doon as weel and as diligentli as thei kunnen forto chese to hem a wijs and a sufficient clerk into her counseiler, thei ben excusid anentis God in trowing to his counseil and in folewing it, though his counseiling be vntrewe, vnto tyne thei mowe aspie the defaut of the same counseil, as schal be proued in the first parti of *The book of feith and of sacramentis* in Latyn. And if eny man wole obserue and kepe the gouernauncis which y teche and counseile in the ii^{e}. parti of *Cristen religioun*, the —[4] treti the —[4] chapiter, to be kept, whanne euer oon man requirith and sechith and askith an other mannys counseil in eny mater, y wote weel that he schal therbi take greet waarnes that he be not bi vnsufficient and vnwijs counseil bigilid.

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[1] imply

[2] acknowledge

[3] may

[4] blanks left in the MS. for the references

JOHN LYDGATE

ca. 1370-ca. 1447

Following Chaucer there was no poet comparable to him to arise, although a number of men may be classed as his disciples. Chief among these, perhaps, is John Lydgate, sometimes called "the Monk of Bury." Lydgate's principal claim to remembrance is the fact that in an age that was almost anything but poetic he wrote enormously; to what extent we can only conjecture. The works that remain to us comprise, among others, *The Story of Thebes*, *The Troy Book*, *The Falls of Princes*, *The Temple of Glass*, *The Life of Our Lady*, *The Churl and the Bird*, *Horns Away*, and many beast fables and short religious poems. Some of the major poems stretch to interminable lengths, *The Falls of Princes*, for instance, extending to some 150,000 lines.

It was Lydgate's misfortune, perhaps, that he was a facile verse writer who could turn any occasion to his purpose, but who was incapable of self-criticism; hence, lacking criticism of any kind, he wrote on in much the same fashion during his whole career. However, occasionally he attained a true poetic art, especially in the shorter pieces and in the religious poems.

He was born in Suffolk about 1370, probably in the town of Lydgate. The facts of his life, however, are obscured, so that what we know is no more than tradition. It would seem that he studied at Oxford, traveled upon the continent, entered the Benedictine Abbey at Bury, where he became a monk, and was patronized by noblemen, especially Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, for whom many of his poems were written. About 1447 the Duke of Gloucester perished in a mysterious manner while on a visit to Bury, and it is thought that Lydgate's death was due to the same circumstances.

FROM HORNS AWAY

HUMILITY

Greatest of virtues is humility
As Solomon saith, son of sapience,[1]
Most was accept unto the Deity:
Taketh heed hereof, giveth to his words credence.

How Maria, which had a preminence
Above all women, in Bedlem[2] when she lay
At Christes birth, no cloth of great dispence,
She weared a coverchief, *horns were cast away.*

Of birthe she was highest of degre,
To whom alle aungels did obedience;
Of Dauidis lyne which sprang from Jesse,
In whom alle vertues by just convenience

Made stable in God by ghostly confidence
This Rose of Jericho, there grew none such in May
Poor in spirit, perfect in patience,
In whom *all horns of pride were put away.*

Mother of Jesu, myror of chastity,
In word or thought that never did offence,
Trewe example of virginity
Headspring and well of parfit[3] continence.

Was never clerk by rhetoric nor science,
Could all her virtues rehearse unto this day
Noble Princess of much benevolence
By example of her *your horns*[4] *cast away.*

A PRAISE OF SAINT ANNE

He that intendeth in his herte to seke
  To love the doughter of any womman fre,[5]
He must, of gentilles,[6] love the moder eke,
  In honest wyse, by fygure as ye may see;
  Right as for the fruyte honoured is the tre,
So he that to this lady Reuerence list[7] to do,
Hir moder, Seynt Anne worship he also.

And to that ende, lo, here a devoute oreyson,[8]
  In honour of hir oonly, my friendes deere,
That whilom A holy man in his contemplacioun,
  Had in Remembraunce, with all his hert entier,
  By whiche, at his dyeng, he saugh[9] hem both appere,
This blessid mayden and hir moder fre,
Delyveryng his soule from all aduersite.

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[1] wisdom
[2] Bethlehem
[3] perfect
[4] *Horns* refers to the headdress introduced into England by Anne of Bohemia, which to Lydgate represented pride and ostentation
[5] free
[6] in courtesy
[7] wishes
[8] orison
[9] saw

THOMAS HOCCLEVE

ca. 1368-*ca.* 1450

Although one of the followers of Chaucer, the only one, perhaps, who knew him personally, Hoccleve had only this to say of the relationship: he "fayn wolde han me taght, but I was dul and learned lite or naght." Nevertheless, in an age during which there was a dearth of poetry, the work of Hoccleve was not without merit, although it never approached the quality of that of Chaucer. It is valuable, nevertheless, in that it brings us some knowledge of the temper of thought in this day and shows us something of the development of the language immediately after Chaucer. His principal work is *The Regiment of Princes*, a long poem upon the way of wise government, written about 1412. Other works are *Mãle Règle*, a series of self-reproaches for his irregular living; *The Mother of God*, a devotional poem, *Dialogue with a Friend;* and a sheaf of shorter pieces, in all about 13,000 lines.

He was born about 1368 in Bedfordshire. In 1387 he seems to have entered the service of the government in the office of the privy seal, and probably remained in such service during the rest of his life. One conjectures that he was a zealous supporter of the faith and a loyal subject to the various kings under whom he served. The facts of his life, however, have not, with but few exceptions, come to light; what we know of him is derived. for the most part, from what he says of himself in his writings.

FROM DE REGIMINE PRINCIPUM

TO CHAUCER

I

With heart as trembling as the leaf of asp,
Father! syn that ye rede[1] to do so;
Of my simple conceit will I the clasp
Undo, and let it at his large[2] go!
But, wellaway! so is mine hearte woe
That the Honour of the English Tongue is dead;
Of which I wont was have counsel and rede.[3]

O, Master dear! and Father reverent!
My Master, Chaucer! Flower of Eloquence!
Mirrir of fructuous[4] entendement![5]
O, universal Father in science!
Alas! that thou, thine excellent prudence,
In thy bed mortal, mightest nought bequeath!
Alas! why would he slay thee? What ailed *Death?*

O, Death! thou dist not harm singular,[6]
In slaughter of him; but all this land it smarteth!
But, natheless, yet hast thou no power
His name slay! His high virtue astarteth,[7]
Unslain, from thee! which aye us lively hearteth
With bookes of his ornate inditing,
That are, to all this land enlumining.

Hast thou not eke my Master, *Gower*, slain?
Whose virtue I am insufficient
For to descrive, I wot well in certain!
For to slay all this World thou hast ymeant![8]
But syn our *Lord Christ* was obedient
To thee, in faith! I can no further say!
His creatures mosten[9] thee obey!

II

Simple is my ghost,[10] and scarce my Literature,
Unto your Excellence for to write
Mine inward love; and yet in adventure
Will I me put, though I can but lyte.
My deare Master (God his soule quite![11])
And Father, Chaucer, fain would have me taught;
But I was dull, and learned lyte or naught!

Alas! my worthy Master honourable!
This land's very Treasure and Richesse!
Death, by thy death, hath harm irreparable
Unto us done! Her vengeable[12] duress[13]
Despoiled hath this land of the sweetness
Of Rhetoric: for unto *Tullius*
Was never man so like amongst us!

Also, who was higher in Philosophy
To *Aristotle*, in our tongue, but thou?
The steppes[14] of *Virgil* in Poesy
Thou followed'st eke, men wot well enow!
That Cumber-world, that thee, my Master! slew,
Would I slain were! *Death* was too hasty
To run on thee, and 'reave thee thy life!

Death hath but small consideration
Unto the Virtuous, I have espied!
No more, as sheweth the probation,
Than to a vicious master Losel tried!
Among a heap, every man is mastered
With her, as well the poor as is the rich!
Learned and lewd[15] eke standen all alike!

She might have tarried her vengeance a while,
Till that some man had equal to thee be!
Nay! let be that! She knew well that this Isle
May never man forth bringe like to thee!
And her office needes do must she!
God bade her so! I trust as for the best!
O, Master! Master! God, thy soul rest!

III

The first Finder of our fair language
Hath said, in case semblable,[16] and others mo,
So highly well, that it is my dotage
For to express, or to touch any of tho![17]
Alas! My Father from the world is go!
Alas! My worthy Master, *Chaucer!* him I mean.
Be thou advocate for him, Heaven's Queen!

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[1] advise
[2] greatness
[3] advice
[4] fruitful
[5] perception
[6] individually
[7] escapes
[8] intended
[9] must
[10] spirit
[11] requite
[12] vengeful
[13] hardship
[14] footsteps
[15] ignorant
[16] similar
[17] those

As thou well know'st, O, Blessed Virgin!
With loving heart and high devotion,
In thine honour, he wrote full many a line!
O, now, thine help and thy promotion
To God thy Sonne, make a motion,
How he thy Servant was, Maiden Mary!
And let his soule flower and fructify!

Although his life be quenched, the resemblance
Of him hath in me so fresh liveliness
That, to put other men in remembrance
Of his person, I have here hes likeness
Do make;[1] to this end, in soothfastness,
That they, that have of him least thought and mind,
By this painture,[2] may again him find.

(*Here occurs, in the margin, Hoccleve's celebrated colored portrait of Geoffrey Chaucer.*)

---

[1] had made

[2] painting

SIR THOMAS MALORY

ca. 1400-*ca.* 1471

The writing of Sir Thomas Malory represents for us the highest ideals of selflessness, justice, and purity as practiced during the age of chivalry. His book, *Le Morte D'Arthur*, was, according to Caxton, the first English printer, a compilation of many French stories, which, although they all dealt with the same material, had no continuity. Malory, however, wove them all together with such skill that the Arthurian Romance has emerged as one of the finest of our literary traditions, a treasure house upon which many poets have freely drawn.

Malory is another figure whose life, for the most part, remains shrouded in the mists of the past. He was born, probably in 1400, in Warwickshire. It is surmised that he was present at the siege of Rouen in 1418; that he was a retainer of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who became known as the King-maker; that he represented his county in Parliament during 1444-1445; that he was a loyalist during the Civil War; that he was outlawed by Edward IV in 1468, when the Yorkists triumphed; and that he died in 1471.

From LE MORTE D'ARTHUR

Book XXI. Chapter I

How Sir Mordred presumed and took on him to be King of England, and would have married the queen, his uncle's wife.

As Sir Mordred was ruler of all England, he did do make[1] letters as though that they came from beyond the sea, and the letters specified that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Launcelot. Wherefore Sir Mordred made a parliament, and called the lords together and there he made them to choose him king; and so was he crowned at Canterbury, and held a feast there fifteen days; and afterward he drew him unto Winchester, and there he took the Queen Guenever, and said plainly that he would wed her which was his uncle's wife and his father's wife. And so he made ready for the feast, and a day prefixed that they should be wedded; wherefore Queen Guenever was passing heavy.[2] But she durst not discover her heart, but spake fair, and agreed to Sir Mordred's will. Then she desired of Sir Mordred for to go to London, to buy all manner of things that longed[3] unto the wedding. And by cause of her fair speech Sir Mordred trusted her well enough, and gave her leave to go. And so when she came to London she took the Tower of London, and suddenly in all haste possible she stuffed it with all manner of victual, and well garnished it with men, and so kept it. Then when Sir Mordred wist[4] and understood how he was beguiled, he was passing wroth out of measure. And a short tale for to make, he went and laid a mighty siege about the Tower of London, and made many great assaults thereat, and threw many great engines unto them, and shot great guns. But all might not prevail Sir Mordred, for Queen Guenever would never for fair speech nor for foul, would never trust to come in his hands again. Then came the Bishop of Canterbury, the which was a noble clerk and an holy man, and thus he said to Sir Mordred: Sir, what will ye do? will ye first displease God and sithen[1] shame yourself and all knighthood? Is not King Arthur your uncle, no farther but your mother's brother, and on her himself King Arthur begat you upon his own sister, therefore how may you wed your father's wife? Sir, said the noble clerk, leave this opinion or I shall curse you with book and bell and candle. Do thou thy worst, said Sir Mordred, wit thou well I shall defy thee. Sir, said the Bishop, and wit you well I shall not fear me to do that me ought to do. Also where ye noise where my lord Arthur is slain, and that is not so, and therefore ye will make a foul work in this land. Peace, thou false priest, said Sir Mordred, for an thou chafe me any more I shall make strike off thy head. So the Bishop departed and did the cursing in the most orgulsist[2] wise that might be done, and then Sir Mordred sought the Bishop of Canterbury, for to have slain him. Then the Bishop fled, and took part of his goods with him, and went nigh unto Glastonbury; and there he was as priest hermit in a chapel, and lived in poverty and in holy prayers, for well he understood that mischievous war was at hand. Then Sir Mordred sought on Queen Guenever by letters and sondes,[3] and by fair means and foul means, for to have her to come out of the Tower of London; but all this availed not, for she answered him shortly, openly and privily, that she had lever[4] slay herself than to be married with him. Then came word to Sir Mordred that King Arthur had araised the siege for Sir Launcelot, and he was coming homeward with a great host, to be avenged upon Sir Mordred; wherefore Sir Mordred made write writs to all the barony of this land, and much people drew to him. For then was the common voice among them that with Arthur was none other life but war and strife, and with Sir Mordred was great joy and bliss. Thus was Sir Arthur depraved,[5] and evil said of. And many there were that King Arthur had made up of nought, and given them lands, might not then say him a good word. Lo ye all Englishmen, see ye not what a mischief here was! for he that was the most[6] king and knight of the world, and most loved the fellowship of noble knights, and by him they were all upholden, now might not these Englishmen hold them content with him. Lo thus was the old custom and usage of this land; and also men say that we of this land have not yet lost nor forgotten that custom and usage. Alas, this is a great default of us Englishmen, for there may no thing please us no term.[7] And so fared the people at that time, they were better pleased with Sir Mordred than they were with King Arthur; and much people drew unto Sir Mordred, and said they would abide with him for better and for worse. And so Sir Mordred drew with a great host to Dover, for there he heard say that Sir Arthur would arrive, and so he thought to beat his own father from his lands; and the most part of all England held with Sir Mordred, the people were so new fangle.[8]

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[1] cause to be written

[2] sorrowful

[3] pertained

[4] learned

CHAPTER II

How after that King Arthur had tidings, he returned and came to Dover, where Sir Mordred met him to let[9] his landing; and of the death of Sir Gawaine.

And so as Sir Mordred was at Dover with his host, there came King Arthur with a great navy of ships, and galleys, and carracks.[10] And there was Sir Mordred ready awaiting upon his landing, to let his own father to land upon the land that he was king over. Then there was launching of great boats and small, and full of noble men of arms; and there was much slaughter of gentle knights, and many a full bold baron was laid full low, on both parties. But King Arthur was so courageous that there might no manner of knights let him to land, and his knights fiercely followed him; and so they landed maugre[11] Sir Mordred and all his power, and put Sir Mordred aback, that he fled and all his people. So when this battle was done, King Arthur let bury[1] his people that were dead. And then was noble Sir Gawaine found in a great boat, lying more than half dead. When Sir Arthur wist that Sir Gawaine was laid so low, he went unto him; and there the king made sorrow out of measure, and took Sir Gawaine in his arms, and thrice he there swooned. And then when he awaked, he said: Alas, Sir Gawaine, my sister's son, here now thou liest, the man in the world that I loved most; and now is my joy gone, for now, my nephew Sir Gawaine, I will discover me unto your person: in Sir Launcelot and you I most had my joy, and mine affiance,[2] and now have I lost my joy of you both; wherefore all mine earthly joy is gone from me. Mine uncle King Arthur, said Sir Gawaine, wit you well my death day is come, and all is through mine own hastiness and willfulness; for I am smitten upon the old wound the which Sir Launcelot gave me, on the which I feel well I must die; and had Sir Launcelot been with you as he was, this unhappy war had never begun; and of all this am I causer, for Sir Launcelot and his blood, through their prowess, held all your cankered enemies in subjection and danger. And now, said Sir Gawaine, ye shall miss Sir Launcelot. But, alas, I would not accord with him, and therefore, said Sir Gawaine, I pray you, fair uncle, that I may have paper, pen, and ink, that I may write to Sir Launcelot a cedle[3] with mine own hands. And then when paper and ink was brought, then Gawaine was set up weakly by King Arthur, for he was shriven a little tofore; and then he wrote thus, as the French book maketh mention: Unto Sir Launcelot, flower of all noble knights that ever I heard of or saw by my days, I, Sir Gawaine, King Lot's son of Orkney, sister's son unto the noble King Arthur, send thee greeting, and let thee have knowledge that the tenth day of May I was smitten upon the old wound that thou gavest me afore the city of Benwick, and through the same wound that thou gavest me I am come to my death day. And I will that all the world wit, that I, Sir Gawaine, knight of the Table Round, sought my death, and not through thy deserving, but it was mine own seeking; wherefore I beseech thee, Sir Launcelot, to return again unto this realm, and see my tomb, and pray some prayer more or less for my soul. And this same day I wrote this cedle, I was hurt to the death in the same wound, the which I had of thy hand, Sir Launcelot; for of a more nobler man might I not be slain. Also Sir Launcelot, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, make no tarrying, but come over the sea in all haste, that thou mayst with thy noble knights rescue that noble king that made thee knight, that is my lord Arthur; for he is full straitly bestad[4] with a false traitor, that is my half-brother, Sir Mordred; and he hath let crown him[5] king, and would have wedded my lady Queen Guenever, and so had he done had she not put herself in the Tower of London. And so the tenth day of May last past, my lord Arthur and we all landed upon them at Dover; and there we put that false traitor, Sir Mordred, to flight, and there it misfortuned me to be stricken upon thy stroke. And at the date of this letter was written, but two hours and a half afore my death, written with mine own hand, and so subscribed with part of my heart's blood. And I require thee, most famous knight of the world, that thou wilt see my tomb. And then Sir Gawaine wept, and King Arthur wept; and then they swooned both. And when they awaked both, the king made Sir Gawaine to receive his Savior. And then Sir Gawaine prayed the king for to send for Sir Launcelot, and to cherish him above all other knights. And so at the hour of noon Sir Gawaine yielded up the spirit; and then the king let inter him in a chapel within Dover Castle; and there yet all men may see the skull of him, and the same wound is seen that Sir Launcelot gave him in battle. Then was it told the king that Sir Mordred had pyghte a new field[6] upon Barham Down. And upon the morn the king rode thither to him, and there was a great battle betwixt them, and much people was slain on both parties; but at the last Sir Arthur's party stood best, and Sir Mordred and his party fled unto Canterbury.

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[1] afterward
[2] arrogant
[3] messages
[4] rather
[5] slandered
[6] greatest
[7] long
[8] given to novelty
[9] prevent
[10] armed merchantmen
[11] in spite of

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[1] caused to be buried

[2] confidence

[3] message

[4] hard pressed

[5] hath let himself be crowned

[6] reformed his army

CHAPTER III

How after, Sir Gawaine's ghost appeared to King Arthur, and warned him that he should not fight that day.

And then the king let search all the towns for his knights that were slain, and interred them; and salved them with soft salves that so sore were wounded. Then much people drew unto King Arthur. And then they said that Sir Mordred warred upon King Arthur with wrong. And then King Arthur drew him with his host down by the seaside westward toward Salisbury; and there was a day assigned betwixt King Arthur and Sir Mordred, that they should meet upon a down beside Salisbury, and not far from the seaside; and this day was assigned on a Monday after Trinity Sunday, whereof King Arthur was passing glad, that he might be avenged upon Sir Mordred. Then Sir Mordred araised[1] much people about London, for they of Kent, Southsex, and Surrey, Estsex, and of Southfolk, and of Northfolk, held the most part with Sir Mordred; and many a full noble knight drew unto Sir Mordred and to the king: but they that loved Sir Launcelot drew unto Sir Mordred. So upon Trinity Sunday at night, King Arthur dreamed a wonderful dream, and that was this: that him seemed he sat upon a chaflet[2] in a chair, and the chair was fast to a wheel, and thereupon sat King Arthur in the richest cloth of gold that might be made; and the king thought there was under him, far from him, an hideous deep black water, and therein were all manner of serpents, and worms, and wild beasts foul and horrible; and suddenly the king thought the wheel turned up so down,[3] and he fell among the serpents, and every beast took him by a limb; and then the king cried as he lay in his bed and slept: Help. And then knights, squires, and yeomen awaked the king; and then he was so amazed that he wist not where he was; and then he fell on slumbering again, not sleeping nor thoroughly waking. So the king seemed verily that there came Sir Gawaine unto him with a number of fair ladies with him. And when King Arthur saw him, then he said: Welcome, my sister's son; I weened[4] thou hadst been dead, and now I see thee on live, much am I beholding unto almighty Jesu. O fair nephew and my sister's son, what be these ladies that hither be come with you? Sir, said Sir Gawaine, all these be ladies for whom I have foughten when I was man living, and all these are those that I did battle for in righteous quarrel; and God hath given them that grace at their great prayer, by cause I did battle for them, that they should bring me hither unto you: thus much hath God given me leave, for to warn you of your death; for an[5] ye fight as tomorn with Sir Mordred, as ye both have assigned, doubt ye not ye must be slain, and the most part of your people on both parties. And for the great grace and goodness that almighty Jesu hath unto you, and for pity of you, and many more other good men there shall be slain, God hath sent me to you of his special grace, to give you warning that in no wise ye do battle as tomorn, but that ye take a treaty for a month day; and proffer you largely[6] so as tomorn to be put in a delay. For within a month shall come Sir Launcelot with all his noble knights, and rescue you worshipfully, and slay Sir Mordred, and all that ever will hold with him. Then Sir Gawaine and all the ladies vanished. And anon the king called upon his knights, squires, and yeomen and charged them wightly[7] to fetch his noble lords and wise bishops unto him. And when they were come, the king told them his avision, what Sir Gawaine had told him, and warned him that if he fought on the morn he should be slain. Then the king commanded Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, with two bishops with them, and charged them in any wise, an they might, take a treaty for a month day with Sir Mordred, and spare not, proffer him lands and goods as much as ye think best. So then they departed, and came to Sir Mordred, where he had a grim host of an hundred thousand men. And there they entreated Sir Mordred long time; and at the last Sir Mordred was agreed for to have Cornwall and Kent, by Arthur's days:[8] after, all England, after the days of King Arthur.

[1] aroused
[2] dais
[3] over
[4] thought
[5] if
[6] make proposals
[7] quickly
[8] during Arthur's life

Chapter IV

How by misadventure of an adder the battle began, where Mordred was slain, and Arthur hurt to the death.

Then were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts and every each of them should bring fourteen persons; and they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he: I am glad that this is done: and so he went into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that an they see any sword drawn: Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor, Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him. In likewise Sir Mordred warned his host that: An ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth; for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty, for I know well my father will be avenged on me. And so they met as their appointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly; and wine was fetched, and they drank. Right soon came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stung, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beamous,[1] trumpets and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed[2] them together. And King Arthur took his horse and said: Alas this unhappy day! and so rode to his party. And Sir Mordred in likewise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land; for there was but rushing and riding, foining[3] and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never; and Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir,[4] and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted[5] till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth; and ever they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wood[6] wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware,[7] of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more on live but two knights; that one was Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded. Jesu mercy, said the king, where are all my noble knights become? Alas that ever I should see this doleful day, for now, said Arthur, I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief. Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. Now give me my spear, said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought. Sir, let him be, said Sir Lucan, for he is unhappy; and if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this, for blessed be God ye have won the field, for here we be three on live, and with Sir Mordred is none on live; and if ye leave off now this wicked day of destiny is past. Tide me death, betide me life, saith the king, now I see him yonder alone he shall never escape mine hands for at a better avail shall I never have him. God speed you well said Sir Bedivere. Then the king gat[8] his spear in both his hands and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying: Traitor, now is thy death day come. And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until[9] him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin[10] of his spear, throughout the body, more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain pan, and therewithal Sir

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[1] bugles

[2] addressed

[3] thrusting

[4] duty

[5] stopped

[6] crazy

[7] aware

[8] took

[9] toward

[10] thrust

Mordred fell stark dead to the earth; and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned ofttimes. And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere ofttimes heaved him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both, to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. Now go thou, Sir Lucan, said the king, and do me to wit[1] what betokens that noise in the field. So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he yede[2] he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how that pillers,[3] and robbers were come into the field, to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of brooches, and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel; and who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the king as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. Therefore by my rede,[4] said Sir Lucan, it is best that we bring you to some town. I would it were so, said the king.

Chapter V

How King Arthur commanded to cast his sword Excalibur into the water, and how he was delivered to ladies in a barge.

But I may not stand, mine head works so. Ah Sir Launcelot, said King Arthur, this day have I sore missed thee; alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream. Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the king swooned; and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, that the part of his guts fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast.[5] And when the king awoke, he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his guts lay at his feet. Alas, said the king, this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen[6] me, that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me: now Jesu have mercy upon his soul! Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. Leave this mourning and weeping, said the king, for all this will not avail me, for wit thou well an I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly[7] bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the water. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king, therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief[8] and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so efte[9] he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wappe[10] and waves wanne.[11] Ah, traitor untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that thou hast been to me so lief and dear? and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands; for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king. And so he did softly; and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said: Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? alas, this wound on your head hath caught over-much cold. And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried: Ah my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies? Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will into the vale of Avilion[1] to heal me of my grievous wound: and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest; and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts[2] hoar, of a chapel and an hermitage.

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[1] let me know
[2] went
[3] pillagers
[4] advice
[5] burst
[6] helped
[7] swiftly
[8] beloved
[9] afterward
[10] ripple
[11] darken

Chapter VI

How Sir Bedivere found him on the morrow dead in an hermitage, and how he abode there with the hermit.

Then was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit groveling on all four, there fast by a tomb was new graven.[3] When the hermit saw Sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but little tofore Bishop at Canterbury, that Sir Mordred flemed.[4] Sir, said Bedivere, what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for? Fair son, said the hermit, I wot not verily, but by deeming.[5] But this night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies, and brought hither a dead corpse, and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered an hundred tapers, and they gave me an hundred besants.[6] Alas, said Sir Bedivere, that was my lord King Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel. Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke he prayed the hermit he might abide with him still there, to live with fasting and prayers. For from hence will I never go, said Sir Bedivere, by my will, but all the days of my life here to pray for my lord Arthur. Ye are welcome to me, said the hermit, for I know ye better than ye ween that I do. Ye are the bold Bedivere, and the full noble duke, Sir Lucan the Butler, was your brother. Then Sir Bedivere told the hermit all as ye have heard tofore. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit that was tofore Bishop of Canterbury, and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers. Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorized nor more of the very certainty of his death heard I never read, but thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens; that one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was the Queen of Northgalis; the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands. Also there was Nimue, the chief lady of the lake, that had wedded Pelleas the good knight; and this lady had done much for King Arthur, for she would never suffer Sir Pelleas to be in no place where he should be in danger of his life; and so he lived to the uttermost of his days with her in great rest. More of the death of King Arthur could I never find, but that ladies brought him to his burials; and such one was buried there, that the hermit bare witness that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury, but yet the hermit knew not in certain that he was verily the body of King Arthur: for this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made it to be written.

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[1] home of departed spirits
[2] forests
[3] dug
[4] cursed
[5] imagining
[6] mediæval coin of Byzantine empire

CHAPTER VII

Of the opinion of some men of the death of King Arthur; and how Queen Guenever made her a nun in Almesbury.

Yet some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say, here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: *Hic jacet Arthurus Rex, quondam Rexque futurus.*[1] Thus leave I here Sir Bedivere with the hermit, that dwelled that time in a chapel beside Glastonbury, and there was his hermitage. And so they lived in their prayers, and fastings, and great abstinence. And when Queen Guenever understood that King Arthur was slain, and all the noble knights, Sir Mordred and all the remnant, then the queen stole away, and five ladies with her, and so she went to Almesbury; and there she let make herself a nun, and ware white clothes and black, and great penance she took, as ever did sinful lady in this land, and never creature could make her merry; but lived in fasting, prayers, and alms-deeds, that all manner of people marveled how virtuously she was changed.

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[1] Here lies King Arthur, once king, and king to be.

ROBERT HENRYSON

ca. 1430-*ca.* 1500

Henryson was among the disciples of Chaucer, probably the best one. He was a moralist, but one who, while he saw to it that virtue was always rewarded, did not allow his didacticism to interfere with the narrative and dramatic progress of his tales. His works show him to have had a sense of humor not unlike Chaucer's and to have been not unlike him in personality. The poems that have come down to us are *The Testament of Cressid, Robin and Makyne,* a collection of *Fables* from Æsop, and *Orpheus and Eurydice.*

Concerning his life almost nothing is known. It has, however, been surmised that he was born in Scotland about 1430, studied at Glasgow in 1462, and perhaps became a schoolmaster in Dunfermline. A reference in Dunbar's *Lament for Makaris* seems to indicate that he was dead before 1508.

THE BLOODY SARK[1]

This hinder[2] year I have been told,
There was a worthy King:
Dukes, Earls, and Barons bold,
He had at his bidding.
The Lord was ancient and old,
And sixty years could ring;
He had a daughter, fair to fold,[3]
A lusty Lady ying.[4]

Of all fairhead,[5] she bore the flower;
And eke her father's heir:
Of lusty laits[6] and high honour,
Meek, bot,[7] and debonair.
She winnit[8] in a bigly[9] bower,
On fold was none so fair.
Princes loved her, *par amour,*
In countries o'er everywhere.

There dwelt a lyte[10] beside the King,
A foul Giant of one;
Stolen he has the Lady ying,
Away with her is gone;
And cast her in his dungeon,
Where light she might see none.

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[1] shirt
[2] last
[3] earth
[4] young
[5] beauty
[6] manners
[7] sweet
[8] dwelt
[9] strong
[10] little

Hunger, and cold, and great thirsting,
  She found in to her waine.[1]

He was the loathliest on to look,
  That on the ground might gang;
His nails were like an hellis-crook,[2]
  Therewith five quarters long.
There was none that he o'ertook,
  In right, or yet in wrong,
But all in sunder he them shook!
  The Giant was so strong.

He held the Lady, day and night,
  Within his deep dungeon.
He would not give of her a sight,
  For gold, nor yet ransom;
But if the King might get a Knight,
  To fight with his person,
To fight with him, both day and night,
  Until one were dungin[3] down.

The King gart seek,[4] both far and near,
  Both by sea and land,
Of any Knight, if he might hear,
  Would fight with that Giant.
A worthy Prince, that had no peer,
  Has ta'en the deed in hand,
For the love of the Lady clear;[5]
  And held full true cunnand.[6]

That Prince came proudly to the town,
  Of that Giant to hear:
And fought with him, his own person,
  And took him prisoner;
And cast him in his own dungeon
  Alone, withouten fere,
With hunger, cold, and confusion,
  As full well worthy were.

Syne[7] brake the bour,[8] had home the Bright
  Unto her father dear.
So evil wounded was the Knight,
  That he behoved to die.
Unlovesome was his likame[9] dight,[10]
  His Sark was all bloody.
In all the world was there no wight[11]
  So piteous for to see!

The Lady mourned; and made great moan,
  With all her mickle might.
'I loved never Love but one,
  That dolefully now is dight.
God send my life were from me ta'en,
  Or[12] I had seen yon sight!
Or else in begging ever to go
  Forth with yon courteous Knight!'

He said, 'Faire Lady! now mon[13] I
  Die, trestly[14] ye me trow!
Take ye my Sark, that is bloody,
  And hang it forrow[15] you!
First think on it, and syne on me,
  When men come you to woo!'
The Lady said, 'By Mary free!
  Thereto I make a vow!'

When that she looked on the Sark,
  She thought on the person;
And prayed for him, with all her heart,
  That loosed her from bandon,[16]
Where she was wont to sit full merk[17]
  In that deep dungeon:
And ever, while she was in quert,[18]
  That was (to) her a lesson.

So well the Lady loved the Knight,
  That no man would she take!
So should we do our God of might,
  That did all for us make!
Which foully to death was dight,
  For sinful Man's sake:
So should we do, both day and night,
  With prayers to him make.

MORALITAS

This King is like the Trinity,
  Both in Heaven and here.
The Man's Soul, to the Lady,
  The Giant, to Lucifer.
The Knight, to Christ, that died on tree,
  And coft[19] our sinnes dear.
The pit, to Hell, with paines fell:[20]
  The sin, to the Wooer.

The Lady was wooed; but she said 'Nay!'
  With men that would her wed;
So should we wryth[21] all sin away,
  That in our breast is bred!
I pray to Jesus Christ verray,[22]

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[1] dwelling
[2] devil's claw
[3] struck
[4] made search
[5] pure
[6] covenant
[7] after
[8] dungeon
[9] body
[10] become
[11] creature
[12] before
[13] must
[14] trustfully
[15] in front of
[16] bondage
[17] dark
[18] safety
[19] bought
[20] fierce
[21] put
[22] true

For us his blood that bled,
To be our help on Doomesday,
Where laws are straitly led.

The Soul is God's daughter dear,
And eke his handiwork,
That was betrayed by Lucifer,
Who sits in Hell full merk.
Borrowed with Christes angel clear,
Hende[1] men! will ye not hark?
For his love, that bought us dear,
Think on the Bloody Sark!

ROBIN AND MAKYNE

Robin sat on gude green hill,
Kepand[2] a flock of fe:[3]
Mirry Makyne said him till
'Robin, thou rew[4] on me:
I haif thee luvit, loud and still,
Thir yeiris twa or thre:
My dule[5] in dern[6] bot gif thou dill,[7]
Doubtless but dreid[8] I de.'

Robin answerit, 'By the Rude[9]
Na thing of luve I knaw,
But keipis my scheip undir yon wud:
Lo, quhair[10] they raik[11] on raw.[12]
Quhat[13] has marrit[14] thee in thy mude,[15]
Makyne, to me thou shaw;
Or quhat is luve, or to be lude?[16]
Fain wad I leir[17] that law.'

'At luvis lair[18] gif thou will leir
Tak thair ane A B C;
Be heynd,[19] courtass, and fair of feir.[20]
Wyse, hardy, and free:
So that no danger do thee deir[21]
Quhat dule in dern thou dre;[22]
Preiss[23] thee with pain at all poweir
Be patient and previe.'[24]

Robin answerit hir agane,
'I wat nocht quhat is lufe;
But I haif mervel in certaine
Quhat makis thee this wanrufe:[25]
The weddir is fair, and I am fain;
My scheip gois haill[26] aboif;[27]
And we wald pley us in this plane,
They wald us baith reproif.'

'Robin, tak tent[28] unto my tale,
And wirk all as I reid,
And thou sall haif my heart all haill,
Eik[29] and my maiden-heid:[30]
Sen God sendis bute[31] for baill,[32]
And for murnyng[33] remeid,[34]
In dern with thee bot gif I daill[35]
Dowtles I am bot deid.'

'Makyne, to-morn this ilka[36] tyde
And ye will meit me heir,
Peraventure my scheip may gang besyde,
Quhyle we haif liggit[37] full neir:
But mawgre[38] haif I, and I byde
Fra[39] they begin to steir;[40]
Quhat lyis on heart I will nocht hyd;
Makyne, then mak gude cheir.'

'Robin, thou reivis[41] me roiff[42] and rest;
I luve bot thee allane.'
'Makyne, adieu! the sone gois west,
The day is neir-hand gane.'
'Robin, in dule I am so drest
That luve will be my bane.'
'Ga luve, Makyne, quhair-evir thow list,
For lemman[43] I luve nane.'

'Robin, I stand in sic a styll,[44]
I sicht and that full sair.'
'Makyne, I haif been here this quhyle;
At hame God gif I wair.'
'My huny, Robin, talk ane quhyll,
Gif thow will do no mair.'
'Makyn, sum uthir man begyle,
For hamewart I will fair.'

Robin on his wayis went
As light as leif of tre;
Makyne murnit in hir intent,
And trowd[45] him nevir to se.
Robin brayd[46] attour[47] the bent:[48]
Then Makyne cryit on hie,
'Now may thow sing, for I am schent![49]
Quhat alis[50] lufe at me?'

[1] gentle
[2] keeping
[3] sheep, cattle
[4] have pity
[5] dole
[6] secret
[7] soothe
[8] doubt, dread
[9] Cross
[10] where
[11] range
[12] row
[13] what
[14] marred
[15] mind
[16] loved
[17] learn
[18] lore
[19] gracious
[20] demeanor
[21] daunt
[22] endure
[23] pursue
[24] secret
[25] unrest
[26] whole
[27] above
[28] notice
[29] also
[30] maidenhood
[31] remedy
[32] bale
[33] mourning
[34] remedy
[35] deal
[36] same
[37] lain
[38] displeasure
[39] from the time that
[40] move
[41] deprivest
[42] quiet
[43] lover, sweetheart
[44] fix, plight
[45] expected
[46] strode
[47] out over
[48] coarse grass
[49] shamed
[50] ails

Makyne went hame withowttin fail,
Full wery eftir cowth weip;
Then Robin in a ful fair daill
Assemblit all his scheip.
Be that sum part of Makynis aill
Out-throw his hairt cowd creip;
He fallowit hir fast thair till assaill,
And till her tuke gude keip.

'Abyd, abyd, thow fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing:
For all my luve, it sall be thyne,
Withowttin departing.
Al haill thy hairt for till haif myne
Is all my cuvating;
My scheip to-morn, quhyle hour is nyne,
Will neid of no keping.'

'Robin, thow hes hard soung and say,
In gestis[1] and storeis auld,
The man that will nocht quhen he may
Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.
I pray to Jesu every day,
Mot eik thair cairis cauld
That first preissis with thee to play
Be firth, forrest, or fauld.'

'Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
The weddir is warme and fair,
And the grene woid rycht neir us by
To walk attour all quhair:
Thair ma na janglour[2] us espy.
That is to lufe contrair;
Thairin, Makyne, baith ye and I,
Unsene we ma repair.'

'Robin, that warld is all away,
And quyt brocht till ane end:
And nevir agane thereto, perfay,[3]
Sall it be as thow wend;[4]
For of my pane thow maid it play;
And all in vane I spend:
As thow hes done, sa sall I say,
"Murne on, I think to mend." '

'Makyne, the howp of all my heill,[5]
My hairt on thee is sett:
And evirmair to thee be leill,[6]
Quhill I may leif but lett;
Never to faill as utheris feill,
Quhat grace that evir I gett.'
'Robin, with thee I will nocht deill;
Adieu! for thus we mett.'

Makyne went hame blyth anneuche[7]
Attour the holttis[8] hair;[9]
Robin murnit, and Makyne leuche;[10]
Scho sang, he sichit sair:
And so left him baith wo and wreuch,[11]
In dolour and in cair,
Kepand his hird under a huche[12]
Amangis the holttis hair.

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[1] tales
[2] tattler
[3] by my faith
[4] expected
[5] health
[6] loyal
[7] enough
[8] woods
[9] hoar
[10] laughed
[11] wretched
[12] cliff

BLESSED JOHN FISHER

1459-1535

Among the early English martyrs is Cardinal Fisher, who, with Sir Thomas More, stood out valiantly against the claim of Henry VIII that he was head of the Church, and who, as a result, like More, was beheaded.

For the student of literature, especially in the development of its prose, there is scarcely a figure more interesting. He wrote both in English and in Latin, as was the custom in his day, his English works of particular note being the *Sermon at the Funeral of Henry VII;* the *Sermon at Lady Margaret's Month's Mind; Sermon at the Burning of Luther's Books; A Spiritual Consolation,* and *The Ways to Perfect Religion.* In these works one perceives the beginnings of ornate prose: there is apparent the search for the exact words, the awareness of prose pattern, the effort to illuminate by the use of figure, and the striving for a flowing rhythm. One feels that Cardinal Fisher was quite as conscious of style as was Sir Thomas Browne, or any one else in the poetical-prose tradition.

He was born at Beverly in York in 1459, the son of a wealthy merchant. Attending Cambridge, he proceeded M. A. in 1491 and was elected to a fellowship. In no long time, however, he became chancellor of the university, in which position he distinguished himself so highly as to win the attention of Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, whose confessor he became and under whose patronage he remained during the rest of her life. In 1504 he was consecrated Bishop of Rochester, which title he held until, during his confinement in the Tower in 1531, Pope Paul III raised him to the cardinalate. Being closely connected with the court, he became one of the spiritual advisers to Henry VIII and was especially sought after by the king in his efforts to obtain the divorce from Catherine. At no time, however, did Cardinal Fisher vary his answer that such a course was impossible. In the end, so steady was his adherence to the tenets of his faith that, when the king finally withdrew from the Catholic Church and established himself as the head of the Church in England, Cardinal Fisher refused to take the Oath of Supremacy; thereby laying himself open to the charge of treason, the charge upon which he was tried, condemned, and finally beheaded.

On December 29, 1886, he was beatified by Pope Leo XIII, first on the list of fifty-four English martyrs beatified at that time.

A SPIRITUALL CONSOLACYON

WRITTEN BY JOHN FYSSHER BISHOPPE OF ROCHESTER, TO HYS SISTER ELIZABETH, AT SUCHE TYME AS HEE WAS PRISONER IN THE TOWER OF LONDON

Sister Elizabeth, nothing doth more help effectuallye to get a good and a vertuous life. Then if a soule when it is dull and unlustie without devotion, neyther disposed to prayer, nor to any other good worke, may be sturred or quickened agayne by fruiteful meditacion. I haue therefore deuised vnto you this meditation that followeth. Praying you for my sake and for the weale of your owne soule, to reade it at suche tymes as you shall feele your self most heauie and slouthfull to doe any good worke. It is a maner of lamentacion and sorowfull complaynyng made in the person of one that was hastily preuented by death, (as I assure you euery creature may be) none other suretie we haue, liuing in this world heere. But if you will haue any profite by reading of it, three things you must do in any wise. First when you shall reade this meditation, deuise in your mynde as nigh as you can, all the conditions of a man or woman sodaynle taken and rauyshed by death: and thynke wyth your selfe that yee were in the same condition so hastily taken and that incontinent you must needes dye, and your soule depart hence, & leaue your mortall bodie, neuer to returne again for to make any amendes, or to doe any release to your soule after this houre.

Secondly, that yee neuer reade thys meditation but alone by your selfe in secret maner, where you maye be most attentyue therevnto. And when ye haue the best leasure without any let[1] of other thoughtes or buzinesse. For if you otherwyse behaue your selfe in the reading of it, it shall anon[2] lose the vertue and quicknesse[3] in stirring and mouing of your soule when you woulde ratherest haue it sturred.

Thirdly, that when you intende to read it, you must afore lifte vp your minde to almightie God, and beseech him that by the help and succour of his grace the readyng thereof may fruitfully worke in your soule a good and vertuous life, according to hys pleasure and say, *Deus in adiutorium meum intende, Domine adiuvandum me festina. Gloria patri &c. Laus tibi domine rex eternae glorie. Amen.*

Alas, alas, I am vunworthily taken, all sodaynly death hath assayled me, the paynes of his stroake be so sore and greeuous that I may not longe endure them, my last houre I perceiue well is come, I must now leaue thys mortall bodie, I must nowe departe hence out of this world neuer to returne againe into it. But whether I shall goe, or where I shall become,[4] or what lodgyng I shall haue thys night, or in what company I shal fal, or in what countrey I shall be receiued, or in what maner I shall be entreated,[1] God knoweth for I knowe not. What if I shall be dampned[2] in the pertuall pryson of hell, where be pains endelesse and without number. Greeuous it shall be to them that be dampned for euer, for they shall be as men in moste extreame paynes of death, euer wishing and desiryng death, and yet neuer shall thy dye. It should be nowe vnto mee muche wearie, one yeare continually to lye vpon a bed were it neuer so soft, how weary then shall it be to lye in the most paineful fyre so many thousand of yeares without number? And to be in that most horrible company of diuils most terrible to beholde, full of malice and crueltie. O wretched and miserable creature that I am, I might so haue liued and so ordered my lyfe by the helpe and grace of my Lorde Christ Iesu, that this houre might haue bene vnto mee much ioyous & greatly desired. Many blessed & holy Sayncts[3] were full ioyous and desirous of this houre, for they knewe well that by death their soules shuld be translated into a new life: To the life of all ioye and endlesse pleasure, from the streightes[4] and bondage of this corruptible body, into a very libertie and true freedom among the company of heauen, from the miseries & greeuances of this wretched world, to be aboue with God in comfort inestimable that can not be spoken ne thought. They were assured of the promises of almightie god which had so promised to all them that bee hys faithfull seruantes. And sure I am that if I had truly & faithfully serued him thys houre, my soule had bene partner of these promises. But vnhappie & ungracious creature that I am, I haue bene negligent in hys seruice, and therefore now my harte doeth waste in sorowes seeing the nighnesse of death, and considering my great slouth & negligence. I thought full little thus sodainly to haue bene trapped; But (alas) now death hath preuented me, and hath vnwarily attached mee & sodainly oppressed mee with his mightie power, so that I know not whither I may turne mee for succour, nor where I may seeke now for helpe, ne what thing I may doe to get any remedy: If I myght haue leasure and space[5] to repent mee and amende my lyfe, not compelled with this sodayne stroake but of my owne free will and libertie, and partly for the loue of God, putting asyde all slouth and negligence. I might then safely dye without any dread, I might then be glad to departe hence and leaue my manifold miseries & encombraunces of this world. But how may I think that my repentance or mine amendement commeth now of myne own free will, sith[6] I was before thys stroake so colde and dull in the seruice of my Lord God. Or howe may I thinke that I doe this more rather for his loue, then for feare of his punyshement, when if I had truelye loued hym, I should more quickely and more diligently haue serued him heeretofore? Mee seemeth[7] now that I caste away my slouth and neglygence compelled by force. Euen as a Merchaunt that is compelled by a great tempest in the sea to cast his merchandice out of the Shippe, it is not to bee supposed that hee would cast away his ryches of hys owne free will, not compelled by the storme? And euen so lykewyse doe I if thys tempeste of death were not now raysed vppon mee, it is full like that I would not haue cast from me my slouth and negligence. O woulde to God that I might nowe haue some farther respet,[8] and some longer tyme to amend my self of my free will and libertie. O if I might entreat death to spare me for a season, but that will not bee, death in no wise will be entreated, delay he will none take, respet he will none giue, if I would giue him all the ryches of this worlde, no if all my louers and friends would fall vppon their knees and pray him for mee. No if I & they would weepe (if it were so possible) as many teares as there be in the seas droppes of water, no pitie may restrain him. (Alas) when oportunitie of tyme was, I would not vse it well, which if I had done, it would nowe bee vnto mee more precyous then all the treasures of a Realme. For then my soule as nowe should haue beene cloathed with good workes innumerable, the which shuld make me not to be ashamed when I should come to the presence of my Lorde God, where now I shall appeare loaden with synne myserably, to my confusion and shame. But (alas) to[1] negligently haue I letted passe from me my tyme not regardyng howe precious it was, ne yet howe muche spirituall riches I might haue gotten therein, if I would haue put my diligence and studie thervnto. For assuredly no deede that is, be it neuer so little, but it shall be rewarded of almightie God. One draught of water giuen for the loue of God, shal not be vnrewarded: And what is more easie to be giuen then water. But not onely deedes, but also the least wordes and thoughtes shal be in likewise. O how many good thoughtes, deeds, and workes might one thinke, speak, and doe, in one day? But how many more in one whole yere. O (alas) my great negligence, O (alas) my soule blindnesse, O (alas) my sinfull madnesse that knew this well, and would not put it in effectual execution. O if now all the people of this world were present heere to see & know the perillous condition that I am in, & howe I am preuented by the stroake of death, I would exhort to take me as an example to them all, & while they haue leasure and time to order their liues and caste from them slouth and idlenesse, & to repent them of their misbehauior towardes God, and to bewayle their offences, to multiplye good workes, and to let no tyme passe by them vnfruitfully. For if it shall please my Lord God that I might any longer liue, I would otherwyse exercise myself then I haue done before. Now I wishe that I may haue time and space, but rightuously I am denyed. For when I might haue had it I would not well vse it: And therefore now when I would well vse it, I shall not haue it. O ye therefore that haue and may vse this precyous tyme in your libertie, imploy it wel, and be not to wastfull thereof, least peraduenture when you would haue it, it shall be denyed you likewise, as now it is to mee. But now I repent me full sore of my great negligence, and right much I sorow that so little I regarded the wealth and profit of my soule, but rather took heede to the vayne comfortes and pleasures of my wretched bodie. O corruptible bodie, O stinking carion, O rotten earth to whom I haue serued, whose appetites I haue followed, whose desire I haue procured, now doest thou appeare what thou arte in thy owne likenesse. That brightnesse of thy eyes, that quicknesse in hearing, that lyuelinesse in thy other senses by naturall warmnesse, thy swiftnesse and nimblenesse, thy farenesse and bewtie. All these thou hast not of thy self, they were but lent vnto thee for a season, euen as a wall of earth that is fayre painted without for a season with freshe and goodly colours, and also gylted with gold, it appeareth goodly for the tyme to suche as consider no deeper then the outward crafte thereof. But when at the last the colour faileth, and the gilting falleth away, then appeareth it in hys owne lykenesse. For then the earth playnely sheweth it selfe. In lykewise my wretched bodie for the time of youth it appeareth fresh and lustie, and I am deceiued with the outward bewtie thereof, little considering what naughtinesse was couered vnderneath: but now it sheweth it selfe. Now my wretched bodye, thy bewtie is faded, thy fayrenesse is gonne, thy lust, thy strength, thy lyuelinesse all is gonne, all is fayled: Nowe arte thou then returned to thyne owne earthly coolour: Nowe arte thou blacke, colde, & heauie, lyke a lumpe of earth: Thy sight is darkened, thy hearyng is dulled, thy tongue faltereth in thy mouth, and corruption issueth out of euery parte of thee: Corruption was thy beginnyng in the wombe of thy mother, and corruption is thy continuaunce. All thyng that euer thou receyuest, were it neuer so precyous, thou turnest into corruption, and naught came from thee at any tyme but corruption, and nowe to corruption thy selfe returnest: altogyther ryght vile & lothly art thou becom, wher in apparance before thou wast goodly, but the good lines was nothing els but as a painting or a gilting vppon an earthen wal, vnder it was couered with stinking & filthy matter. But I looked not so deepe, I contented my self with the outward painting, & in that I tooke great plesure: For all my studie & care was aboute thee, either to apparel thee with some cloathes of diuers[2] colours, eyther to satisfie thy desire in pleasaunt sightes, in delectable hearinges, in goodlye smelles, in sundrie maner of tastings & touchings, either els to get thee ease and rest as wel in sleepe as otherwise. And prouided therefore pleasaunt and delectable lodgings, and to eschue[1] tediousnesse in all these, not onely in lodgings but also in apparell, meates and drinkes procured many and dyuers chaunges, that when thou wast weary of one, then mightest thou content thy self with some other. O (alas) this was my vaine and naughtie studie whervnto my wit was ready applied, in those things I spent the most part of my dayes. And yet was I neuer content long, but murmuring or grudging euery hour for one thing or other. And what am I now the better for all this? what reward may I lok for of all my long seruice? Or what great benifites shall I receiue for all my great studie, care, and diligence? Nothing better am I but muche the worse, much corruption and filth my soule thereby hath gathered, so that now it is made full horrible & lothely to beholde. Rewarde get I none other then punishment, either in Hell euerlasting, or at the least in Purgatorie, if I may so easily escape. The benifites of my laboure are the great cares and sorowes which I now am wrapped in: May not I thinke my wit to haue been well occupied in this lewde and vnfruitful buzinesse? haue not I wel bestowed my labour about this seruice of my wretched bodye? hath not my tyme bene well imployed in these miserable studies, whereof now no comfort remayneth, but onely sorow & repentance. (Alas) I heard full often that such as shuld be dampned, should greeuouslye repent them selues, and take more displeasure of their misbehauior than euer they had pleasure before. And yet that repentance then should stande them in no steede where a full little repentance taken in tyme might haue ease them of all their paines. This I heard and read full often, but full little heede or regarde I gaue therevnto, I well perceyued it in myselfe but all to late I dread[2] me. I woulde that nowe by the example of me all other might beware, and avoyde by the gracious helpe of God these daungers that I now am in, and prepare them selues against the houre of death better then I haue prepared me. (Alas) what auayleth mee nowe anye delicacie of meates and drinkes which my wretched bodie insaciable dyd deuoure? What auayleth my vanitie or pryde that I had in my selfe eyther of apparel or of any other thing belonging vnto me? What auayleth the filthie and vnclean delightes and lusts of the stinking flesh, wherein was appearance of much pleasure, but in very deede none other than the Sowe hath, waultering[3] hir self in the myerie puddle. Now these pleasures be gon my body is nothing better, my soule is much the worse, and nothing remayneth but sorow and displeasure and that a thousand fold more then euer I had any pleasure before. O lewde bodie & naughtie which hast brought me to this vtter discomfort, O dyrtie corruption, O sachell full of dunge, now must I goe to make answere for thy lewdenesse, thy lewdeness I say for it all commeth of thee. My soule had nothing neede of such things as was thy desire, what neede my soule that is immortall, eyther cloathyng or meate or drinke? what neede it any corruptible gold or siluer? what neede it any houses or beddes, or any other things that appertayneth to these? For thee O corruptible body which lyke a rotten wall dayly needeth reparations and botching[4] vp with meate and drinke, and defence of cloathyng against colde and heate was all thys studie and diligence taken, and yet now wilte thou forsake mee at my most neede, when accompt and reckoning of all our misdeedes must be gyuen before the throne of the Iudge most terrible. Now thou wilt refuse me and leaue mee to the ieoperdie of all this matter. O (alas) many yeares of deliberation suffice not before so great a Iudge to make answer which shall examyne me of euerie idle word that euer passed my mouth. O then how many idle wordes, how many euill thoughtes, how many deedes haue I to make answer for, & such as we set but at lyght, full greatlye shall be weyed in the presence of hys most high maiestie. O (alas) what may I doe to get some helpe at thys most daungerous houre? Wher may I seeke for succour? Where may I resorte for any comforte? My body forsaketh me, my pleasures be vanyshed away as the smoke, my goods will not goe with mee. All these worldly things I must leaue behinde mee: if any comforte

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[1] hindrance

[2] immediately

[3] vitality

[4] arrive

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[1] treated
[2] damned
[3] saints
[4] checks
[5] opportunity
[6] since
[7] it seems to me
[8] respite

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[1] too

[2] various

---

[1] eschew

[2] become fearful

[3] wallowing

[4] bolstering

shall be, either it muste bee in the prayers of my friendes, or in myne own good deeds that I haue done before. But as for my good deeds that shoulde be auayleable in the sight of God: (alas) they bee few or none that I can thynke to be auayleable, they must bee done pryncipallye and purely for his loue. But my deeds when of their kynde they were good, yet did I linger[1] them by my folly. For eyther I did them for the pleasure of men, or to auoyde the shame of the world, or els for my owne affection,[2] or else for dreade of punishment. So that seldome I dyd any good deed in that purite and streaightnesse[3] that it ought of ryght to haue bene done. And my misdeedes, my lewd deedes that be shameful and abhominable be without number, not one day of all my lyfe, no not one houre I trow was so truely expended to the pleasure of God, but many deeds, words, and thoughtes, miscaped[4] me in my lyfe. (Alas) little trust then may I haue vpon my deedes. And as for the prayers of my friendes suche as I shall leaue behynde mee, of them manye peraduenture bee in the same neede that I am in. So that where theyr owne prayers myght profytte them selues, they can not so profitte an other. And many of them will bee full neglygente, and some forget full of mee. And no meruaile, for who shoulde haue beene more friendly vnto mee then myne owne selfe. Therefore I that was most bounden to haue done for my selfe, forget my owne weale in my lyfe tyme, no meruaile therefore that if other doo forget me after my departing hence. Other friendes there be by whose prayers soules may be holpen, as by the blessed and holy saincts aboue in heauen, which verely[5] will be myndful of such as in earth here haue deuotly honored them before. But (alas) I had special deuotion but to a fewe, & yet them I haue so faintly honored, and to them so coldly sued for fauour, that I am ashamed to aske ayde or helpe of them. At thys tyme in deede, I had more effectuallye ment to haue honored them, & more diligently to haue commended my wretched soule vnto their prayers, and so to haue made them my special friendes: but nowe death hath preuented me so, that no other hope remayneth but onely in the mercye of my Lord God, to whose mercy I doe now offer my selfe, beseeching him not to look vppon my deserts, but vppon his infinite goodnesse and abundaunt pietie.[6] (Alas) my dutie had bene much better to haue remembered this terrible houre, I should haue had this daunger euer before my eyes, I shoulde haue prouided therefore, so that now I might haue bene in a more redynesse against the coming of death, which I knew assuredly would come at the last, albeit I knew not when, where, or by what maner, but well I knewe euery houre and moment, was to him indifferent, and in his libertie. And yet my madnesse is euer to be sorowed. Notwithstanding thys certaintie of his comminge, and the vncertaintie of the tyme thereof, I made no certayne nor sure prouision against this houre. Full often I tooke great studie and care to prouyde for little daungers, only bicause I thought they might hap, and yet happed they neuer a deale. And but tryfles they were in comparison of this, how much rather should I haue taken studie and care for this so great a daunger which I knew wel must necessarily fall vn to mee once. For thys can not be eschued in no wyse, and vppon thys I ought to haue made good prouision: For in this hangeth all our wealth, for if a man dye well, he shall after his death nothing want that he would desire, but his appetitte shall be saciate in euerie poynte at the full. And if he dye amisse, no prouysion shall auayle him that he euer made before. This prouision therefore is most effectually to bee studied, sithens[7] this alone may profit without othre, and without thys none can auayle. O yee that haue tyme and space to make your prouision against the houre of death, defarre[8] not from day to day lyke as I haue done. For I often did thinke and purpose with my selfe that at some leasure I would haue prouided, neuerthelesse for euery tryfelous[9] buzinesse I put it aside, and delayed this prouysion alway to an other tyme, and promysed with my selfe that at suche a tyme I would not fayle but doe it, but when that came an other buzinesse arose and so I deferred it agayne vnto an other tyme. And so (alas) from time to tyme, that now death in the mean tyme hath preuented mee, my purpose was good, but it lacked execution: My will was strayghte, but it was not effectuall, my mynde well intended, but no fruite came therof. All for bicause I delayed so often and neuer put it in effect, that, that I had purposed. And therefore delay it not as I haue done, but before all other buzinesse put this first in suertie, which ought to bee chiefe and princypall buzinesse. Neyther buildyng of Colleges, nor makyng of Sermons, nor giuing of almes, neyther yet anye other manner of buzynesse shall helpe you without this.

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[1] lessen the value of
[2] benefit
[3] honesty
[4] were omitted by
[5] truly
[6] pity
[7] since
[8] defer
[9] trifling

Therefore first and before all things prepare for thys, delaye not in any wyse, for if you doe, you shall be deceyued as I am now. I read of manye, I haue hearde of manye, I haue known many that were disappoynted as I am nowe. And euer I thought and sayde, & intended, that I would make sure and not be deceiued by the sodayn comminge of death. Yet neuerthelesse I am now deceyued, and am taken sleeping, vnprepared, and that when I least weened of his comming, and euen when I reckoned my selfe to be in most healthe, and when I was most busie, and in the middest of my matters. Therefore delaye not you any farther, nor put your trust ouer much in your friends: Trust your selfe while you haue space and libertie, and doe for your self now while you may. I would aduyse you to doe that thing that I by the grace of my Lord God would put in execution if his pleasure were to sende me longer lyfe. Recount[1] your self as dead, & thinke that your soules were in pryson in Purgatorie, & that there they must abyde till that the Raunsom for them be truly payde, eyther by long sufferance of payne there, or els by suffrages done heere in earth by some of your speciall friendes. Be your owne friend, doe you these suffrages for your owne soule, whether they be praiers or almes deedes, or any other penitentiall paynefulnesse. If you will not effectually and hartely doe these thinges for your own soule, look you neuer that other will doe them for you, and in dooying them in your own persons, thet shal be more auayleable to you a thousand folde then if they were done by any other. If you folloew this counsayle and doe thereafter, you be gracious and blessed, and if you doe not, you shall doubtlesse repent your follyes, but to late.

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[1] consider

WILLIAM DUNBAR

ca. 1460-*ca.* 1525

Like Henryson, Dunbar was a Scotchman and a follower of Chaucer; unlike him, however, his gifts were chiefly satirical. In fact, his satirical poems, when one considers his mastery of phrase, his grotesque humor, and his biting comment, place him as the greatest Scotch exponent of the form until the advent of Burns. *The Golden Targe*, written in 1508, and probably his masterpiece, is a love allegory in which reason is shown as conquering desire. In it are apparent both Dunbar's brilliancy of description and his excessive ornamentation. Another representative work is his *The Thistle and the Rose* (1503), a poem written in celebration of the marriage of King James of Scotland with Margaret of England. Among his other works are *The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, a satirical allegory; *Lament for the Makaris*, written in 1508, a lament for the deaths of so many poets (makaris); *How Dunbar Was Desired to be Ane Friar*, a satire based upon his personal experience; *Tidings from the Sessions; The Treatise of the Two Married Women and the Widow;* and *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy.*

Dunbar was born of good family about 1460. He proceeded M. A. from St. Andrews in 1479. After wandering through England and France as a Franciscan novice, he attached himself to the court of James IV in expectation that he would become pastor, as he says, of "a wee country kirk covered with heather." Failing in this, he nevertheless received a pension from the king in return for his services upon various embassies, one of which had to do with the king's marriage. There is no record of Dunbar's having survived the battle of Flodden Field; he is thought by many to have perished there.

THE MERLE[1] AND THE NIGHTINGALE

In May, as that Aurora did upspring,
With crystal eyne,[2] chasing the clouds sable,
I heard a Merle, with merry notes, sing
A Song of Love, with voice right comfortable,
Against the orient beams amiable,
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green.
This was her sentence sweet and delectable,
'A lusty[3] life in Love's service been!'

Under this branch ran down a river bright
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
Against the heavenly azure sky's light:
Where did, upon the other side, pursue
A Nightingale, with sugared notes new;
Whose angel-feathers as the peacock shone.
This was her Song, and of a sentence true,
'All love is lost but upon God alone!'

With notes glad and glorious harmony,
This joyful Merle so salutes she the day;
While rung the woodes of her melody,
Saying 'Awake, ye Lovers! O, this May!
Lo! fresh *Flora* has flourished every spray!
As Nature has her taught, the noble Queen,
The field be clothed in a new array!
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

Never sweeter noise was heard by living man,
Than made this merry gentle Nightingale:
Her sound went with the river, as it ran,
Out-through the fresh and flourished lusty vale.
'O, Merle!' quod she, 'O, fool! stint[4] of thy tale!
For in thy Song good sentence is there none!
For both is tint[5] the time and the travail[6]
Of every love but upon God alone!'

'Cease,' quod the Merle, 'thy preaching, Nightingale!
Shall folk their youth spend in to holiness?
Of young Saints grow old Fiends but fable!
Fie! hypocrite! in years' tenderness,
Against the law of kind[7] thou go'st express!
That crooked Age makes one with Youth serene;
Which Nature, of conditions made diverse!
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

The Nightingale said, 'Fool! remember thee,
That both in youth and eld, and every hour,
The love of God most dear to Man should be!
That Him, of nought, wrought like his own figure;
And died Himself, from death him to succour.
O, whether was shown there true love, or none?
He is most true and steadfast paramour!
All love is lost but upon Him alone!'

The Merle said, 'Why put God so great beauty
In Ladies, with such womanly 'having,
But if He would that they should loved be?
To love eke, Nature gave them inclining!
And He, of Nature that worker was and King,
Would nothing frustrate put, nor let be seen,
Into His creature, of His own making!
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

The Nightingale said, 'Not to that behoof,
Put God such beauty in a Lady's face,
That she should have the thanks therefore, or love!
But He, the worker! that put in her such grace
Of beauty, bontie,[8] richesse, time, or space;
And every goodness that be to come, or gone,
The thanks redounds to Him in every place!
All love is lost but upon God alone!'

'O, Nightingale! it were a story nice
That Love should not depend on Charity!
And if that Virtue contrary be to Vice,
Then Love must be a virtue! as thinks me:
For aye to love, envy must contrary be.
God bade eke, "Love thy neighbor from the spleen!"
And who than Ladies sweeter neighbors be?
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

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[1] blackbird
[2] eyes
[3] pleasant
[4] stop
[5] lost
[6] work
[7] nature
[8] goodness

The Nightingale said, 'Bird! why dost thou rave!
Man may take in his Lady such delight
Him to forget, that her such virtue gave;
And for his Heaven receive her colour white!
Her golden tressed hairs redomyt,[1]
Like to *Apollo's* beams though they shone,
Should not him blind from love that is perfite![2]
All love is lost but upon God alone!'

The Merle said, 'Love is cause of Honour aye!
Love makes cowards manhood to purchase!
Love makes Knights hardy at assay!
Love makes wretches full of largess!
Love makes sweir[3] fold full of business!
Love makes sluggards fresh and well-beseen!
Love changes Vice in Virtue's nobleness!
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

The Nightingale said, 'True is the contrary!
Such frustrate love, it blinds men so far,
In to their minds, it makes them to vary.
In false vain-glory, they so drunken are,
Their wit is went! of woe they are not 'ware,
Until that all worship away be from them gone!
Fame! goods! and strength! Wherefore well say I dare,
All love is lost but upon God alone!'

Then said the Merle, 'Mine error I confess!
This frustrate love all is but vanity!
Blind ignorance me gave such hardiness,
To argue so against the verity!
Wherefore I counsel every man, that he
With Love not in the Fiend's net be tone;[4]
But love the Love, that did for his love die!
All love is lost but upon God alone!'

Then sang they both, with voices loud and clear.
The Merle sang, 'Man! love God, that has thee wrought!'
The Nightingale sang, 'Man! love the Lord most dear,
That thee, and all this world, made of nought!'
The Merle said, 'Love Him, that thy love has sought
From heaven to earth; and here took flesh and bone!'
The Nightingale sang, 'And with His death thee bought;
All love is lost but upon Him alone!'

Then flew these birds o'er the boughs sheen,[5]
Singing of Love among the leaves small,
Whose ythand[6] pleid[7] yet made my thoughts green
Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail.
Me to recomfort most it does avail
Again for love, when love I can find none,
To think how sang this Merle and Nightingale,
'All love is lost but upon God alone!'

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[1] tied up
[2] perfect
[3] lazy
[4] taken
[5] bright
[6] busy
[7] arguing

STEPHEN HAWES

ca. 1474-*ca.* 1523

Stephen Hawes is generally considered the last of the mediæval poets. He may be accounted a learned man, but as a poet he falls far short of the Chaucerian tradition. In his use of allegory, however, he suggests, if never so faintly, the possibilities which Spenser developed with such consummate art. Then, too, when one considers that the language in which he must write had undergone a number of changes since the time of Chaucer—the use of final -*e*, for instance, had become uncertain, and the pronunciation of words introduced from other languages was far from secure—one cannot condemn him entirely. At worst he was a conventionalist who lived in a practical age, but who was interested in sustaining the morals of his fellows through the writing of verse. Among his works, many of which have disappeared, are *The Pastime of Pleasure,* which was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1517; *The Example of Virtue,* probably written in 1506; *The Conversion of Swearers;* and *A Joyful Meditation to all England of the Coronation of Henry VIII.*

He was born in Suffolk about 1474 and studied at Oxford, later traveling upon the continent. The records of the court show that he served both Henry VII and Henry VIII, but very little else concerning him has been discovered.

From THE PASTIME OF PLEASURE

OF THE GREAT MARIAGE BETWEEN GRAUNDE AMOUR AND LA BELL PUCELL

Then Perceveraunce in all goodly haste
Unto the stewarde called Liberalitie
Gave warnyng for to make ready fast
Agaynst this tyme of great solemnitie

That on the morowe halowed shoulde be.
She warned the cooke called Temperaunce
And after that the ewres,[1] Observaunce,

With Pleasaunce, the panter,[2] and dame Curtesy,
The gentle butler, with the ladyes all.
Eche in her office was prepared shortly
Agaynst this feast so muche triumphall;
And La Bell Pucell then in speciall
Was up by time in the morowe graye;
Right so was I when I sawe the daye.

And right anone La Bell Pucell me sent,
Agaynst my weddyng, of the saten fyne,
White as the mylke, a goodly garment
Braudred[3] with pearle that clearely dyd shine.
And so, the mariage for to determine,
Venus me brought to a royal chapell,
Whiche of fine golde was wrought everydell.

And after that the gay and glorious
La Bell Pucell to the chapell was leade
In a white vesture fayre and precious,
With a golden chaplet on her yelowe heade;
And Lex Ecclesie did me to her wedde.
After whiche weddyng then was a great feast;
Nothing we lacked, but had of the best.

What[4] shoulde tary by longe continuance
Of the fest? for of my joy and pleasure
Wisdome can judge, without variaunce,
That nought I lacked, as ye may be sure,
Paiyng the swete due dette of nature.
Thus with my lady, that was fayre and cleare,
In joy I lived full ryght, many a yere.

O lusty youth and yong tender hart,
The true companion of my lady bryght!
God let us never from other astart,[5]
But all in joye to live bothe daye and nyght.
Thus after sorowe joye arived aryght;
After my payne I had sport and playe;
Full litle thought I that it shoulde decaye,

Tyll that Dame Nature Naturyng[6] had made
All thinges to growe unto their fortitude;[7]
And Nature Naturyng waxt retrograde,
By strength my youthe so far to exclude,
As was ever her olde consuetude
First to augment and then to abate,—
This is the custome of her hye estate.

From THE EXAMPLE OF VIRTUE

EXCUSATION OF THE AUCTOR

Unto all Poetes I do me excuse,
If that I offende for lacke of science;
This lyttle boke yet do ye not refuse,
Though it be devoyde of famous eloquence;
Adde or detra[8] by your hye sapience;
And pardon me of my hye enterpryse,
Whiche of late this fable dyd fayne and devise.

Go, little boke! I praye God the save
From misse-metrying by wrong impression;
And who that ever list the for to have,
That he perceyve well thyne intencion,
For to be grounded without presumption,
As for to eschue the synne of ydlenes;
To make suche bokes I apply my busines.

Besechyng God for to geve me grace
Bokes to compyle of moral vertue;
Of my maister Lidgate[9] to folowe the trace,
His noble fame for laude and renue,[10]
Whiche in his lyfe the slouthe did eschue;
Makyng great bokes to be in memory,
On whose soule I pray God have mercy.

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[1] servant in charge of china and linen
[2] servant in charge of the pantry
[3] embroidered
[4] why
[5] separate
[6] Nature as creator
[7] full strength
[8] detract
[9] John Lydgate
[10] renown

BLESSED THOMAS MORE

1478-1535

"He cultivates true piety with assiduity. . . . He has stated hours, in which he offers prayers to God which come from the heart and are not mere ceremony. Such is More, even in a court." So reads a passage written by Erasmus, the great Dutch Renaissance figure, to his friend Hutten in a letter which characterizes Sir Thomas More (Blessed Thomas More) as one of the great men of his time. And as one of the great he has come down to us, in his career as lord chancellor of England, as a writer of prose that helped to free us from the use of Latin, and in the manner of his death. Among his writings are *The Life of Pico della Mirandola, The Dialogue of Comfort Against Tribulation, A Dialogue of Sir Thomas More,* and *Utopia;* this last, although written in Latin and not translated into English until 1551, has been so widely influential that we can hardly think of it as anything except an English classic. All these show a mind at once vigorous and thoughtful and a style among the first, according to Dr. Johnson, to be "models of the pure and elegant."

He was born in London in 1478, and spent his boyhood in the household of Archbishop Morton, who later sent him to Oxford. Upon leaving Oxford he read law at Lincoln's Inn, studied for a time at Furnival's Inn, and finally spent four years at the Charterhouse, his mind leaning toward the priesthood. In 1504, however, he was prevailed upon to enter Parliament; and through Cardinal Wolsey, then chancellor, he was brought to the attention of Henry VIII. In 1529, upon the fall of Wolsey, he was, entirely against his inclination, induced to become lord chancellor himself. Three years later, however, seeing that the king's intention was to break with the Church, and to form a schism if he could the better serve his ends, More resigned the chancellorship; and in 1534, Henry's schism having finally culminated, refusing to take the Oath of Adherence, he was imprisoned in the Tower, and in 1535 beheaded. He was beatified by Pope Leo XIII in 1886.

A DIALOGUE OF SYR THOMAS MORE

FROM THE THIRDE BOKE

THE 16. CHAPITER

The messenger rehearseth some causes which he hath herd laid[1] by some of the clergie wherfore the Scripture should not be suffred in Englishe. And the author sheweth his mind, that it wer convenient to have the Byble in Englishe.

'Syr,' quod your frende, 'yet for al this, can I see no cause why the cleargie shoulde kepe the Byble out of ley mennes handes, that can[2] no more but theyr mother tong.' 'I had went,'[3] quod I, 'that I had proved you playnely that they kepe it not from them. For I have shewed you that they kepe none from them, but such translacion as be either not yet approved for good, or such as be alredi reproved for naught, as Wikliffes was and Tindals. For as for other olde ones, that wer before Wickliffes daies, remain lawful, and be in some folkes handes had and read.' 'Ye saye well,' quod he. 'But yet as weomen saye, "somewhat it was alway that the cat winked whan her eye was oute." Surelye so is it not for nought that the English Byble is in so few mens handes, whan so many woulde so fayne have it.' 'That is very trouth,' quod I; 'for I thinke that though the favourers of a secte of heretikes be so fervent in the setting furth of their secte, that they let[4] not to lay their money together and make a purse among them, for the printyng of an evill made, or evil translated booke: which though it happe to be forboden and burned, yet some be sold ere they be spyed, and eche of them lese[5] but theyr part: yet I thinke ther will no printer lightly[6] be so hote[7] to put anye Byble in prynte at hys own charge, whereof the losse shoulde lye hole in his owne necke, and than[8] hang upon a doutful tryal, whether the first copy of hys translacion was made before Wickliffes dayes or since. For if it were made synce, it must be approved before the pryntyng.

'And surelye howe it hathe happed that in all this whyle God hath eyther not suffered, or not provided that any good verteous man hath hadde the mynde in faithful wise to translate it, and therupon ether the clergie or, at the least wise, some one bishop to approve it, thys can I nothing tell. But howesoever it be, I have hearde and heare so muche spoken in the matter, and so muche doute made therin, that peradventure it would let and withdrawe any one bishop the admitting therof, without the assent of the remenant. And whereas many thinges be laid against it: yet is ther in my mind not one thynge that more putteth good men of the clergie in doubte to suffer it, than thys: that they see sometime much of the worse sort more fervent in the calling for it, than them whom we find farre better. Which maketh them to feare lest such men desyre it for no good, and lest if it wer hadde in every mannes hand, there would great peril arise, and that sedicious people should doe more harme therwith than good and honest folke should take fruite thereby. Whiche feare I promise you nothyng feareth me, but that whosoever woulde of theyr malice or folye take harme of that thing that is of it selfe ordeyned to doe al men good, I would never for the avoyding of their harme, take from other the profit, which they might take, and nothing deserve to lese. For elles[1] if the abuse of a good thing should cause the taking away thereof from other that would use it well, Christ should hymself never have been borne, nor brought hys fayth into the world, nor God should never have made it neither, if he should, for the losse of those that would be damned wretches, have kept away the occasion of reward from them that would with helpe of his grace endevor them to deserve it.'

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[1] claimed [2] know [3] thought [4] hesitate [5] lose [6] easily [7] anxious [8] then

'I am sure,' quod your friend, 'ye doubte not but that I am full and hole of youre mynde in this matter, that the Byble shoulde be in oure Englishe tong. But yet that the clergie is of the contrary, and would not have it so, that appeareth well, in that they suffer it not to be so. And over[2] that, I heare in everye place almost where I find any learned man of them, their mindes all set theron to kepe the Scripture from us. And they seke out for that parte every rotten reason that they can find, and set them furth solemnely to the shew, though fyve of those reasons bee not woorth a figge. For they begynne as farre as our first father Adam, and shew us that his wyfe and he fell out of paradise with desyre of knowledge and cunning. Nowe if thys woulde serve, it must from the knowledge and studie of Scripture dryve every man, priest and other, lest it drive all out of paradise. Than[3] saye they that God taught his disciples many thynges apart, because the people should not heare it. And therefore they woulde the people should not now be suffered to reade all. Yet they say further that it is hard to translate the Scripture out of one tong into an other, and specially they say into ours, which they call a tong vulgare and barbarous. But of all thing specially they say that Scripture is the foode of the soule. And that the comen people be as infantes that must be fedde but with milke and pappe. And if we have anye stronger meate, it must be chammed[4] afore by the nurse, and so putte into the babes mouthe. But me-think though they make us al infantes, they shall fynde many a shrewde brayn among us, that can perceive chalke fro chese well ynough, and if they woulde once take[5] us our meate in our own hand, we be not so evil-tothed but that within a while they shall see us cham it our self as well as they. For let them call us yong babes and[6] they wil, yet, by God, they shal for al that well fynde in some of us that an olde knave is no chylde.'

FROM UTOPIA

OF SCIENCES, CRAFTES AND OCCUPATIONS

Husbandrie is a Science common to them all in generall, bothe men and women, wherein they be all experte and cunning. In this they be all instructed even from their youth: partelie in their scholes with traditions and preceptes, and partlie in the countrey nighe the citie, brought up as it were in playinge, not onely beholding the use of it, but by occasion of exercising their bodies practising it also. Besides husbandrie, whiche (as I saide) is common to them all, everye one of them learneth one or other several and particular science, as his owne proper crafte. That is most commonly either clothworking in wol or flaxe, or masonrie, or the smithes craft, or the carpenters science. For there is none other occupation that any number to speake of doth use there. For their garmentes, which throughoute all the Ilande[1] be of one fashion (savyng that there is a difference betwene the mans garmente and the womans, betwene the maried and the unmaried) and this one continueth for evermore unchaunged, semely and comelie to the eye, no lette[2] to the movynge and weldynge[3] of the bodye, also fytte both for wynter and summer: as for these garmentes (I saye) every familie maketh their owne. But of the other foresaide craftes everye man learneth one. And not onely the men, but also the women. But the women, as the weaker sort, be put to the easier craftes: as to worke wolle and flaxe. The more laborsome sciences be committed to the men. For the mooste part every man is broughte up in his fathers crafte. For moste commonlye they be naturallie therto bente and inclined. But yf a mans minde stande to anye other, he is by adoption put into a familye of that occupation, which he doth most fantasy. Whome not onely his father, but also the magistrates do diligently loke to, that he be put to a discrete and an honest householder. Yea, and if anye person, when he hath learned one crafte, be desierous to learne also another, he is likewyse suffred and permitted.

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[1] else [2] besides [3] then [4] chewed [5] give [6] if

When he hathe learned bothe, he occupieth whether he wyll: onelesse the citie have more neade of the one, then of the other. The chiefe and almooste the onelye offyce of the Syphograuntes[4] is, to see and take hede, that no manne sit idle: but that everye one applye hys own craft with earnest diligence. And yet for all that, not to be wearied from earlie in the morninge, to late in the evenninge, with continuall worke, like labouringe and toylinge beastes. For this is worse then the miserable and wretched condition of bondemen. Whiche nevertheles is almooste everye where the lyfe of workemen and artificers, saving in Utopia. For they dividynge the daye and the nyghte into xxiiii. juste houres, appointe and assigne onelye sixe of those houres to woorke, before noone, upon the whiche they go streighte to diner: and after diner, when they have rested two houres, then they worke iii. houres and upon that they go to supper. Aboute eyghte of the cloke in the eveninge (countinge one of the clocke at the first houre after noone) they go to bedde: eyght houres they geve to slepe. All the voide[5] time, that is betwene the houres of worke, slepe, and meate, that they be suffered to bestowe, every man as he liketh best him selfe. Not to thintent[6] that they shold mispend this time in riote or slouthfulnes: but beynge then licensed[7] from the laboure of their owne occupations, to bestow the time well and thriftelye upon some other science, as shall please them. For it is a solempne custome there, to have lectures daylye early in the morning, where to be presente they onely be constrained that be namelye chosen and appoynted to learninge. Howbeit a greate multitude of every sort of people, both men and women go to heare lectures, some one and some an other, as everye mans nature is inclined. Yet, this notwithstanding, if any man had rather bestowe this time upon his owne occupation, (as it chaunceth in manye, whose mindes rise not in the contemplation of any science liberall) he is not letted, nor prohibited, but is also praysed and commended, as profitable to the common wealthe. After supper they bestow one houre in playe: in summer in their gardens: in winter in their commen halles: where they dine and suppe. There they exercise themselves in musike, or els in honest and wholesome communication. Diceplaye, and suche other folishe and pernicious games they know not. But they use ij. games not much unlike the chesse. The one is the battell of numbers, wherein one numbre stealethe awaye another. The other is wherein vices fyghte with vertues, as it were in battel array, or a set fyld. In the which game is verye properlye shewed, bothe the striffe and discorde that vices have amonge themselfes, and agayne theire unitye and concorde againste vertues: And also what vices be repugnaunt to what vertues: with what powre and strength they assaile them openlye: by what wieles and subtelty they assaulte them secretelye: with what helpe and aide the vertues resiste, and overcome the puissaunce[1] of the vices: by what craft they frustrate their purposes: and finally by what sleight or means the one getteth the victory. But here least you be deceaved, one thinge you muste looke more narrowly upon. For seinge they bestowe but ix. houres in woorke, perchaunce you maye thinke that the lacke of some necessarye thinges hereof maye ensewe. But this is nothinge so. For that smal time is not only enough but also to muche for the stoore and abundaunce of all thinges, that be requisite, either for the necessitie, or commoditie of life. The which thinge you also shall perceave, if you weye and consider with your selfes how great a parte of the people in other contreis lyveth ydle. First almost all women, whyche be the halfe of the whole numbre: or els if the women be somewhere occupied, there most comonlye in their steade the men be ydle. Besydes this how greate, and howe ydle a companye is there of preystes, and relygious men, as they cal them? put thereto al ryche men, speciallye all landed men, which comonlye be called gentilmen, and noble men. Take into this numbre also theire servauntes: I meane all that flocke of stoute bragging russhe bucklers. Joyne to them also sturdy and valiaunte beggers, clokinge their idle lyfe under the coloure of some disease or sickenes. And trulye you shal find them much fewer then you thought, by whose labour all these thinges are wrought, that in mens affaires are now daylye used and frequented. Nowe consyder with youre selfe, of these fewe that doe woorke, how fewe be occupied in necessarye woorkes. For where money beareth all the swinge,[2] there many vayne and superfluous occupations must nedes be used, to serve only for ryotous superfluite, and unhonest pleasure. For the same multitude that now is occupied in woork, if they were devided into so fewe occupations as the necessarye use of nature requyreth; in so greate plentye of things as then of necessity woulde ensue, doubtles the prices wolde be to lytle for the artifycers to mayntene theire livinges. But yf all these, that be nowe busied about unprofitable occupations, with all the whole flocke of them that lyve ydellye and slouthfullye, whyche consume and waste everye one of them more of these thinges that comes by other mens laboure, then ij. of the workemen themselfes doo: yf all these (I saye) were sette to profytable occupatyons, you easelye perceave howe lytle tyme would be enoughe, yea and to muche to stoore us with all thinges that maye be requisite either for necessitie, or for commoditye, yea or for pleasure, so that the same pleasure be trewe and natural. And this in Utopia the thinge it selfe makethe manifeste and playne. For there in all the citye, with the whole contreye, or shiere adjoyning to it scarselye 500. persons of all the whole numbre of men and women, that be neither to olde, nore to weake to worke, be licensed and distcharged from laboure. Amonge them be the Siphograuntes (whoe thoughe they be by the lawes exempte and privilged from labour) yet they exempte not themselfes: to the intent that they may the rather by their example provoke other to worke. The same vacation from labour do they also enjoye, to whome the people persuaded by the commendation of the priestes, and secrete election of the Siphograuntes, have geven a perpetual licence from laboure to learninge. But if any one of them prove not accordinge to the expectation and hoope of him conceaved, he is forthwith plucked backe to the company of artificers. And contrarye wise, often it chaunceth that a handicraftes man doth so earnestly bestowe his vacaunte and spare houres in learninge, and throughe diligence so profyteth therin, that he is taken from his handy occupation,[3] and promoted to the company of the learned. Oute of this ordre of the learned be chosen ambassadours, priestes, Tranibores,[4] and finallye the prince him selfe. Whome they in theire olde tonge cal Barzanes, and by a newer name, Adamus. The residewe of the people being neither ydle, nor yet occupied about unprofitable exercises, it may be easely judged in how fewe houres how muche good woorke by them may be doone and dispatched, towardes those thinges that I have spoken of. This commodity they have also above other, that in the most

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[1] island [2] hindrance [3] wielding [4] Utopian officers [5] free [6] the intent [7] free

[1] power [2] labor [3] handicraft [4] Utopian officers next in rank to the Syphograuntes

part of necessarye occupations they neade not so much work, as other nations doe. For first of all the buildinge or repayringe of houses asketh everye where so manye mens continual labour, bicause that the unthrifty heire suffereth the houses that his father buylded in contyneuaunce of tyme to fall in decay. So that which he myghte have upholden wyth lytle coste, hys successoure is constreyned to buylde it agayne a newe, to his great charge. Yea manye tymes also the howse that stoode one man in muche moneye, another is of so nyce and soo delycate a mynde, that he settethe nothinge by it. And it beynge neglected, and therefore shortelye fallynge into ruyne, he buyldethe uppe another in an other place with no lesse coste and chardge. But amonge the Utopians, where all thinges be sett in a good ordre, and the common wealthe in a good staye,[1] it very seldom chaunceth, that they cheuse a newe plotte to buyld an house upon. And they doo not only finde spedy and quicke remedies for present faultes: but also prevente them that be like to fall. And by this meanes their houses continewe and laste very longe with litle labour and smal reparations: in so much that this kind of woorkmen somtimes have almost nothinge to doo. But that they be commanded to hewe timbre at home, and to square and trimme up stones, to the intente that if anye woorke chaunce, it may the spedelier rise. Now, syr, in theire apparell, marke (I praye you) howe few woorkmen they neade. Fyrste of al, whyles they be at woorke, they be covered homely with leather or skinnes, that will last vii. yeares. When they go furthe abrode they caste upon them a cloke, whych hydeth the other homelye apparel. These clookes through out the whole Iland be all of one coloure, and that is the natural coloure of the wul. They therefore do not only spend[2] mych lesse on wullen clothes then is spente in other contreis, but also the same standeth them in muche lesse coste. But lynen clothe is made with lesse laboure, and is therefore hadde more in use. But in lynen cloth onlye whytenesse, in wullen only clenlynes is regarded. As for the smalness or finenesse of the threde, that is no thinge passed for. And this is the cause wherefore in other places iiii. or v. clothe gownes of dyvers coloures, and as manye silke cootes be not enoughe for one man. Yea and yf he be of the delicate and nyse sorte x. be to fewe: whereas there one garmente wyl serve a man mooste commenlye ij. yeares. For whie shoulde be desyre moo? Seinge yf he had them, he should not be the better hapte or covered from colde, neither in his apparel anye whitte the comlyer. Wherefore, seinge they be all exercysed in profitable occupations, and that fewe artificers in the same craftes be sufficiente, this is the cause that plentye of all thinges beinge among them, they doo sometymes bringe forthe an innumerable companye of people to amend the hyghe wayes, yf anye be broken. Many times also, when they have no suche woorke to be occupied aboute, an open proclamation is made, that they should bestowe fewer houres in worke. For the magistrates doe not exercise theire citizens againste theire willes in unneadefull laboures. For whie in the institution of that weale publique, this ende is onelye and chiefely pretended and mynded, that what time maye possibly be spared from the necessarye occupacions and affayres of the commen wealth, all that the citizeins shoulde withdrawe from the bodely service to the free libertye of the minde, and gnarnisshinge of the same. For herein they suppose the felicitye of this liffe to consiste.

OF THEIRE LIVINGE AND MUTUAL CONVERSATION TOGETHER

But nowe wil I declare how the citizens use them selfes one towardes another: what familiar occupieng and enterteynement, there is amonge the people, and what fassion they use in the distribution of every thing. Firste the city consisteth of families, the families most commonlye be made of kinredes. For the women, when they be maryed at a laweful age, they goo into theire husbandes houses. But the male children with al the whole male ofspringe continewe still in their owne family and be governed of the eldest and auncientest father, onles he dote for age: for then the next to him in age, is placed in his rowme.

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[1] condition

[2] consume

But to thintent the prescript number of the citezens shoulde neither decrease, nor above measure increase, it is ordeined that no familie which in every citie be vi. thousand in the whole, besydes them of the contrey, shall at ones have fewer children of the age of xiiii. yeares or there about then x. or mo than xvi. for of children under this age no numbre can be prescribed or appointed. This measure or numbre is easely observed and kept, by putting them that in fuller families be above the number into families of smaller increase. But if chaunce be that in the whole citie the stoore increase above the just number, therewith they fil up the lacke of other cities. But if so be that the multitude throughout the whole Ilande passe and excede the dewe number, then they chuese out of every citie certein citezens, and build up a towne under their owne lawes in the next land where the inhabitauntes have muche waste and unoccupied ground, receaving also of the same countrey people to them, if they wil joyne and dwel with them. They thus joyning and dwelling together do easelye agre in one fassion of living, and that to the great wealth of both the peoples. For they so bringe the matter about by theire lawes, that the ground which before was neither good not profitable for the one nor for the other, is nowe sufficiente and fruteful enoughe for them both. But if the inhabitauntes of that lande wyl not dwell with them to be ordered by their lawes, then they dryve them out of those boundes which they have limited, and apointed out for them selves. And if they resiste and rebel, then they make warre agaynst them. For they counte this the moste juste cause of warre, when anye people holdethe a piece of grounde voyde and vacaunt to no good nor profitable use, kepyng other from the use and possession of it, whiche notwithstandyng by the lawe of nature ought thereof to be nouryshed and relieved. If anye chaunce do so muche diminishe the number of any of theire cities, that it cannot be fylled up agayne, without the diminishynge of the just numbre of the other cyties (whiche they say chaunced but twyse synce the beginnyng of the lande throughe a greate pestilente plage) then they fulfyll and make up the numbre with cytezens fetched out of theire owne forreyne townes, for they had rather suffer theire forreyne townes to decaye and peryshe, then any cytie of theire owne Ilande to be diminished. But nowe agayne to the conversation of the cytezens amonge themselfes. The eldeste (as I sayde) rulethe the familye. The wyfes bee ministers to theire husbandes, the children to theire parentes, and to bee shorte the yonger to theire elders. Every Cytie is devided into foure equall partes or quarters. In the myddes of every quarter there is a market place of all maner of thinges. Thether the workes of every familie be brought into certeyne houses. And everye kynde of thing is layde up severall in bernes or store houses. From hence the father of everye familye, or every housholder fetchethe whatsoever he and his have neade of, and carieth it away with him without money, without exchaunge, without any gage, pawne, or pledge. For whye shoulde any thing be denyed unto him? Seynge there is abundaunce of all thinges, and that it is not to bee feared, leste anye man wyll aske more then he neadeth. For whie should it be thoughte that that man woulde aske more then anough, which is sewer[1] never to lacke? Certeynely in all kyndes of lyvinge creatures either feare of lacke dothe cause covetousnes and ravyne, or in man only pryde, which counteth it a glorious thinge to passe and excel other in the superfluous and vayne ostentation of thinges. The whyche kynde of vice among the Utopians can have no place. Nexte to the market places that I spake of, stande meate markettes: whether be brought not only all sortes of herbes, and the fruites of trees, with breade, but also fishe, and all maner of iiii. footed beastes, and wilde foule that be mans meate. But first the fylthynes and ordure therof is clene washed awaye in the renninge ryver without the cytie in places appoynted mete for the same purpose. From thence the beastes be brought in kylled, and cleane wasshed by the handes of theire bondemen. For they permitte not their frie citezens to accustome them selfes to the killing of beastes, through the use whereof they thinke, clemencye the gentelleste affection of oure nature by lytle and lytle to decaye and peryshe. Neither they suffer anye thinge that is fylthye, lothesom, or unclenlye, to be broughte into the cytie, least the ayre by the stenche therof infected and corrupte, shoulde cause pestilente diseases. Moreover everye strete hath certeyne great large halles sett in equal distaunce one from another, everye one knowen by a severall name. In these halles dwell the Syphograuntes. And to everye one of the same halles be apoynted xxx. families, on either side xv. The stewardes of everye halle at a certayne houre come in to the meate markettes, where they receyve meate according to the number of their halles. But first and chieflie of all, respect is had to the sycke, that be cured in the hospitalles. For in the circuite of the citie, a litle without the walles, they have iiii. hospitalles, so bigge, so wyde, so ample, and so large, that they may seme iiii. litle townes, which were devised of that bignes partely to thintent the sycke, be they never so many in numbre, shul not lye to thronge or strayte,[1] and therefore uneasely, and incommodiously: and partely that they which were taken and holden with contagious disease, such as be wonte by infection to crepe from one to another, myght be layde apart farre from the company of the residue. These hospitalles be so wel appointed, and with all thinges necessary to health so furnished, and more over so diligent attendaunce through the continual presence of cunning phisitians is geven, that though no man be sent thether against his will, yet notwithstandinge there is no sicke persone in al the citie, that had not rather lye there, then at home in his owne house. When the stewarde of the sicke hath received suche meates as the phisitians have prescribed, then the beste is equallye devided among the halles, according to the company of every one, saving that there is had a respect to the prince, the byshop, the tranibours, and to ambassadours and all straungers, if there be any, which be verye fewe and seldome. But they also when they be there, have certeyne severall houses apointed and prepared for them. To these halles at the set houres of dinner and supper commeth all the whole Siphograuntie or warde, warned by the noyse of a brasen trumpet: except suche as be sicke in the hospitalles, or els in their owne houses. Howbeit no man is prohibited or forbid, after the halles be served, to fetch home meate out of the market to his own house, for they knowe that no man wyl doe it without a cause reasonable. For thoughe no man be prohibited to dyne at home, yet no man doth it willyngly: because it is counted a pointe of smal honestie. And also it were a follye to take the payne to dresse a badde diner at home, when they may be welcome to good and fyne fare so neighe hande at the hall. In this hal al vile service, all slavery, and drudgerie, with all laboursome toyle, and base busines is done by bondemen. But the women of every family by course have the office and charge of cookerie for sethinge and dressinge the meate, and orderinge all thinges therto belongyng. They sit at three tables or moe, accordinge to the numbre of their company. The men sitte upon the bench next the wall, and the women against them on the other side of the table, that yf anye sodeyne evyll should chaunce to them, as many tymes happeneth to women with chylde, they maye rise wythoute trouble or disturbaunce of anye bodie, and go thence into the nurcerie. The nurceis sitte severall alone with theyr younge suckelinges in a certaine parloure appointed and deputed to the same purpose, never withoute fire and cleane water, nor yet without cradels, that when they wyll they maye laye downe the younge infantes, and at theyr pleasure take them oute of their swathynge clothes, and holde them to the fire, and refreshe them with playe. Every mother is nource to her owne childe, onles either death, or sycknes be the let. When that chaunceth, the wives of the Syphograuntes quyckelye provyde a nource. And that is not harde to be done. For they that can doo it, profer themselves to no service so gladlye as to that. Because that there thys kinde of pitie is muche praysed: and the chylde that is nourished, ever after taketh his nource for his owne naturall mother. Also amonge the nourceis, sytte all the children that be under the age of v. yeares. All the other chyldren of bothe kyndes, as well boyes as girles, that be under the age of maryage, do eyther serve at the tables, or els if they be to yonge therto, yet they stand by with marvailous silence. That whiche is geven to them from the table they eate, and other severall dynner tyme they have none. The Siphograunte and his wife sitte in the myddes of the high table, forasmuch as that is counted the honorablest place, and because from thence all the whole companie is in their sight. For that table standeth overwharte[1] the over ende of the hall. To them be joyned two of the auncientest and eldest. For at everye table they sit foure at a meesse. But yf there be a church standing in that Syphograuntie or warde, then the priest and his wife sitteth with the Siphograunt, as chiefe in the company. On both sydes of them sit yonge men, and nexte unto them againe olde men. And thus through out all the house equall of age be sette together, and yet be mixt and matched with unequal ages. This, they say, was ordeyned, to the intent that the sage gravitie and reverence of the elders should kepe the yongers from wanton licence of wordes and behavioure. Forasmuch as nothynge can be so secretlye spoken or done at the table, but either they that sit on the one side or on the other muste nedes perceave it. The dishes be not set down in order from the first place but all the olde men (whose places be marked with some speciall token to be knowen) be first served of their meate, and then the residue equally. The old men devide their deinties as they think best to the yonger on eche syde of them. Thus the elders be not defrauded of their dewe honoure, and neverthelesse equall commoditie commeth to every one. They begin everye dinner and supper of redinge sumthing that perteneth to good maners and vertue. But it is shorte, because no man shal be greved therwith. Hereof thelders[2] take occasion of honest communication, but neither sadde nor unpleasaunt. Howbeit they do not spende all the whole dinertime themselves with longe and tedious talkes: but they gladly heare also the yonge men: yea, and purposelye provoke them to talke, to thentent that they may have a profe of every mans wit, and towardnes, or disposition to vertue, which commonlie in the libertie of feasting doth shew and utter it self. Their diners be verie short: but their suppers be sumwhat longer, because that after dyner foloweth laboure, after supper slepe and natural reste, whiche they thinke to be of more strength and efficacie to wholsome and healthfull digestion. No supper is passed without musicke. Nor their bankettes lacke no conceytes nor jonketes. They burne swete gummes and spices or perfumes, and plesaunt smelles, and sprinckle aboute swete oyntementes and waters, yea, they leave nothing undone that maketh for the cheringe of the companye. For they be muche enclined to this opinion: to thinke no kinde of pleasure forbydden, whereof commeth no harme. Thus therefore and after this sort they live togethers in the citie, but in the countrey they that dwell alone farre from any neighboures, do dyne and suppe at home in their owne houses. For no familie there lacketh any kinde of victualles, as from whom commeth all that the citezens eate and lyve by.

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[1] sure

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[1] crowd together

LETTER TO HIS WIFE

Maistres Alyce, in my most harty wise I recommend me to you; and whereas I am enfourmed by my son Heron of the losse of our barnes and our neighbours also, with all the corn that was therein, albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is gret pitie of so much good corne lost, yet sith it hath liked hym to sende us such a chaunce we must and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of his visitacion.

He sente us all that we have loste; and sith he hath by such a chaunce taken it away againe, his pleasure be fulfilled. Let us never grudge ther at, but take it in good worth, and hartely thank him as well for adversite as for prosperite. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our losse then for our winning; for his wisdome better seeth what is good for us then we do our selves.

Therefore I pray you be of good chere, and take all the howsold with you to church, and there thanke God, both for that he hath given us and for that he hath taken from us, and for that he hath left us, which, if it please hym, he can encrease when he will. And if it please him to leave us yet lesse, at his pleasure be it.

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[1] athwart

[2] the elders

I pray you to make some good ensearche what my poore neghbours have loste, and bid them take no thought therefore: for and[1] I shold not leave myself a spone, there shal no pore neighbour of mine bere no losse by any chaunce happened in my house. I pray you be with my children and your household merry in God. And devise some what with your frendes, what waye wer best to take, for provision to be made for corne for our householde, and for sede thys yere comming, if ye thinke it good that we kepe the ground stil in our handes. And whether ye think it good that we so shal do or not, yet I think it were not best sodenlye thus to leave it all up, and put away our folk of our farm till we have somewhat advised us thereon.

How beit we have more now than ye shal nede, and which can get them other maisters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were sodenly sent away he wote nere wether.[2]

At my comming hither I perceived none other but that I should tary still with the Kinges Grace.

But now I shal (I think) because of this chance, get leave this next weke to come home and se you; and then shal we further devyse together uppon all thinges, what order shal be best to take.

And thus hartely fare you well with all our children as ye can wishe. At Woodestoke the third day of Septembre by the hand of

Your loving husbande,
Thomas More Knyght

---

[1] if

[2] knew not where

BALLADS

ca. 1400-*ca.* 1500

The ballad began perhaps with the beginning of literature, but not until the fifteenth century did it become generally popular. Since that time, chiefly through the work of Bishop Percy, who made a collection of ballads which he published in 1765, the popularity and influence of the form have been steady and widespread.

The ballad proper is a story in the form of a poem which was meant to be sung. As a rule, its stanza consists of four lines, the second and fourth of which rhyme; the first and third having four accents, and the second and fourth, three. Sometimes, in addition, there is a refrain. The themes upon which most of them rest have to do with love, battle, ghosts, witches, and fairies, and not a few with traditions that have grown up about the childhood of Christ and the Holy Family.

So potent has been the charm of the ballad that poets in every age, from the sixteenth century to the present, have been affected by it; remember particularly Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, Keats's *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, Tennyson's *Revenge*, Rossetti's *King's Tragedy*, Longfellow's New England balladry, Browning's *Hervé Riel*, and Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*.

THE STORKE

The storke shee rose on Christmas Eve
  And sayed unto her broode,
'I nowe muste fare to Bethlehem
  To viewe the Sonne of God.'

Shee gave to eche his dole of mete,
  Shee stowed them fayrlie[1] in,
And far shee flew, and faste shee flew,
  And came to Bethlehem.

'Now where is Hee of David's lynne?'
  Shee asked at house and halle.
'Hee is not here,' they spake hardlye,
  'But in the Maungier stalle.'

Shee found Hym in the Maungier stalle,
  With that most Holy Mayde.
The gentyle storke shee wept to see
  The Lord so rudelye layed.

Then from her pauntynge[2] brest she plucked
  The fethers whyte and warm;
Shee strawed them in the maungier bed
  To kepe the Lord from harm.

---

[1] safely

[2] panting

'Now blessèd bee the gentil storke
For evermore,' quothe Hee,
'For that shee saw My sadde estate
And showed such Pytye.

'Full welkum shall shee ever bee
In hamlet and in halle,
And called henceforthe the Blessèd Byrd,
And friend of babyes all.'

I SAW THREE SHIPS

As I sat under a sycamore tree,
A sycamore tree, a sycamore tree,
I looked me out upon the sea
On Christ's Sunday at morn.

I saw three ships a-sailing there,
A-sailing there, a-sailing there,
Jesu, Mary and Joseph they bare
On Christ's Sunday at morn.

Joseph did whistle and Mary did sing,
Mary did sing, Mary did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring
For joy our Lord was born.

O they sailed into Bethlehem!
To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem;
Saint Michael was the steersman,
Saint John sat in the horn.

And all the bells on earth did ring,
On earth did ring, on earth did ring:
'Welcome be thou Heaven's King,
On Christ's Sunday at morn!'

JOHNIE ARMSTRONG

There dwelt a man in faire Westmerland,
Jonne Armestrong men did him call,
He had nither lands nor rents coming in,
Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.

He had horse and harness for them all,
Goodly steeds were all milke-white;
O the golden bands an about their necks,
And their weapons, they were all alike.

Newes then was brought unto the king
That there was sicke[1] a won as hee,
That lived lyke a bold out-law,
And robbed all the north country.

The king he writt an a letter then,
A letter which was large and long;
He signed it with his owne hand,
And he promised to doe him no wrong.

When this letter came Jonne untill,
His heart it was as blythe as birds on the tree:
'Never was I sent for before any king,
My father, my grandfather, nor none but mee.

'And if wee goe the king before,
I would we went most orderly;
Every man of you shall have his scarlet cloak,
Laced with silver laces three.

'Every won of you shall have his velvett coat,
Laced with sillver lace so white;
O the golden bands an about your necks,
Black hatts, white feathers, all alyke.'

By the morrow morninge at ten of the clock,
Towards Edenburough gon was hee,
And with him all his eight score men;
Good lord, it was a goodly sight for to see!

When Jonne came befower the king,
He fell downe on his knee;
'O pardon, my soveraine leige,' he said,
'O pardon my eight score men and mee!'

'Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong,
For thy eight score men nor thee;
For to-morrow morning by ten of the clock,
Both thou and them shall hang on the gallow-tree.'

But Jonne looked over his left shoulder,
Good Lord, what a grevious look looked hee!
Saying, 'Asking grace of a graceles face—
Why there is none for you nor me.'

---

[1] such

But Jonne had a bright sword by his side,
And it was made of the mettle so free,
That had not the king stept his foot aside,
He had smitten his head from his faire bodde.[1]

Saying, 'Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine;[2]
For rather then men shall say we were hange'd,
Let them report how we were slaine.'

Then, God wott, faire Eddenburrough rose,
And so besett poore Jonne rounde,
That fowerscore and tenn of Jonnes best men
Lay gasping all upon the ground.

Then like a mad man Jonne laide about,
And like a mad man then fought hee,
Untill a falce[3] Scot came Jonne behinde,
And runn him through the faire boddee.

Saying, 'Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine;
For I will stand by and bleed but awhile,
And then will I come and fight again.'

Newes then was brought to young Jonne Armestrong,
As he stood by his nurses knee,
Who vowed if ere he live'd for to be a man,
O the treacherous Scots revengd hee'd be.

YOUNG WATERS

About Yule, when the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A there is cum to our king's court
Mony a well-favord man.

The queen luikt[4] owre the castle-wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And there she saw Young Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind;
And mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden-graithd[5] his horse before,
And siller-shod behind;
The horse Young Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

Out then spack a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he,
'O tell me wha's the fairest face
Rides in the company?'

'I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
And knights of high degree,
Bot a fairer face than Young Waters
Mine eyne did never see.'

Out then spack the jealous king,
And an angry man was he:
'O if he had bin twice as fair,
You micht[6] have excepted me.'

'You're neither laird nor lord,' she says,
'Bot the king that wears the crown;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun[7] bow down.'

For a' that she coud do or say,
Appeasd he wad nae bee,
Bot for the words which she had said,
Young Waters he maun die.

They hae taen Young Waters,
And put fetters to his feet;
They hae taen Young Waters,
And thrown him in dungeon deep.

'Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town
In the wind bot and the weit;[8]
But I neir rade thro Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

'Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town
In the wind bot and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town
Neir to return again.'

They hae taen to the heiding-hill[9]
His young son in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill
His horse bot and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to see,
And for the words the queen had spoke
Young Waters he did die.

---

[1] body [2] captured [3] false [4] looked [5] golden girthed [6] might [7] must [8] wet [9] place of execution

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The king sits in Dunfermlin town,
Sae merrily drinkin the wine:
'Whare will I get a mariner,
Will sail this ship o mine?'

Then up bespak a bonny boy,
Sat just at the king's knee:
'Sir Patrick Spence is the best seaman,
That eer set foot on sea.'

The king has written a braid[1] letter,
Seald it wi his ain hand;
He has sent word to Sir Patrick,
To come at his command.

'O wha is this, or wha is that,
Has tald the king of me?
For I was never a good seaman,
Nor ever intend to be.'

They mounted sail on Munenday morn,
Wi a' the haste they may,
And they hae landed in Norraway,
Upon the Wednesday.

They hadna been a month, a month
In Norraway but three,
Till lads o Norraway began to say,
'Ye spend a' our white monie.

'Ye spend a' our good kingis goud,
But and our queenis fee':
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
Sae weel's I hear you lie.

'For I brought as much white money
As will gain my men and me;
I brought half a fou[2] o good red goud
Out oer the sea with me.

'Be 't wind or weet, be 't snaw or sleet,
Our ships maun sail the morn':
'O ever alack! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

'I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we 'll suffer harm.'

They hadna sailed a league on sea,
A league but barely ane,
Till anchors brak, and tap-masts lap;
There came a deadly storm.

'Whare will I get a bonny boy
Will tak thir sails in hand,
That will gang up to the tap-mast,
See an he ken dry land?'

Laith, laith were our good Scots lords
To weet their leathern shoon;
But or the morn at fair day-light,
Their hats were wat aboon.

Mony was the feather bed,
That flotterd on the faem,[3]
And mony was the good Scots lord
Gaed awa that neer cam hame,
And mony was the fatherless bairn[4]
That lay at hame greetin.[5]

It's forty miles to Aberdeen,
And fifty fathoms deep;
And there lyes a' our good Scots lords,
Wi Sir Patrick at their feet.

The ladies crackt their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they neer saw mair.

Lang, lang may our ladies stand,
Wi their fans in their hand,
Ere they see Sir Patrick and his men
Come sailing to the land.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH

When Robin Hood and Little John,
Down a down a down a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
'We have shot for many a pound.'
Hey, *etc.*

'But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me.'

---

[1] fair
[2] measure
[3] foam
[4] child
[5] weeping

Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,
He knockd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' she said,
'And drink some beer with me?'
'No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee.'

'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,
'Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.'

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
While one drop of blood would run down.

She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement there,
Thinking for to get down;
But was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.

He then bethought him of his buglehorn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under a tree,
'I fear my master is now near dead,
He blows so wearily.'

Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkly-hall,
He broke locks two or three:
Until he came bold Robin to see,
Then he fell on his knee;
'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,
'Master, I beg of thee.'

'What is that boon,' said Robin Hood,
'Little John, (thou) begs of me?'
'It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,
And all their nunnery.'

'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
'That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor men in woman's company.

'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

'Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

'Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

BROWN ROBIN'S CONFESSION

It fell upon a Wodensday
Brown Robin's men went to sea;
But they saw neither moon nor sun
Nor starlight with their e'e.

'We'll cast kevels[1] us among,
See who the man may be.'
The kevel fell on Brown Robin,
The master man was he.

---

[1] lots

'It is no wonder,' said Brown Robin,
'Altho' I do not thrive;
For I murdered mine old father,' says he;
'I would he were yet alive.

'But tie me to a plank of wood
And throw me in the sea;
And if I sink ye may bid me sink,
If I swim just let me be.'

They've tied him to a plank of wood
And thrown him in the sea;
He didna sink though they bade him sink,
He swimed and they bade let him be.

He hadna been into the sea
An hour but barely three,
Till by and came Our Blessed Ladie,
Her dear young Son her wi'.

'Will ye gang to your men again?
Or will ye gang wi' me?
Will ye gang to the high heavens
Wi' my dear Son and me?'

'I winna gang to my men again,
For they would be feared at me;
But I would gang to the high heavens
Wi' thy dear Son and thee.'

'It's for no honour ye did, Brown Robin,
It's for no good ye did to me;
But it's all for your fair confession
You've made upon the sea.'

HUGH OF LINCOLN

All the boys of merry Lincoln
Were playing at the ball,
And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,
And he play'd o'er them all.

He kicked the ball with his right foot,
And catch'd it with his knee,
And through and through the Jew's window
He gar'd the bonny ball flee.

He's doen him to the Jew's castle,
And walk'd it round about;
And there he saw the Jew's daughter
At the window looking out.

'Throw down the ball, ye Jew's daughter,
Throw down the ball to me!'
'Never a bit,' says the Jew's daughter,
'Till up to me come ye.'

'How will I come? How can I come up?
How can I come up to thee?
I winna come up, I darena come up,
Without my play-fares three.'

She's taken her to the Jew's garden,
Where the grass grew long and green,
She's pulled an apple red and white
To wile the pretty boy in.

She's wiled him in through a dark door,
And so has she through nine;
She's laid him on a dressing-table,
And stickit him like a swine.

And first came out the thick, thick blood,
And syne came out the thin,
And syne came out the bonny heart's blood:
There was no more within.

She's wrapped him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep;
She's thrown him into Our Lady's draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And all the bairns came hame,
Then every lady had hame her son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

She's ta'en her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the hand,
And she's gone out to seek her son,
And wandered o'er the land.

She's doen her to the Jew's castle
Where all were fast asleep;
Cries, 'Bonny Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak!'

She neared Our Lady's deep draw-well,
And fell down on her knee:
'Where'er ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you speak to me!'

'O the lead is wondrous heavy, mother,
The well is wondrous deep;
The little penknife sticks in my throat,
And I canna to ye speak.

'Go home, go home, my mother dear,
Prepare my winding sheet,
And at the back of merry Lincoln
The morn I will you meet.'

Now Lady Helen is gone home,
Made him a winding sheet,
And at the back of merry Lincoln
The dead corpse did her meet.

And all the bells of merry Lincoln
Without men's hands were rung;
And all the books of merry Lincoln
Were read without man's tongue;
And never was such a burial
Since Adam's day begun.

THE CARNAL[1] AND THE CRANE

As I pass'd by a river side,
  And there as I did reign,[2]
In argument I chanced to hear
  A carnal and a crane.

The carnal said unto the crane,
  'If all the world should turn,
Before we had the Father,
  But now we have the Son!

'From whence does the Son come?
  From where and from what place?'
He said, 'In a manger,
  Between an ox and an ass!'

'I pray thee,' said the carnal,
  'Tell me before thou go'st,
Was not the mother of Jesus
Conceived by the Holy Ghost?'—

'She was the purest Virgin,
  And the cleanest from sin;
She was the handmaid of our Lord,
  And mother of our King.'—

'Where is the golden cradle
  That Christ was rockéd in?
Where are the silken sheets
  That Jesus was wrapt in?'—

'A manger was the cradle
  That Christ was rockéd in;
The provender the asses left
  So sweetly he slept on,

'There was a star in the West land,
  So bright did it appear
Into King Herod's chamber,
  And where King Herod were,

'The Wise Men soon espied it,
  And told the king on high,
A princely babe was born that night
  No king could e'er destroy.

'If this be true, King Herod said,
  As thou tellest unto me,
This roasted cock that lies in the dish
  Shall crow full fences[3] three.

'The cock soon freshly feathered was
  By the work of God's own hand,
And then three fences crowéd he
  In the dish where he did stand.

'Rise up, rise up, you merry men all,
  See that you ready be,
All children under two years old
  Now slain they all shall be.

'Then Jesus, ah, and Joseph,
  And Mary, that was so pure,
They travelled into Egypt,
  As you shall find it sure.

'And when they came to Egypt's land,
  Amongst those fierce wild beasts,
Mary, she being weary,
  Must needs sit down to rest.

'Come sit thee down, says Jesus,
  Come sit thee down by me,
And thou shalt see how these wild beasts
  Do come and worship me.

'First came the lovely lion,
  Which Jesu's grace did spring,
And of the wild beasts in the field,
  The lion shall be the king.

'We'll choose our virtuous princes,
  Of birth and high degree,
In every sundry nation,
  Where'er we come and see.

---

[1] crow
[2] run
[3] times

'Then Jesus, ah, and Joseph,
And Mary, that was unknown,
They travelled by a husbandman,
Just while his seed was sown.

'God speed thee, man, said Jesus,
Go fetch thy ox and wain,
And carry home thy corn again,
Which thou this day hast sown.

'The husbandman fell on his knees,
Even before his face;
Long time hast thou been looked for,
But now thou art come at last.

'And I myself do now believe
Thy name is Jesus called;
Redeemer of mankind thou art,
Though undeserving all.

'The truth, man, thou hast spoken,
Of it thou may'st be sure,
For I must lose my precious blood
For thee and thousands more.

'If any one should come this way,
And inquire for me alone,
Tell them that Jesus passéd by,
As thou thy seed did sow.

'After that there came King Herod,
With his train so furiously,
Inquiring of the husbandman,
Whether Jesus passéd by.

'Why the truth it must be spoken,
And the truth it must be known,
For Jesus passéd by this way
When my seed was sown.

'But now I have it reapen,
And some laid on my wain,
Ready to fetch and carry
Into my barn again.

'Turn back, says the captain,
Your labor and mine's in vain,
It's full three-quarters of a year
Since he his seed has sown.

'So Herod was deceivéd
By the work of God's own hand,
And further he proceeded
Into the Holy Land.

'There's thousands of children young,
Which for his sake did die,—
Do not forbid those little ones,
And do not them deny.

'The truth now have I spoken,
And the truth now have I shown,
Even the blesséd Virgin,
She's now brought forth a Son.'

EVERYMAN

ca. 1500

The first English drama grew out of the ceremonies of the Church, having its origin perhaps as early as the tenth century. Religious drama, that is, mystery plays, miracle plays, and moralities, reached the climax of its excellence during the latter part of the fifteenth century. Of the three kinds here indicated, the mystery play was based upon Scriptural events, particularly upon the life of Christ; the miracle play had to do chiefly with the lives of the saints; and the morality dealt with the personification of abstract virtues and vices, developing, as a rule, one of two general themes: the struggle between the forces of good and evil for the soul of man; and the coming of death.

It is this last theme which is set forth in *Everyman*. The play is among the latest to be written, dating from about the beginning of the sixteenth century. It has been thought that it was a translation of a Dutch morality by Peter Dorland, but certain internal evidence tends to show such belief to be, if not exaggerated, at least beside the point, for in its present form *Everyman* is typically an English morality, probably the best example that we have.

CHARACTERS

Everyman
God: Adonai
Death
Messenger
Fellowship
Cousin
Kindred
Goods
Good-Deeds
Strength
Discretion
Five-Wits
Beauty
Knowledge
Confession
Angel
Doctor

Here beginneth a treatise how the High Father of Heaven sendeth death to summon every creature to come and give account of their lives in this world and is in manner of a moral play.

Messenger. I pray you all give your audience,
And hear this matter with reverence,
By figure a moral play—
The Summoning of Everyman called it is,
That of our lives and ending shows
How transitory we be all day.
This matter is wondrous precious,
But the intent of it is more gracious,
And sweet to bear away.
The story saith,—Man, in the beginning,
Look well, and take good heed to the ending,
Be you never so gay!
Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,
Which in the end causeth thy soul to weep,
When the body lieth in clay.
Here shall you see how Fellowship and Jollity,
Both Strength, Pleasure, and Beauty,
Will fade from thee as flower in May.
For ye shall hear, how our Heaven King
Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning:
Give audience, and hear what he doth say.

God. I perceive here in my majesty,
How that all creatures be to me unkind,
Living without dread in wordly prosperity:
Of ghostly sight the people be so blind,
Drowned in sin, they know me not for their God;
In worldly riches is all their mind,
They fear not my *rightwiseness*,[1] the sharp rod;
My law that I showed, when I for them died,
They forget clean, and shedding of my blood red;
I hanged between two, it cannot be denied;
To get them life I suffered to be dead;
I healed their feet, with thorns hurt was my head:
I could do no more than I did truly,
And now I see the people do clean forsake me.
They use the seven deadly sins damnable;
As pride, covetise, wrath, and lechery,
Now in the world be made commendable;
And thus they leave of angels the heavenly company;
Everyman liveth so after his own pleasure,
And yet of their life they be nothing sure:
I see the more that I them forbear
The worse they be from year to year;
All that liveth appaireth[2] fast,
Therefore I will in all the haste
Have a reckoning of Everyman's person;
For and I leave the people thus alone
In their life and wicked tempests,
Verily they will become much worse than beasts;
For now one would by envy another up eat;
Charity they all do clean forget.
I hoped well that Everyman
In my glory should make his mansion,
And thereto I had them all elect;
But now I see, like traitors deject,
They thank me not for the pleasure that I to them meant,
Nor yet for their being that I them have lent;
I proffered the people great multitude of mercy,
And few there be that asketh it heartily;
They be so cumbered with worldy riches,
That needs on them I must do justice,
On Everyman living without fear.
Where art thou, *Death*, thou mighty messenger?

Death. Almighty God, I am here at your will,
Your commandment to fulfil.

God. Go thou to *Everyman*,
And show him in my name
A pilgrimage he must on him take,

---

[1] justice

[2] fades

Which he in no wise may escape;
And that he bring with him a sure reckoning
Without delay or any tarrying.
DEATH. Lord, I will in the world go run over all,
And cruelly outsearch both great and small;
Every man will I beset that liveth beastly
Out of God's laws, and dreadeth not folly:
He that loveth riches I will strike with my dart,
His sight to blind, and from heaven to depart,
Except that alms be his good friend,
In hell for to dwell, world without end.
Lo, yonder I see *Everyman* walking;
Full little he thinketh on my coming;
His mind is on fleshly lusts and his treasure,
And great pain it shall cause him to endure
Before the Lord Heaven King.
Everyman, stand still; whither art thou going
Thus gaily? Hast thou thy Maker forget?
EVERYMAN. Why askst thou?
Wouldest thou wete?[1]
DEATH. Yea, sir, I will show you;
In great haste I am sent to thee
From God out of his majesty.
EVERYMAN. What, sent to me?
DEATH. Yea, certainly.
Though thou have forgot him here,
He thinketh on thee in the heavenly sphere,
As, or we depart, thou shalt know.
EVERYMAN. What desireth God of me?
DEATH. That shall I show thee;
A reckoning he will needs have
Without any longer respite.
EVERYMAN. To give a reckoning longer leisure I crave;
This blind matter troubleth my wit.
DEATH. On thee thou must take a long journey:
Therefore thy book of count[2] with thee thou bring;
For turn again thou cannot by no way,
And look thou be sure of thy reckoning:
For before God thou shalt answer, and show
Thy many bad deeds and good but a few;
How thou hast spent thy life, and in what wise,
Before the chief lord of paradise.
Have ado that we were in that way,
For, wete thou well, thou shalt make none attournay.[3]
EVERYMAN. Full unready I am such reckoning to give.
I know thee not: what messenger art thou?
DEATH. I am *Death*, that no man dreadeth.
For every man I rest and no man spareth;
For it is God's commandment
That all to me should be obedient.
EVERYMAN. O *Death*, thou comest when I had thee least in mind;
In thy power it lieth me to save,
Yet of my good will I give thee, if ye will be kind,
Yea, a thousand pound shalt thou have,
And defer this matter till another day.
DEATH. *Everyman*, it may not be by no way;
I set not by gold, silver, nor riches,
Nor by pope, emperor, king, duke, nor princes.
For and I would receive gifts great,
All the world I might get;
But my custom is clean contrary.
I give thee no respite: come hence, and not tarry.
EVERYMAN. Alas, shall I have no longer respite?
I may say *Death* giveth no warning:
To think on thee, it maketh my heart sick,
For all unready is my book of reckoning.
But twelve year and I might have abiding,
My counting book I would make so clear,
That my reckoning I should not need to fear.
Wherefore, *Death*, I pray thee, for God's mercy,
Spare me till I be provided of remedy.
DEATH. Thee availeth not to cry, weep, and pray:
But haste thee lightly that you were gone the journey,
And prove thy friends if thou can.
For, wete thou well, the tide abideth no man,

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[1] know
[2] accounts
[3] go-between

And in the world each living creature
For *Adam's* sin must die of nature.
Everyman. *Death*, if I should this pilgrimage take,
And my reckoning surely make,
Show me, for saint *Charity*,
Should I not come again shortly?
Death. No, *Everyman*; and thou be once there,
Thou mayst never more come here,
Trust me verily.
Everyman. O gracious God, in the high seat celestial,
Have mercy on me in this most need;
Shall I have no company from this vale terrestrial
Of mine acquaintance that way me to lead?
Death. Yea, if any be so hardy,
That would go with thee and bear thee company.
Hie thee that you were gone to God's magnificence,
Thy reckoning to give before his presence.
What, weenest[1] thou thy life is given thee,
And thy worldly goods also?
Everyman. I had wend so, verily.
Death. Nay, nay; it was but lent thee;
For as soon as thou art go,
Another awhile shall have it, and then go therefro
Even as thou hast done.
Everyman, thou art mad; thou hast thy wits five,
And here on earth will not amend thy life,
For suddenly I do come.
Everyman. O wretched caitiff, whither shall I flee,
That I might scape this endless sorrow!
Now, gentle *Death*, spare me till tomorrow,
That I may amend me
With good advisement.
Death. Nay, thereto I will not consent,
Nor no man will I respite,
But to the heart suddenly I shall smite
Without any advisement.
And now out of thy sight I will me hie;
See thou make thee ready shortly,
For thou mayst say this is the day
That no man living may scape away.
Everyman. Alas, I may well weep with sighs deep;
Now have I no manner of company
To help me in my journey, and me to keep;
And also my writing is full unready.
How shall I do now for to excuse me?
I would to God I had never be gete![2]
To my soul a full great profit it had be;
For now I fear pains huge and great.
The time passeth; Lord, help that all wrought;
For though I mourn it availeth nought.
The day passeth, and is almost a-go;
I wot not well what for to do.
To whom were I best my complaint to make?
What, and I to *Fellowship* thereof spake,
And showed him of this sudden chance?
For in him is all mine affiance;
We have in the world so many a day
Be on good friends in sport and play.
I see him yonder, certainly;
I trust that he will bear me company;
Therefore to him will I speak to ease my sorrow.
Well met, good *Fellowship*, and good morrow!
Fellowship speaketh. *Everyman*, good morrow by this day.
Sir, why lookest thou so piteously?
If any thing be amiss, I pray thee, me say,
That I may help to remedy.
Everyman. Yea, good *Fellowship*, yea,
I am in great jeopardy.
Fellowship. My true friend, show to me your mind;
I will not forsake thee, unto my life's end,
In the way of good company.
Everyman. That was well spoken, and lovingly.
Fellowship. Sir, I must needs know your heaviness;
I have pity to see you in any distress;
If any have you wronged ye shall revenged be,
Though I on the ground be slain for thee,—
Though that I know before that I should die.
Everyman. Verily, *Fellowship*, gramercy.
Fellowship. Tush! by thy thanks I set not a straw.
Show me your grief, and say no more.
Everyman. If I my heart should to you break,

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[1] thinkest

[2] born

And then you to turn your mind from me,
And would not me comfort, when you hear me speak,
Then should I ten times sorrier be.
FELLOWSHIP. Sir, I say as I will do in deed.
EVERYMAN. Then be you a good friend at need;
I have found you true here before.
FELLOWSHIP. And so ye shall evermore;
For, in faith, and thou go to Hell,
I will not forsake thee by the way!
EVERYMAN. Ye speak like a good friend; I believe you well;
I shall deserve it, and I may.
FELLOWSHIP. I speak of no deserving, by this day.
For he that will say and nothing do
Is not worthy with good company to go;
Therefore show me the grief of your mind,
As to your friend most loving and kind.
EVERYMAN. I shall show you how it is;
Commanded I am to go a journey,
A long way, hard and dangerous,
And give a strait count without delay
Before the high judge Adonai.[1]
Wherefore I pray you, bear me company,
As ye have promised, in this journey.
FELLOWSHIP. That is matter indeed! Promise is duty,
But, and I should take such a voyage on me,
I know it well, it should be to my pain:
Also it make me afeard, certain.
But let us take counsel here as well as we can,
For your words would fear a strong man.
EVERYMAN. Why, ye said, If I had need,
Ye would me never forsake, quick nor dead,
Though it were to hell truly.
FELLOWSHIP. So I said, certainly,
But such pleasures be set aside, thee sooth to say:
And also, if we took such a journey,
When should we come again?
EVERYMAN. Nay, never again till the day of doom.
FELLOWSHIP. In faith, then will not I come there!
Who hath you these tidings brought?
EVERYMAN. Indeed, *Death* was with me here.
FELLOWSHIP. Now, by God that all hath bought,
If *Death* were the messenger,
For no man that is living to-day
I will not go that loath journey—
Not for the father that begat me!
EVERYMAN. Ye promised other wise, pardie.
FELLOWSHIP. I wot well I say so truly;
And yet if thou wilt eat, and drink, and make good cheer,
Or haunt to women, the lusty company,
I would not forsake you, while the day is clear,
Trust me verily!
EVERYMAN. Yea, thereto ye would be ready;
To go to mirth, solace, and play,
Your mind will sooner apply
Than to bear me company in my long journey.
FELLOWSHIP. Now, in good faith, I will not that way.
But and thou wilt murder, or any man kill,
In that I will help thee with a good will!
EVERYMAN. O that is a simple advice indeed!
Gentle *Fellow*, help me in my necessity;
We have loved long, and now I need,
And now, gentle *Fellowship*, remember me.
FELLOWSHIP. Whether ye have loved me or no,
By Saint John, I will not with thee go.
EVERYMAN. Yet I pray thee, take the labor, and do so much for me
To bring me forward, for saint *Charity*,
And comfort me till I come without the town.
FELLOWSHIP. Nay, and thou would give me a new gown,
I will not a foot with thee go;
But and you had tarried I would not have left thee so.
And as now, God speed thee in thy journey,
For from thee I will depart as fast as I may.
EVERYMAN. Whither away, *Fellowship?* will you forsake me?
FELLOWSHIP. Yea, by my fay, to God I betake thee.

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[1] God

Everyman. Farewell, good *Fellowship*; for this my heart is sore;
Adieu for ever, I shall see thee no more.
Fellowship. In faith, *Everyman*, farewell now at the end;
For you I will remember that parting is mourning.
Everyman. Alack! shall we thus depart indeed?
Our Lady, help, without any more comfort,
Lo, *Fellowship* forsaketh me in my most need:
For help in this world whither shall I resort?
Fellowship herebefore with me would merry make;
And now little sorrow for me doth he take.
It is said, in prosperity men friends may find,
Which in adversity be full unkind.
Now whither for succor shall I flee,
Since that *Fellowship* hath forsaken me?
To my kinsmen I will truly,
Praying them to help me in my necessity;
I believe that they will do so,
For kind will creep where it may not go.
I will go say, for yonder I see them go.
Where be ye now, my friends and kinsmen?
Kindred. Here be we now at your commandment.
Cousin, I pray you show us your intent
In any wise, and not spare.
Cousin. Yea, *Everyman*, and to us declare
If ye be disposed to go any whither,
For wete you well, we will live and die together.
Kindred. In wealth and woe we will with you hold,
For over his kin a man may be bold.
Everyman. Gramercy, my friends and kinsmen kind.
Now shall I show you the grief of my mind:
I was commanded by a messenger,
That is an high king's chief officer;
He bade me go a pilgrimage to my pain,
And I know well I shall never come again;
Also I must give a reckoning straight,
For I have a great enemy, that hath me in wait,
Which intendeth me for to hinder.
Kindred. What account is that which ye must render?
That would I know.
Everyman. Of all my works I must show
How I have lived and my days spent;
Also of ill deeds, that I have used
In my time, since life was me lent;
And of all virtues that I have refused.
Therefore I pray you go thither with me,
To help to make mine account, for saint *Charity*.
Cousin. What, to go thither? Is that the matter?
Nay, *Everyman*, I had liefer fast[1] bread and water
All this five year and more.
Everyman. Alas, that ever I was bore![2]
For now shall I never be merry
If that you forsake me.
Kindred. Ah, sir; what, ye be a merry man!
Take good heart to you, and make no moan.
But one thing I warn you, by Saint Anne,
As for me, ye shall go alone.
Everyman. My *Cousin*, will you not with me go?
Cousin. No, by our Lady; I have the cramp in my toe.
Trust not to me, for, so God me speed,
I will deceive you in your most need.
Kindred. It availeth not us to tice.[3]
Ye shall have my maid with all my heart;
She loveth to go to feasts, there to be nice,
And to dance, and abroad to start:
I will give her leave to help you in that journey,
If that you and she may agree.
Everyman. Now show me the very effect of your mind.
Will you go with me, or abide behind?
Kindred. Abide behind? yea, that I will and I may!
Therefore farewell until another day.
Everyman. How should I be merry or glad?
For fair promises to me make,
But when I have most need, they me forsake.
I am deceived; that maketh me sad.
Cousin. Cousin *Everyman*, farewell now,
For verily I will not go with you;
Also of mine own an unready reckoning

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[1] rather fast upon

[2] born

[3] entice

I have to account; therefore I make tarrying.
Now, God keep thee, for now I go.
Everyman. Ah, *Jesus*, is all come hereto?
Lo, fair words maketh fools feign;
They promise and nothing will do certain.
My kinsmen promised me faithfully
For to abide with me steadfastly,
And now fast away do they flee:
Even so *Fellowship* promised me.
What friend were best me of to provide?
I lose my time here longer to abide.
Yet in my mind a thing there is;—
All my life I have loved riches;
If that my good now help me might,
He would make my heart full light.
I will speak to him in this distress.—
Where art thou, my *Goods* and riches?
Goods. Who calleth me? *Everyman?* what haste thou hast.
I lie here in corners, trussed and piled so high,
And in chests I am locked so fast,
Also sacked in bags, thou mayst see with thine eye,
I cannot stir; in packs low I lie.
What would ye have, lightly me say.
Everyman. Come hither, *Good*, in all the haste thou may,
For of counsel I must desire thee.
Goods. Sir, and ye in the world have trouble or adversity,
That can I help you to remedy shortly.
Everyman. It is another disease that grieveth me;
In this world it is not, I tell thee so.
I am sent for another way to go,
To give a straight account general
Before the highest *Jupiter* of all;
And all my life I have had joy and pleasure in thee.
Therefore I pray thee go with me,
For, peradventure, thou mayst before God Almighty
My reckoning help to clean and purify;
For it is said ever among,
That money maketh all right that is wrong.
Goods. Nay, *Everyman*, I sing another song,
I follow no man in such voyages;
For and I went with thee
Thou shouldst fare much the worse for me;
For because on me thou did set thy mind,
Thy reckoning I have made blotted and blind,
That thine account thou cannot make truly;
And that hast thou for the love of me.
Everyman. That would grieve me full sore,
When I should come to that fearful answer.
Up, let us go thither together.
Goods. Nay, not so, I am too brittle, I may not endure;
I will follow no man one foot, be ye sure.
Everyman. Alas, I have thee loved, and had great pleasure
All my life-days on good and treasure.
Goods. That is to thy damnation without lesing,
For my love is contrary to the love everlasting.
But if thou had me loved moderately during,
As, to the poor give part of me,
Then shouldst thou not in this dolor be,
Nor in this great sorrow and care.
Everyman. Lo, now was I deceived or I was ware,
And all I may wyte[1] my spending of time.
Goods. What, weenest thou that I am thine?
Everyman. I had wend so.
Goods. Nay, *Everyman*, I say no;
As for a while I was lent thee,
A season thou hast had me in prosperity;
My condition is man's soul to kill;
If I save one, a thousand I do spill;
Weenest thou that I will follow thee?
Nay, from this world, not verily.
Everyman. I had wend otherwise.
Goods. Therefore to thy soul *Good* is a thief;
For when thou art dead, this is my guise
Another to deceive in the same wise
As I have done thee, and all to his soul's reprief.
Everyman. O false *Good*, cursed thou be!
Thou traitor to God, that hast deceived me,
And caught me in thy snare.
Goods. Marry, thou brought thyself in care,
Whereof I am glad,
I must needs laugh, I cannot be sad.

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[1] blame

Everyman. Ah, *Good*, thou hast had long my hearty love;
I gave thee that which should be the Lord's above.
But wilt thou not go with me in deed?
I pray thee truth to say.
Goods. No, so God me speed,
Therefore farewell, and have good day.
Everyman. O, to whom shall I make my moan
For to go with me in that heavy journey?
First *Fellowship* said he would with me gone;
His words were very pleasant and gay,
But afterward he left me alone.
Then spake I to my kinsmen all in despair,
And also they gave me words fair,
They lacked no fair speaking,
But all forsake me in the ending.
Then went I to my *Goods* that I loved best,
In hope to have comfort, but there had I least;
For my *Goods* sharply did me tell
That he bringeth many into hell.
Then of myself I was ashamed,
And so I am worthy to be blamed;
Thus may I well myself hate.
Of whom shall I now counsel take?
I think that I shall never speed
Till that I go to my *Good-Deeds*,
But alas, she is so weak,
That she can neither go nor speak;
Yet will I venture on her now.—
My *Good-Deeds*, where be you?
Good-Deeds. Here I lie cold in the ground;
Thy sins hath me sore bound,
That I cannot stir.
Everyman. O, *Good-Deeds*, I stand in fear;
I must you pray of counsel,
For help now should come right well.
Good-Deeds. *Everyman*, I have understanding
That ye be summoned account to make
Before *Messias*, of Jerusalem King;
And you do by me[1] that journey with you will I take.
Everyman. Therefore I come to you, my moan to make;
I pray you, that ye will go with me.
Good-Deeds. I would full fain, but I cannot stand verily.
Everyman. Why, is there anything on you fall?
Good-Deeds. Yea, sir, I may thank you of all;
If ye had perfectly cheered me,
Your book of account now full ready had be.
Look, the books of your works and deeds eke;
Oh, see how they lie under the feet,
To your soul's heaviness.
Everyman. Our Lord *Jesus*, help me!
For one letter here I cannot see.
Good-Deeds. There is a blind reckoning in time of distress!
Everyman. *Good-Deeds*, I pray you, help me in this need,
Or else I am for ever damned indeed;
Therefore help me to make reckoning
Before the redeemer of all things,
That king is, and was, and ever shall.
Good-Deeds. *Everyman*, I am sorry of your fall,
And fain would I help you, and I were able.
Everyman. *Good-Deeds*, your counsel I pray you give me.
Good-Deeds. That shall I do verily;
Though that on my feet I may not go.
I have a sister, that shall with you also,
Called *Knowledge*, which shall with you abide,
To help you to make that dreadful reckoning.
Knowledge. *Everyman*, I will go with thee, and be thy guide,
In thy most need to go by thy side.
Everyman. In good condition I am now in every thing,
And am wholly content with this good thing;
Thanked be God my Creator.
Good-Deeds. And when he hath brought thee there,
Where thou shalt heal thee of thy smart,
Then go you with your reckoning and your *Good-Deeds* together
For to make you joyful at heart
Before the blessed Trinity.
Everyman. My *Good-Deeds*, gramercy;
I am well content, certainly,
With your words sweet.

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[1] take my advice

Knowledge. Now go we together lovingly,
To *Confession*, that cleansing river.
Everyman. For joy I weep; I would we were there;
But, I pray you, give me cognition[1]
Where dwelleth that holy man, *Confession.*
Knowledge. In the house of salvation:
We shall find him in that place,
That shall us comfort by God's grace.
Lo, this is *Confession*; kneel down and ask mercy,
For he is in good conceit with God Almighty.
Everyman. O glorious fountain that all uncleanness doth clarify,
Wash from me the spots of vices unclean,
That on me no sin may be seen;
I come with *Knowledge* for my redemption,
Repent with hearty and full contrition;
For I am commanded a pilgrimage to take,
And great accounts before God to make.
Now, I pray you, *Shrift*, mother of salvation,
Help my good deeds for my piteous exclamation.
Confession. I know your sorrow well, *Everyman*;
Because with *Knowledge* ye come to me,
I will you comfort as well as I can,
And a precious jewel I will give thee,
Called penance, wise voider of adversity;
Therewith shall your body chastised be,
With abstinence and perseverance in God's service:
Here shall you receive that scourge of me
Which is penance strong, that ye must endure,
To remember thy Savior was scourged for thee
With sharp scourges, and suffered it patiently;
So must thou, or thou scape that painful pilgrimage;
Knowledge, keep him in this voyage,
And by that time *Good-Deeds* will be with thee.
But in any wise, be sure of mercy,
For your time draweth fast, and ye will saved be;
Ask God mercy, and He will grant truly,
When with the scourge of penance man doth him bind,
The oil of forgiveness then shall he find.
Everyman. Thanked be God for his gracious work!
For now I will my penance begin;
This hath rejoiced and lighted my heart,
Though the knots be painful and hard within.
Knowledge. *Everyman*, look your penance that ye fulfil,
What pain that ever it to you be,
And *Knowledge* shall give you counsel at will,
How your accounts ye shall make clearly.
Everyman. O eternal God, O heavenly figure,
O way of rightwiseness, O goodly vision,
Which descended down in a virgin pure
Because he would *Everyman* redeem,
Which *Adam* forfeited by his disobedience;
O blessed Godhead, elect and high-divine,
Forgive my grievous offence;
Here I cry thee mercy in this presence.
O ghostly treasure, O ransomer and redeemer
Of all the world, hope and conductor,
Mirror of joy, and founder of mercy,
Which illumineth heaven and earth thereby,
Hear my clamorous complaint, though it late be;
Receive my prayers; unworthy in this heavy life,
Though I be, a sinner most abominable,
Yet let my name be written in *Moses'* table;
O *Mary*, pray to the Maker of all thing,
Me for to help at my ending,
And save me from the power of my enemy,
For *Death* assaileth me strongly;
And, Lady, that I may by means of thy prayer
Of your Son's glory to be partaker,
By the means of his passion I it crave,
I beseech you, help my soul to save.—
Knowledge, give me the scourge of penance;
My flesh therewith shall give a quittance:
I will now begin, if God give me grace.

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[1] information

Knowledge. *Everyman*, God give you time and space:
Thus I bequeath you in the hands of our Savior,
Thus may you make your reckoning sure.
Everyman. In the name of the Holy Trinity,
My body sore punished shall be:
Take this body for the sin of the flesh;
Also thou delightest to go gay and fresh,
And in the way of damnation thou did me bring;
Therefore suffer now strokes and punishing.
Now of penance I will wade the water clear
To save me from purgatory, that sharp fire.
Good-Deeds. I thank God, now I can walk and go;
And am delivered of my sickness and woe.
Therefore with *Everyman* I will go, and not spare;
His good works I will help him to declare.
Knowledge. Now, *Everyman*, be merry and glad;
Your *Good-Deeds* cometh now; ye may not be sad;
Now is your *Good-Deeds* whole and sound,
Going upright upon the ground.
Everyman. My heart is light, and shall be evermore;
Now will I smite faster than I did before.
Good-Deeds. *Everyman*, pilgrim, my special friend,
Blessed be thou without end;
For thee is prepared the eternal glory.
Ye have me made whole and sound,
Therefore I will bide by thee in every stound.[1]
Everyman. Welcome, my *Good-Deeds*; now I hear thy voice,
I weep for very sweetness of love.
Knowledge. Be no more sad, but ever rejoice,
God seeth thy living in his throne above;
Put on this garment to thy behove,[2]
Which is wet with your tears,
Or else before God you may it miss,
When you to your journey's end come shall.
Everyman. Gentle *Knowledge*, what do you it call?
Knowledge. It is a garment of sorrow:
From pain it will you borrow;
Contrition it is,
That getteth forgiveness;
It pleaseth God passing well.
Good-Deeds. *Everyman*, will you wear it for your heal?[3]
Everyman. Now blessed be *Jesu*, *Mary's* Son!
For now have I on true contrition.
And let us go now without tarrying;
Good-Deeds, have we clear our reckoning?
Good-Deeds. Yea, indeed I have it here.
Everyman. Then I trust we need not fear;
Now, friends, let us not part in twain.
Knowledge. Nay, *Everyman*, that will we not, certain.
Good-Deeds. Yet must thou lead with thee
Three persons of great might.
Everyman. Who should they be?
Good-Deeds. *Discretion* and *Strength* they hight,[4]
And thy *Beauty* may not abide behind.
Knowledge. Also ye must call to mind
Your *Five-Wits* as for your counselors.
Good-Deeds. You must have them ready at all hours.
Everyman. How shall I get them hither?
Knowledge. You must call them all together,
And they will hear you incontinent.
Everyman. My friends, come hither and be present
Discretion, *Strength*, my *Five-Wits*, and *Beauty*.
Beauty. Here at your will we be all ready.
What will ye that we should do?
Good-Deeds. That ye would with *Everyman* go,
And help him in his pilgrimage,
Advise you, will ye with him or not in that voyage?
Strength. We will bring him all thither,
To his help and comfort, ye may believe me.
Discretion. So will we go with him all together.
Everyman. Almighty God, loved thou be,
I give thee laud[5] that I have hither brought

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[1] season [2] profit [3] health [4] are called [5] praise

Strength, *Discretion*, *Beauty*, and *Five-Wits*; lack I nought;
And my *Good-Deeds*, with *Knowledge* clear,
All be in my company at my will here;
I desire no more to my business.

STRENGTH. And I, *Strength*, will by you stand in distress,
Though thou would in battle fight on the ground.

FIVE-WITS. And though it were through the world round,
We will not depart for sweet nor sour.

BEAUTY. No more will I unto death's hour,
Whatsoever thereof befall.

DISCRETION. *Everyman*, advise you first of all;
Go with a good advisement and deliberation;
We all give you virtuous monition
That all shall be well.

EVERYMAN. My friends, hearken what I will tell:
I pray God reward you in his heavenly sphere.
Now hearken, all that be here,
For I will make my testament
Here before you all present.
In alms half my good I will give with my hands twain
In the way of charity, with good intent,
And the other half still shall remain
In quiet to be returned there it ought to be.
This I do in despite of the fiend of hell
To go quite out of his peril
Ever after and this day.

KNOWLEDGE. *Everyman*, hearken what I say;
Go to priesthood, I you advise,
And receive of him in any wise
The holy sacrament and ointment together;
Then shortly see ye turn again hither;
We will all abide you here.

FIVE-WITS. Yea, *Everyman*, hie you that ye ready were,
There is no emperor, king, duke, nor baron,
That of God hath commission,
As hath the least priest in the world being;
For of the blessed sacraments pure and benign,
He beareth the keys and thereof hath the cure
For man's redemption, it is ever sure;
Which God for our soul's medicine
Gave us out of his heart with great pine;
Here in this transitory life, for thee and me
The blessed sacraments seven there be,
Baptism, confirmation, with priesthood good,
And the sacrament of God's precious flesh and blood,
Marriage, the holy extreme unction, and penance;
These seven be good to have in remembrance,
Gracious sacraments of high divinity.

EVERYMAN. Fain would I receive that holy body
And meekly to my ghostly father I will go.

FIVE-WITS. *Everyman*, that is the best that ye can do:
God will you to salvation bring,
For priesthood exceedeth all other thing;
To us Holy Scripture they do teach,
And converteth man from sin heaven to reach;
God hath to them more power given,
Than to any angel that is in heaven;
With five words he may consecrate
God's body in flesh and blood to make,
And handleth his maker between his hands;
The priest bindeth and unbindeth all bands,
Both in earth and in heaven;
Thou ministers all the sacraments seven;
Though we kissed thy feet thou were worthy;
Thou art surgeon that cureth sin deadly:
No remedy we find under God
But all only priesthood.
Everyman, God gave priests that dignity,
And setteth them in his stead among us to be;
Thus be they above angels in degree.

KNOWLEDGE. If priests be good it is so surely;
But when Jesus hanged on the cross with great smart
There he gave, out of his blessed heart,
The same sacrament in great torment:
He sold them not to us, that Lord Omnipotent.

Therefore Saint Peter the apostle doth say
That Jesus' curse hath all they
Which God their Savior do buy or sell,
Or they for any money do take or tell.
Sinful priests giveth the sinners example bad;
Their children sitteth by other men's fires, I have heard;
And some haunteth women's company,
With unclean life, as lusts of lechery:
These be with sin made blind.
Five-Wits. I trust to God no such may we find;
Therefore let us priesthood honor,
And follow their doctrine for our souls' succor;
We be their sheep, and they shepherds be
By whom we all be kept in surety.
Peace, for yonder I see *Everyman* come,
Which hath made true satisfaction.
Good-Deeds. Methinketh it is he indeed.
Everyman. Now Jesu be our alder speed.[1]
I have received the sacrament for my redemption,
And then mine extreme unction:
Blessed be all they that counseled me to take it!
And now, friends, let us go without longer respite;
I thank God that ye have tarried so long.
Now set each of you on this rod your hand,
And shortly follow me:
I go before, there I would be; God be our guide.
Strength. *Everyman*, we will not from you go,
Till ye have gone this voyage long.
Discretion. I, *Discretion*, will bide by you also.
Knowledge. And though this pilgrimage be never so strong,
I will never part you fro:
Everyman, I will be as sure by thee
As ever I did by Judas Maccabee.
Everyman. Alas, I am so faint I may not stand,
My limbs under me do fold;
Friends, let us not turn again to this land,
Not for all the world's gold.
For into this cave must I creep
And turn to the earth and there to sleep.
Beauty. What, into this grave? alas!
Everyman. Yea, there shall you consume more and less.
Beauty. And what, should I smother here?
Everyman. Yea, by my faith, and never more appear.
In this world live no more we shall,
But in heaven before the highest Lord of all.
Beauty. I cross out all this; adieu by Saint *John;*
I take my tap in my lap and am gone.[2]
Everyman. What, *Beauty*, whither will ye?
Beauty. Peace, I am deaf; I look not behind me,
Not and thou would give me all the gold in thy chest.
Everyman. Alas, whereto may I trust?
Beauty goeth fast away hie;
She promised with me to live and die.
Strength. *Everyman*, I will thee also forsake and deny;
Thy game liketh me not at all.
Everyman. Why, then ye will forsake me all.
Sweet Strength, tarry a little space.
Strength. Nay, sir, by the rood of grace
I will hie me from thee fast,
Though thou weep till thy heart brast.[3]
Everyman. Ye would ever bide by me, ye said.
Strength. Yea, I have you far enough conveyed;
Ye be old enough, I understand,
Your pilgrimage to take on hand;
I repent me that I hither came.
Everyman. *Strength*, you to displease I am to blame;
Will you break promise that is debt?
Strength. In faith, I care not;
Thou art but a fool to complain,
You spend your speech and waste your brain;
Go thrust thee into the ground.
Everyman. I had wend surer I should you have found.
He that trusteth in his *Strength*
She him deceiveth at the length.
Both *Strength* and *Beauty* forsaketh me,
Yet they promised me fair and lovingly.
Discretion. *Everyman*, I will after *Strength* be gone,

---

[1] best help

[2] distaff in my lap and go home (expression drawn from spinning)

[3] burst

As for me I will leave you alone.
Everyman. Why, *Discretion*, will ye forsake me?
Discretion. Yea, in faith, I will go from thee,
For when *Strength* goeth before
I follow after evermore.
Everyman. Yet, I pray thee, for the love of the Trinity,
Look in my grave once piteously.
Discretion. Nay, so nigh will I not come.
Farewell, every one!
Everyman. O all thing faileth, save God alone;
Beauty, *Strength*, and *Discretion;*
For when *Death* bloweth his blast,
They all run from me full fast.
Five-Wits. *Everyman*, my leave now of thee I take;
I will follow the other, for here I thee forsake.
Everyman. Alas! then may I wail and weep,
For I took you for my best friend.
Five-Wits. I will no longer thee keep;
Now farewell, and there an end.
Everyman. O Jesu, help, all hath forsaken me!
Good-Deeds. Nay, *Everyman*, I will bide with thee,
I will not forsake thee indeed;
Thou shalt find me a good friend at need.
Everyman. Gramercy, *Good-Deeds;* now may I true friends see;
They have forsaken me every one;
I loved them better than my *Good-Deeds* alone.
Knowledge, will ye forsake me also?
Knowledge. Yea, *Everyman*, when ye to death do go:
But not yet for no manner of danger.
Everyman. Gramercy, *Knowledge,* with all my heart.
Knowledge. Nay, yet I will not from hence depart,
Till I see where ye shall be come.
Everyman. Methinketh, alas, that I must be gone,
To make my reckoning and my debts pay,
For I see my time is nigh spent away.
Take example, all ye that this do hear or see,
How they that I loved best do forsake me,
Except my *Good-Deeds* that bideth truly.
Good-Deeds. All earthly things is but vanity:
Beauty, *Strength*, and *Discretion*, do man forsake,
Foolish friends and kinsmen, that fair spake,
All fleeth save *Good-Deeds*, and that am I.
Everyman. Have mercy on me, God most mighty;
And stand by me, thou Mother and Maid, holy *Mary*.
Good-Deeds. Fear not, I will speak for thee.
Everyman. Here I cry God mercy.
Good-Deeds. Short our end, and minish our pain;
Let us go and never come again.
Everyman. Into thy hands, Lord, my soul I commend;
Receive it, Lord, that it be not lost;
As thou me boughtest, so me defend,
And save me from the fiend's boast,
That I may appear with that blessed host
That shall be saved at the day of doom.
In manus tuas[1]—of might's most
For ever—*commendo spiritum meum.*[2]
Knowledge. Now hath he suffered that we all shall endure;
The *Good-Deeds* shall make all sure.
Now hath he made ending;
Methinketh that I hear angels sing
And make great joy and melody,
Where *Everyman's* soul received shall be.
Angel. Come, excellent elect spouse to Jesu:
Hereabove thou shalt go
Because of thy singular virtue:
Now the soul is taken the body fro;
Thy reckoning is crystal-clear.
Now shalt thou into the heavenly sphere,
Unto the which all ye shall come
That liveth well before the day of doom.
Doctor. This moral men may have in mind;
Ye hearers, take it of worth, old and young,
And forsake pride, for he deceiveth you in the end,
And remember *Beauty*, *Five-Wits*, *Strength*, and *Discretion*,

---

[1] into thy hands

[2] I commend my soul

They all at the last do *Everyman* forsake,
Save his *Good-Deeds*, there doth he take.
But beware, and they be small
Before God, he hath no help at all.
None excuse may be there for *Everyman:*
Alas, how shall he do then?
For after death amends may no man make,
For then mercy and pity do him forsake.
If his reckoning be not clear when he do come,
God will say—*ite maledicti in ignem æternum.*[1]
And he that hath his account whole and sound,
High in heaven he shall be crowned;
Unto which place God bring us all thither
That we may live body and soul together.
Thereto help the Trinity,
Amen, say ye, for saint *Charity.*

---

[1] hence accursed, into eternal fire

SIR THOMAS WYATT

1503-1542

Sir Thomas Wyatt is perhaps the most significant figure in English literature between Chaucer and Spenser. To him is due the credit for having introduced the sonnet as a form into English. He wrote in all thirty-one sonnets; and although seventeen of them have been traced as being translations or adaptations from the work of Petrarch, not one of them fails to bear the stamp of his individual genius. Besides sonnets, he wrote a number of lyrics, some epigrams and satires, and a group of penitential psalms. His work at times lacks polish, and frequently his sentiment is exaggerated; but at all times he displays a strength of idea beyond the powers of many of his contemporaries, including the Earl of Surrey, perhaps his chief disciple. His work was first published in Tottel's *Miscellany*, 1557, the earliest collection of poems to be printed in English.

Wyatt was a courtier and a man of thought, typically of the Renaissance. He was born in Kent in 1503 and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, from which he proceeded M.A. in 1520. In 1526 he began his diplomatic career by serving on a mission to France, following it by one to Italy during the next year. Between 1528 and 1532 he was marshal of Calais. Upon his return he lived at court, and falling into disfavor upon the overthrow of Anne Boleyn in 1536, he was for a time confined in the Tower. He was shortly released, however, and spent the next several years as ambassador to Spain and, later, to Flanders. In 1540 he was rewarded for his services by gifts of land, but a year later he was again committed to the Tower. His own powerful defense obtained his acquittal and release, and he again found himself in favor with the king. In 1542, setting out upon a mission to meet the Spanish ambassador, he fell ill, died suddenly, and was buried at Sherburne.

THE LOVER FOR SHAME-FASTNESS HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEART

The long love that in my thought doth harbor,
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,
And therein campeth spreading his banner.
She that me learns to love and suffer,
And wills that in my trust, and lust's negligence,[1]
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,
With his hardiness takes displeasure.
Wherewithal[2] unto the heart's forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.
What may I do, when my master feareth?
But in the field with him to live and die?
For good is the life ending faithfully.

---

[1] careless confidence

[2] whereupon

DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOUS PASSIONS IN A LOVER

I find no peace, and all my war is done;
I fear and hope, I burn, and freeze like ice;
I fly above the wind, yet can I not arise;
And nought I have, and all the world I seize on,
That loseth nor locketh, holdeth me in prison,
And holdeth me not, yet can I scape no wise;
Nor letteth me live, nor die, at my devise,[1]
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eye I see; and without tongue I plain:[2]
I desire to perish, and yet I ask health;
I love another, and thus I hate myself;
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
Likewise displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

THE LOVER SENDETH SIGHS TO MOVE HIS SUIT

Go, burning sighs, unto the frozen heart;
Go, break the ice which pity's painful dart
Might never pierce: and if mortal prayer
In heaven may be heard, at least I desire
That death or mercy be end of smart.
Take with thee pain, whereof I have my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot start,
And leave me then in rest, I you require.
Go, burning sighs, fulfill that I desire,
I must go work, I see, by craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart:
Alas, I cannot therefore assail her,
With pitiful complaint and scalding fire,
That from my breast deceivably doth start.

THE LOVER BESEECHETH HIS MISTRESS NOT TO FORGET HIS STEADFAST FAITH AND TRUE INTENT

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet, forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is,
The mind that never meant amiss—
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved:
Forget not this!

---

[1] desire

[2] lament

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

ca. 1516-1547

The work of Surrey, like that of Wyatt, was first published in Tottel's *Miscellany*. He was closely a disciple of the older poet, showing to better advantage in verse forms and in grace, but never attaining the virility in conception of his master. Like Wyatt, he was instrumental in developing the sonnet form in English and in introducing Italian forms. His chief contribution, however, lies in the fact that he was the first Englishman to use blank verse of the five-stress iambic measure—which was the measure in which he wrote his translation of Virgil's *Æneid.*

Surrey was born about 1516, the eldest son of Lord Thomas Howard. He became the Earl of Surrey in 1524, when his father became the Duke of Norfolk. His early years were spent in company with the Duke of Richmond, a natural son of Henry VIII. At the age of sixteen he married the Lady Frances Vere, who became the inspiration of several of his lyrics. He spent his short life in a variety of activities, being a soldier, an envoy, a courtier, and a poet. In 1543 he distinguished himself at the siege of Landrecies, and a year later at that of Boulogne. Upon his return, however, finding the king about to die, he busied himself in having his father established as regent for the boy king, Edward VI, as Norfolk had every right to become. His activity was construed as high treason. He was arrested, imprisoned at Windsor, and finally executed in 1547.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING WHEREIN EACH THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER

The soote[1] season that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle[2] to her mate hath told her tale:
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes float with new repairéd scale;
The adder all her slough away she slings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings.[3]
Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale:
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER REBUKED

Love, that doth reign and live within my thought,
And build his seat within my captive breast,
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
But she that taught me love, and suffer pain,
My doubtful hope and eke my hot desire
With shamefast look to shadow and refrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
And coward Love then to the heart apace
Taketh his flight, where he doth lurk and plain
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pain.
Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove;
Sweet is the death that taketh end by love.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

Martial,[4] the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground; the quiet mind;
The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, no governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;
The mean[5] diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night dischargéd of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;
The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night:
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

OF THE DEATH OF SIR T[HOMAS] W[YATT]

W. resteth here, that quick could never rest;
Whose heavenly gifts, encreaséd by disdain,
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast;
Such profit he by envy could obtain.
A head where wisdom mysteries did frame;
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain
As on a stithe[6] where that some work of fame
Was daily wrought to turn to Britain's gain.
A visage stern and mild, where both did grow,
Vice to condemn, in virtue to rejoice;
Amid great storms, whom grace assuréd so
To live upright and smile at fortune's choice.
A hand that taught what might be said in rime;
That reft[7] Chaucer the glory of his wit:
A mark, the which (unperfected, for time)
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.
A tongue that served in foreign realms his king;
Whose courteous talk to virtue did enflame
Each noble heart; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth by travail unto fame.
An eye whose judgment none affect[8] could blind,
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught, reposéd, void of guile.
A heart where dread was never so imprest,
To hide the thought that might the truth advance;

---

[1] sweet
[2] dove
[3] mixes
[4] Latin poet. The poem is a paraphrase of Martial's *To Himself.*
[5] moderate
[6] anvil
[7] took from
[8] no affections

In neither fortune lost, nor yet represt,
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.
A valiant corse,[1] where force and beauty met;
Happy, alas, too happy, but for foes!
Livéd, and ran the race that Nature set:
Of manhood's shape, where she the mold did lose.
But to the heavens that simple[2] soul is fled,
Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,
Witness of faith that never shall be dead,
Sent for our health, but not receivéd so.
Thus for our guilt, this jewel have we lost;
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost!

---

[1] lady

[2] uncorrupted

EDMUND SPENSER

ca. 1552-1599

The work of Edmund Spenser is memorable not only for itself but also because out of it sprang the impulse of some of the greatest poetry written during the next three hundred years. For instance, he brought back to English verse the easy fluency that had died with the passing of Chaucer; he brought "poetic diction" into being; and by mastering the intricate possibilities of the language, he reduced it to the service of the poet, whereupon stiffness of poetic idiom was overcome.

In 1579 he published *The Shepheard's Calendar*, a group of twelve eclogues, which set forth a new note in English verse. In it he was experimenting with new meters and the poetic principles which interested literary men of his time. Eleven years later appeared the first three books of *The Faerie Queene*, a work which he was later to continue, but which he never finished. It is an heroic poem, patterned after the work of Tasso and Ariosto, but none the less English in content and style. In it he draws upon the Arthurian legend as a means of treating in allegory the distinguished figures of his own day and the ideas of paramount interest, the whole being addressed to Queen Elizabeth. Besides these works, he published *Complaints* in 1591, *Daphnaida* in 1591, *Astrophel* in 1595, *Amoretti* and *Epithalamion* in 1595, Books IV-VI of *The Faerie Queene* in 1596, *Four Hymns* in 1596, and *Prothalamion* in 1596. After his death appeared Book VII of *The Faerie Queene*, 1609, and a prose work, *View of the Present State of Ireland*, 1633. There were also other works, which, unfortunately, have been lost. They included, among others, nine English comedies, which, according to Gabriel Harvey, one of Spenser's closest friends, were inimitable "for finenesse of plausible Elocution and rarenesse of Poetical Invention."

Spenser was born in London, according to one of his sonnets, in 1552. He attended the Merchant Tailors' School, coming under the instruction of one of the most famous of English schoolmasters, Richard Mulcaster. In 1569 he entered Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in the study of languages. While at Cambridge he came to know Gabriel Harvey, afterward a distinguished scholar, who remained his friend during his whole life. He proceeded M.A. in 1576 and went to London as a secretary to the Earl of Leicester. In this service he formed many valuable associates, with some of whom, notably Sir Philip Sidney, he helped to form a famous literary club, the Areopagus. In 1580 he went to Ireland as secretary to the lord deputy; and for seven years he lived in Dublin, an extremely popular official. In 1586 he secured the grant of an estate in Cork, which included the old castle of Kilcolman, and it was here that he met Sir Walter Raleigh, who was his neighbor. To him he showed the first three books of *The Faerie Queene*. Raleigh was delighted with the work and urged Spenser to accompany him to London and seek favor with the queen. Accordingly Spenser read his poem at court. Elizabeth was delighted with it. But the poet's hope of favor was almost vain, for he was awarded an annual pension of only fifty pounds. He returned to Ireland in disappointment. In 1594 he married Elizabeth Boyle, to whom he had addressed earlier a sonnet sequence, *Amoretti*. During an uprising, four years later, his castle was burned and he was forced to return to London, where he died a few months later. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

From THE FAERIE QUEENE

Book I

CANTO I

The Patron of true Holinesse,
Foule Errour doth defeate:
Hypocrisie him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

A Gentle Knight was pricking[1] on the plaine,
Y-cladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloudy fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he ever wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

But on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest *Gloriana*[2] to him gave,
That greatest Glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon[3] horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie[4] rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seeméd in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line[5] a milke white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe[6] did lag,
That lasie seemed in being ever last,
Or wearièd with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry *Jove* an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That every wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not far away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred arre.

---

[1] riding
[2] Queen Elizabeth
[3] The dragon signifies sin
[4] Una, who represents truth
[5] by a cord
[6] The dwarf signifies prudence

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they prayse the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine,[1] the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar never dry,[2]
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staves, the Cypresse funerall.[3]

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,[4]
The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,[5]
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt, their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hallow cave,
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the Dwarfe awhile his needlesse spere he gave.

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke
Sir knight with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah Ladie (said he) shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
I better wot then you, though now too late,
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forcéd to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours den*
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe:) this is no place for living men.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,

---

[1] used for the masts of ships
[2] grows best in damp soil
[3] symbol of death
[4] exudes resin
[5] fragrant to smell, bitter to taste

Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favoréd:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

Their dam upstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushéd forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her curséd head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle
Arméd to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,
Where plaine none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

Which when the valiant Elfe[1] perceiv'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trench and blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forcéd her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay:
Who nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd,
Yet kindling rage, her self she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly body raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho wrapping up her wrethéd sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine:
God helpe the man so wrapt in *Errours* endlesse traine.

His Lady sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, Now now Sir Knight, shew what ye bee,
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall[2] did grate[3] for griefe and high disdaine,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumpes of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiléd has.

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
With timely pride above the *Ægyptian* vale,
His fattie waves do fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plane and lowly dale:
But when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly female of his fruitfull seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

The same so sore annoyéd has the knight,
That welnigh chokéd with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no longer fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceiv'd to shrinke,
She pouréd forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull curséd spawne of serpents small,
Deforméd monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,

---

[1] the knight
[2] anger
[3] increase

Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle Shepheard in sweete even-tide,
When ruddy *Phœbus* gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which do byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of combrous gnattes do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
Then of the certaine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And strooke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthie sin
He raft her hatefull head without remorse;
A streame of cole black bloud forth gushéd from her corse.

Her scattred brood, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth: but being there withstood
They flockéd all about her bleeding wound,
And suckéd up their dying mothers blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th'unkindly Impes of heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst:
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

His Ladie, seeing all that chaunst, from farre
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And said, Faire knight, borne under happy starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye:
Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish, that like succeed it may.

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine.
Ne ever would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passeth forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he travelléd, before he heard of ought.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An agéd Sire,[1] in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemed, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent.
Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
And all the way he prayéd, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after askéd him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,

---

[1] Archimago, a magician, representing hypocrisy

Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father fits not with such things to mell.

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred evill ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquere,
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a curséd creature lives so long a space.

Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.
Now (sayd the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might?
The Sunne that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the *Ocean* waves emong.

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night they say gives counsell best.
Right well Sir knight ye have adviséd bin,
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your In[1]
For this same night. The knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travell to and froe: a little wyde[2]
There was an holy Chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy thinges each morne and eventyde:
Thereby a Christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welléd forth alway.

Arrivéd there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas:
For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas;
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guests he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his study goes, and there amiddes
His Magick bookes and artes of sundry kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

Then choosing out few wordes most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke *Plutoes* griesly Dame,[3]
And curséd heaven, and spake reprochfull shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

---

[1] resting place
[2] distance
[3] Proserpine

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes
Fluttring about his ever damnéd hed,
A-waite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friends, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

He making speedy way through sperséd ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To *Morpheus* house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never pepe,
His dwelling is; there *Tethys*[1] his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and *Cynthia*[2] still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

Whose double gates he findeth lockéd fast.
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakefull dogges before them farre do lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto *Morpheus* comes, whom drownéd deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walléd towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

The messenger approching to him spake,
But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forcéd him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of *Hecate:*[3] whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
Halfe angry askéd him, for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

The God obayde, and calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of carefull carke,
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

CANTO II

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

By this the Northerne wagoner[4] had set
His sevenfold teme[5] behind the stedfast starre,[6]

---

[1] ocean
[2] moon
[3] chief of the witches
[4] Boötes
[5] Dipper
[6] North Star

That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all, that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warnéd once, that *Phœbus* fiery carre[1]
In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

When those accurséd messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forgéd Spright
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad *Proserpines* wrath, them to affright.
But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his balefull bookes againe.

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loves and lusty-hed
His wanton dayes that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed,
Covered with darknesse and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feignéd faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast,
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearefull frights,
As one aghast with feends or damnéd sprights,
And to him cals, Rise rise unhappy Swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themselves in *Venus* shamefull chaine;
Come see, where your false Lady doth her honour staine.

All in amaze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and lewd embracément:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire,
The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restreinéd of that agéd sire.

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guiltie sight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire *Hesperus* in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light,
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The Dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away do fly.

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of agéd *Tithones* saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils *Titan*[1] discoveréd,
The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each houre;
Then gan she waile and weepe, to see that woefull stowre.

And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slow beast could make, but all in vaine;
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Prickéd with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest,

[1] sun

But every hill and dale, each wood and plaine
Did search, sore grievéd in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whom she lovéd best.

But subtill *Archimago*, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And *Una* wandring in woods and forrests,
Th'end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning harts;
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mightie science[1] he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever *Proteus*[2] to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
That of himselfe he oft for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden power of herbes, and might of Magicke spell?

But now seemde best, the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiléd guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon:
And silver shield: upon his coward brest
A bloudy crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of haires discolourd diversly:
Full jolly knight he seemde, and well addrest,
And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would have deeméd him to be.

But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true *Saint George* was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin[3] all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy:[4] full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and caréd not for God or man a point.

He had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady[5] clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a *Persian* mitre on her hed
She wore, with crownes and owches garnishéd,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

With faire disport and courting dalliaunce
She intertainde her lover all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickt with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth spurréd fast: adowne his coursers side
The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did ride.

The knight of the *Redcrosse* when him he spide,
Spurring so hote with rage dispeteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds do stagger, and amazéd stand,
And eke themselves too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Do backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

As when two rams stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleecéd flocke,
Their hornéd fronts so fierce on either side
Do meete, that with the terrour of the shocke
Astonied both, stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:

---

[1] magic
[2] sea god
[3] pagan
[4] without faith
[5] Duessa, representing falsehood

So stood these twaine, unmovéd as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely,
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The *Sarazin* sore daunted with the buffe
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruelties
Does seeke to perce: repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning shields,
And streames of purple bloud new dies the verdant fields.

Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the *Sarazin*).
That keepes thy body from the bitter fit;[1]
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarnéd it:
But yet I warne thee now assuréd sitt,
And hide thy head. Therewith upon his crest
With rigour so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield, from blame him fairely blest.[2]

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alive,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules do fly of men, that live amis.

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
The *Sarazins* shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

She turning backe with ruefull countenaunce,
Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe to show
On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty will. Her humblesse low
In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart,
And said, Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament:
The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was (O what now availeth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pas.

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothéd me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hopéd day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire,
Into the hands of his accurséd fone,
And cruelly was slaine, that shall I ever mone.

His blesséd body spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid
And from me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me, unhappy maid,
O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid.
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love, long time did languish as the striken hind.

[1] death

[2] delivered

At last it chauncéd this proud *Sarazin*,
To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he liv'de, was calléd proud *Sans foy*,[1]
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans joy*,[2]
And twixt them both was borne the bloudy bold *Sans loy*.[3]

In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
Craving of you in pitty of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell;
And said, faire Lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeservéd woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe, that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said.
With chaunge of cheare the seeming simple maid
Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid,
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And she coy lookes: so dainty they say maketh derth.

Long time they thus together traveiléd,
Till weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,
And their greene leaves trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadow far in compasse round:
The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th'unlucky ground.

But this good knight soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastly got:
For golden *Phœbus* now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurléd his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it enduréd not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes there as they sit:
And in his falséd fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that livéd yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit,
And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough: out of whose rift there came
Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled downe the same.

Therewith a piteous yelling voyce was heard,
Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard,
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love,
O too deare love, love bought with death too deare.
Astond he stood, and up his haire did hove,
And with the suddein horror could no member move.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake:
What voyce of damnéd Ghost from *Limbo* lake,[4]
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,

[1] without faith [2] without joy [3] without law [4] Hades

Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake,
Sends to my doubtfull eares these speaches rare,[1]
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare?

Then groning deepe, Nor damnéd Ghost (quoth he),
Nor guilefull sprite to thee these words doth speake,
But once a man *Fradubio*,[2] now a tree,
Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake,
A cruell witch her curséd will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
Where *Boreas*[3] doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines:
For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the knight, by whose mischievous arts
Art thou misshapéd thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who striveth to suppresse.
The author then (said he) of all my smarts,
Is one *Duessa* a false sorceresse,
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot
The fire of love and joy of chevalree
First kindled in my brest, it was my lot
To love this gentle Lady, whom ye see,
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chauncéd of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his syde,
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle *Duessa* hyde.

Whose forgéd beauty he did take in hand,[4]
All other Dames to have exceeded farre;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre:
So both to battell fierce arraungéd arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare: such is the dye of warre:
His Lady left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person, to be at my call.

So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike faire,
Th'one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;
A Rosy girlond was the victors meede:
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Fralissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And ever false *Duessa* seemde as faire as shee.

The wicked witch now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
And by her hellish science raisd streightway
A foggy mist, that overcast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
Dimméd her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

Then cride she out, Fye, fye, deforméd wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To have before bewitchéd all mens sight;
O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faignéd paine,
The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold;
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.[5]

Thenceforth I tooke *Duessa* for my Dame,
And in the witch unweening joyd long time,
Ne ever wist, but that she was the same,
Till on a day (that day is every Prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her, I did deadly rew.

---

[1] faint
[2] of doubtful faith
[3] north wind
[4] maintain
[5] shape of a tree

Her neather partes misshapen, monstruous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleeve to bee.
Thenceforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assur'd decay
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

The divelish hag by chaunge of my cheare[1]
Perceiv'd my thought, and drownd in sleepie night,
With wicked herbes and ointments did besmeare
My bodie all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereavéd quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight,
Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie dayes we waste.

But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
Are you in this misforméd house to dwell?
We may not chaunge (quoth he) this evil plight,
Till we be bathéd in a living well;
That is the terme prescribéd by the spell.
O how, said he, mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?[2]
Time and suffiséd fates to former kynd[3]
Shall us restore, none else from hence may us ynbynd.

The false *Duessa*, now *Fidessa* hight,
Heard how in vaine *Fradubio* did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the bloud he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

Her seeming dead he found with feignéd feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew,
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eylids blew
And dimméd sight with pale and deadly hew
At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, too simple and too trew,
And oft her kist. At length all passéd feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

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[1] face

[2] well-being

[3] nature

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

1554-1586

The writing of Sir Philip Sidney comprises three works: *An Apologie for Poetrie,* a critical essay setting forth his ideas of poetry; *Arcadia,* a pastoral romance after the fashion of *Euphues;* and *Astrophel and Stella,* a sonnet sequence. But his influence upon the spirit of his age was due perhaps more to his personality than to his writing. For in his character are summed up some of the finest traits of the Renaissance—which we may here lump together in the word, "humanism": he was a gallant soldier, yet an accomplished scholar; a politician, yet a poet; an aristocrat, and yet a man whose last act, as he lay dying upon the field after the Battle of Zutphen, was to refuse a drink in order that it might be given to a private soldier lying near him.

He was born in Kent in 1554, studied at Shrewsbury and at Oxford, and finally traveled upon the continent, where he made the acquaintance of the most distinguished scholars of the time. Returning home, he entered upon a career in which he became noteworthy as a soldier, a diplomat, and a man of letters.

SONNETS

XXXI

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.[1]
Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?—
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

XXXIX

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

XLI

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes
And of some sent from that sweet enemy, France;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
Town folks my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.
How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
Stella looked on; and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

LEAVE ME, O LOVE, WHICH REACHEST BUT TO DUST

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
Oh, take fast hold! let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

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[1] discloses

THOMAS LODGE

ca. 1558-1625

The reputation of Lodge rests chiefly upon his lyrics, by reason of the poetic imagination he displays and of his skill in versification. He also wrote pamphlets in defense of the theater, the principal one being *Defense of Stage Plays* (1580), a reply to Gosson's *School of Abuse;* a play, *The Wounds of Civil War;* and finally *Rosalynde*, a pastoral romance upon which Shakespeare based his *As You Like It.*

He was born in London about 1558, the second son of Sir Thomas Lodge, lord mayor of London. He attended Oxford, later studying law. Living in London, however, he came into contact with the literary men of the day and through them became interested in writing. In 1588 he voyaged to the South Seas and while aboard ship composed *Rosalynde.* Upon his return he published a volume of verse, *Scillaes Metamorphosis.* During the following year he sailed to South America, and while absent he entered the Catholic Church. When again he returned to London, however, he found that his faith handicapped him; hence he went to France, where he studied medicine at Avignon. His last years were spent in the practice of medicine in London.

LOVE'S PROTESTATION

First shall the heavens want starry light,
The seas be robbed of their waves,
The day want sun, the sun want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graves,
The April, flowers and leaf and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills
By humble plains be overpried,
And poets scorn the Muses' quills,
And fish forsake the water-glide,
And Iris lose her coloured weed
Before I fail thee at thy need.

First direful hate shall turn to peace
And love relent in deep disdain,
And death his fatal stroke shall cease
And envy pity every pain,
And Pleasure mourn and Sorrow smile
Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall stay his stayless race
And winter bless his boughs with corn,
And snow bemoisten July's face,
And winter spring and summer mourn
Before my pen, by help of Fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

PHYLLIS

My Phyllis hath the morning sun
At first to look upon her,
And Phyllis hath morn-waking birds
Her rising still to honor.
My Phyllis hath prime-feathered flowers
That smile when she treads on them,
And Phyllis hath a gallant flock
That leaps since she doth own them.

But Phyllis hath too hard a heart;
Alas, that she should have it!
It yields no mercy to desert,
Nor grace to those that crave it.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will ship you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,

For your offence;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin.
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

SIR FRANCIS BACON

1561-1626

To Sir Francis Bacon we are indebted for two things: his advocacy of the experimental method in science and the literary essay in English. The first came to us through the publication of *Novum Organum* in 1621, and the second, through the publication of *Essays* in 1597. Nowadays the experimental method has become so common in practice among scientists that Bacon's share in having made it universal is almost lost sight of: that he was the author of *Essays*, however, the student of literature will always remember. As an essayist Bacon was not the pioneer. The form originated in France under the hand of Montaigne, who is sometimes called "the father of the essay." Nevertheless, Bacon was the first Englishman to use the form with signal success. As a matter of fact, his essays, from our point of view, are little more than apothegms, terse, pithy discourses upon moral subjects. We read them, none the less, and become indelibly impressed by their common sense and practical wisdom, the while, perhaps, we miss sadly any suggestion of spirituality. Their themes, although moral in substance, are more nearly concerned with "getting ahead in the world." Bacon would serve admirably as the composer of that spiritually useless line, "Honesty is the best policy." However we may dislike his philosophy, we cannot fail to admire his prose. It is concise almost to the point of crudity and yet connotative to the point where crudity disappears beneath the polish of urbanity. The *Essays* went through successive editions, until in 1625 the collection appeared in its final form.

Bacon was born in London in 1561, the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the seal. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, being interested in science and philosophy. After three years, however, he left, having come to the conclusion that all previous study in these directions had been wrong. He was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1576 and during the same year went to Paris in the suite of the English ambassador. Recalled by the death of his father, he studied law and sought establishment in favor at court. He entered Parliament in 1584, and four years later had won the patronage of the Earl of Essex, who was later to present him with an estate. During the reign of King James he was made solicitor-general in 1607; attorney-general in 1613; privy councillor in 1616; and lord chancellor two years later, at the same time being created Baron Verulam. In 1621 he became Viscount St. Alban, but in the same year he was impeached upon the charge of corruption. Pleading guilty, he was fined 40,000 pounds, sentenced to imprisonment, and debarred from holding public office. The fine was ultimately remitted, and he was not imprisoned. He was not returned to office, however; hence he spent the last five years of his life in retirement, pursuing philosophical studies and revising his works. He died at Highgate in 1626 as the result of a cold contracted during an experiment in refrigeration.

OF TRUTH

'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth, nor again that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies; where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open day-light, that doth not show the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candlelights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum dæmonum*,[1] because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet[2] that beautified the sect[3] that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: 'It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth' (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), 'and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below':[4] so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth, to the truth of civil business: it will be acknowledged, even by those that practice it not, that clear and round[5] dealing is the honor of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver; which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason, why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge? saith he: 'If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much to say as that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men.' For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold, that when Christ cometh, 'he shall not find faith upon the earth.'

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly, the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times; unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are, who though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences. Nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges. Nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer. For perhaps they have heard some talk: 'Such an one is a great rich man,' and another except to it: 'Yea, but he hath a great charge of children'; as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty; especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous[1] minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away; and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen; for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly in their hortatives put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust,[2] yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hardhearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands; as was said of Ulysses, *Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati.*[3] Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds both of chastity and obedience in the wife, if she think her husband wise; which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel[4] to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question, when a man should marry? 'A young man not yet, an elder man not at all.'[5] It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes; or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

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[1] wine of devils

[2] Lucretius

[3] the Epicureans

[4] paraphrased from Lucretius, *Of the Nature of Things.*

[5] honest

OF FRIENDSHIP

It had been hard for him[6] that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in a few words, than in that speech: 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god.' For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature; except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation:[7] such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little, *Magna civitas, magna solitudo*;[8] because in a great town friends are scattered; so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

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[1] whimsical

[2] drawn upon

[3] He preferred his old wife to immortality. (Calypso had offered to make him immortal.)

[4] excuse

[5] ascribed to Thales, one of the "seven sages" of Greece.

[6] Aristotle

[7] way of life

[8] A great city is a great solitude

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza[1] to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum[2] for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak: so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favorites, or *privadoes*; as if it were matter of grace, or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum;*[3] for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height, that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet, 'for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting.' With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamed a better dream. And it seemeth his favor was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited *verbatim* in one of Cicero's *Philippics*, calleth him *venefica*, 'witch'; as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height, as, when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, 'that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great.' With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, *Hæc pro amicitia nostra non occultavi;*[4] and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also in a letter to the senate by these words: 'I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me.' Now if these princes had been as a Trajan, or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, for such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece, except they might have a friend to make it entire: and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

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[1] Sarsaparilla

[2] drug obtained from the bearer

[3] sharers of sorrows

[4] Our friendship is such that even this I have not concealed.

It is not to be forgotten, what Commineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith, that towards his latter time 'that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding.' Surely Commineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Lewis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true; *Cor ne edito*, 'Eat not the heart.' Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halfs. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is in truth of operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchemists use to attribute to their stone for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet, without praying in aid[1] of alchemists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression: and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another: he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshaleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, 'that speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.' Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel: (they indeed are best); but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point, which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas: 'Dry light is ever the best.' And certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first; the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine, sometime, too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes unproper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For as S. James saith, they are as men, 'that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor.' As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters; or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is well (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers. One, that he shall not be faithfully counseled; for it is a rare thing except it be from a perfect and entire friend to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy: even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind; and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

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[1] asking aid

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment) followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say, 'that a friend is another himself': for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath as it were two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were granted to him and his deputy. For he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself! A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless: I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part: if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

OF RICHES

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better, *impedimenta*.[1] For as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue. It cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit. So saith Solomon: 'Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?' The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them; or a power of dole and donative of them; or a fame of them; but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities? and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or trouble. As Solomon saith: 'Riches are as a stronghold, in the imagination of the rich man.' But this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact. For certainly great riches have sold[1] more men than they have brought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly. Yet have no abstract nor friarly contempt of them. But distinguish, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus: *In studio rei amplificandæ apparebat non avaritiæ prædam sed instrumentum bonitati quæri.*[2] Hearken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: *Qui festinat ad divitias non erit insons.*[3] The poets feign that when Plutus (which is Riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps and goes slowly; but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs and is swift of foot: meaning, that riches gotten by good means and just labor pace slowly; but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man. But it might be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil. For when riches come from the devil (as by fraud and oppression and unjust means), they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul. Parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent; for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches; for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's; but it is slow. And yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England, that had the greatest audits[4] of any man in my time: a great grazier, a great sheep-master, a great timber man, a great collier, a great cornmaster, a great lead-man, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry: so as the earth seemed a sea to him, in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, that himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches. For when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome[5] those bargains which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly.[6] The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things chiefly: by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing. But the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature; when men shall wait upon others' necessity, broke[7] by servants and instruments to draw them on, put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen,[8] and the like practices, which are crafty and naught. As for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys, not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst; as that whereby a man doth eat his bread *in sudore vultus alieni*,[9] and besides, doth plough upon Sundays. But yet, certain though it be, it hath flaws; for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men, to serve their own turn. The fortune in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches; as it was with the first sugar man in the Canaries: therefore if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgment as invention, he may do great matters; especially if the times be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches: and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break and come to poverty: it is good therefore to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and coemption[1] of wares for re-sale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich; especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service, though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humors, and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships (as Tacitus saith of Seneca, *testamenta et orbos tanquam indagine capi*[2]) it is yet worse; by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches; for they despise them that despair of them; and none worse, when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred, or to the public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great state left to an heir, is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better stablished in years and judgment. Likewise glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt; and but the painted sepulchers of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly. Therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death; for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

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[1] impediments

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[1] betrayed

[2] In desiring to increase his wealth he seemed to seek the means of generosity rather than the spoils of greed.

[3] Whoever grows rich quickly will not be free from sin.

[4] accounts

[5] make the best of

[6] greatly

[7] conduct affairs

[8] merchants

[9] by the sweat of another's brow

OF YOUTH AND AGE

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of the old; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years: as it was with Julius Cæsar, and Septimius Severus. Of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus, plenam.*[3] And yet he was the ablest emperor, almost, of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth. As it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmus, Duke of Florence, Gaston de Foix, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge; fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things, abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage[4] of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them; like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly, it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for extern[5] accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part, perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic.

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[1] "cornering"

[2] taking in inheritances and wardships as if with a net

[3] He spent his youth in folly, even in madness

[4] management

[5] external

A certain rabbin,[1] upon the text, 'Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams,' inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly, the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding, than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes. These are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned; such as was Hermogenes the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions which have better grace in youth than in age; such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age: so Tully saith of Hortensius, *Idem manebat, neque idem decebat.*[2] The third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold. As was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith in effect, *Ultima primis cedebant.*[3]

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use of delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously;[4] and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy[5] things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to content. *Abeunt studia in mores.*[6] Nay, there is no stond[7] or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins;[8] shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again: if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores:* if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

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[1] the prophet Joel

[2] He remained the same, but it no longer suited him

[3] The last fell short of the first

[4] carefully

[5] superficial

[6] Studies become habits

[7] hindrance

[8] kidneys

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

1561-1595

Robert Southwell is another who gave his life for his religious convictions, having been martyred to Elizabethan official prejudice in 1595.

As the record of his life, however, he left us not only the remembrance of an heroic death but a group of poems which must be forever included in the canon of English verse. For there is about his writing a quality of imaginative grace that is highly sustained and provocatively memorable; we are aware at once of his spiritual fervor and of his mastery of verse forms.

He was born in 1561, the third son of a prominent Catholic family in Norfolk. At an early age he was sent to school at Douai, where he came into contact with Leonard Lessius of the Society of Jesus. Later he studied at Paris, meeting there Thomas Darbyshire, one of the first English Jesuits. Naturally, he became imbued with the desire to join the ranks of this society. He enrolled in 1578, taking minor orders in 1580. During the ensuing four years he studied philosophy and wrote verse. In 1584 he took final orders and began the work which was to culminate in his paying the extreme penalty.

For it must be remembered that at the time of his ordination there was in England a law which proscribed the residence of any one who had entered the Catholic priesthood after the first year of Elizabeth's reign. Notwithstanding, Southwell took up his work in a London mission, to be watched by the authorities from the beginning. In 1589 he became confessor to the Countess of Arundel and passed several years of comparative peace under her powerful patronage, during which time he made his real literary start. *Triumphs over Death,* perhaps his first serious work, belongs to this period, as does also *Notes on Theology.* Some years later he made an unfortunate acquaintance in one Richard Bellamy, a fervent Catholic, who was suspected of intrigue against the government. An unhappy result of the relationship was inevitable; Father Southwell was executed at Tyburn.

MARY MAGDALEN'S COMPLAINT AT CHRIST'S DEATH

Sith my life from life is parted,
  Death come take thy portion,
Who survives when life is murder'd
  Lives by mere extortion:
All that live and not in God,
Couch their life in death's abode.

Silly stars must needs leave shining
  When the sun is shadowed,
Borrow'd streams refrain their running
  When head springs are hindered:
One that lives by other's breath,
Dieth also by his death.

O true life! sith Thou hast left me,
  Mortal life is tedious;
Death it is to live without Thee,
  Death of all most odious:
Turn again or take me to Thee,
Let me die or live Thou in me!

Where the truth once was and is not,
  Shadows are but vanity;
Showing want that help they cannot,
  Signs, not salves, of misery.
Painted meat no hunger feeds,
Dying life each death exceeds.

With my love my life was nestled
  In the sun of happiness;
From my love my life is wrested
  To a world of heaviness:
Oh! let love my life remove,
Sith I live not where I love!

O my soul! that did unloose thee
  From thy sweet captivity,
God, not I, did still possess thee,
  His, not mine, thy liberty;
Oh! too happy thrall thou wert,
When thy prison was his heart.

Spiteful spear that break'st this prison,
  Seat of all felicity,
Working thus with double treason
  Love's and life's delivery:
Though my life thou draw'st away,
Maugre thee my love shall stay.

TIMES GO BY TURNS

The lopped tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil such in some moist'ning shower;
Times go by turns and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her time hath equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The well that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

LOOK HOME

Retired thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye;
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all marvels summéd lie,
Of fairest forms and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To nature's patterns adding higher skill;
Of finest works wit better could the state
If force of wit had equal power of will:
Device of man in working hath no end;
What thought can think another thought can mend.

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might;
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss,
And to discern this bliss a native light;
To frame God's image as His worths required,
His might, His skill, His word and will conspired.

All that he had His image should present,
All that it should present he could afford,
To that he could afford his will was bent,
This will was follow'd with performing word;
Let this suffice, by this conceive the rest,
He should, he could, he would, he did the best.

FORTUNE'S FALSEHOOD

In worldly merriments lurketh much misery,
Fly fortune's subtleties in baits of happiness;
Shroud hooks that swallowed without recovery,
Murder the innocent with mortal heaviness.

She sootheth appetites with pleasing vanities,
Till they be conquered with cloaked tyranny;
Then changing countenance with open enmities,
She triumphs over them, scorning their slavery.

With fawning flattery death's door she openeth,
Alluring passengers to bloody destiny;
In offers bountiful in proof she beggareth,
Man's ruins regist'ring her false felicity.

Her hopes are fastened in bliss that vanisheth,
Her smarts inherited with sure possession;
Constant in cruelty she never altereth,
But from one violence to more oppression.

To those that follow her favors are measured,
As easy premises to hard conclusions;
With bitter corrosives her joys are seasoned,
Her highest benefits are but illusions.

Her ways a labyrinth of wand'ring passages,
Fools' common pilgrimage to cursed deities;
Whose fond devotion and idle menages
Are waged with weariness in fruitless drudgeries.

Blind in her favorites' foolish election,
Chance in her arbiter in giving dignities,
Her choice of vicious shows most discretion,
Sith wealth the virtuous might wrest from piety.

To humble suppliants tyrant most obstinate,
She suitors answereth with contrarieties;
Proud with petition, untaught to mitigate
Rigor with clemency in hardest cruelties.

Like tiger fugitive from the ambitious,
Like weeping crocodile to scornful enemies,
Suing for amity where she is odious,
But to her followers forswearing courtesies.

No wind so changeable, no sea so wavering,
As giddy fortune in reeling vanities;
Now mad, now merciful, now fierce, now favoring,
In all things mutable but mutabilities.

A CHILD MY CHOICE

Let folly praise that fancy loves,
I praise and love that child
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word,
Whose head no deed defiled;

I praise him most, I love him best,
All praise and love is his;
While him I love, in him I live,
And cannot live amiss.

Love's sweetest mark, land's highest theme,
Man's most desired light,
To love him life, to leave him death,
To live in him delight.

He mine by gift, I his by debt,
Thus each to other due,
First friend he was, best friend he is,
All times will try him true.

Though young, yet wise; though small, yet strong;
Though man, yet God he is;
As wise he knows, as strong he can,
As God he loves to bless.

His knowledge rules, his strength defends,
His love doth cherish all;
His birth our joy, his life our light,
His death our end of thrall.

Alas! he weeps, he sighs, he pants,
Yet doth his angels sing;
Out of his tears, his sighs and throbs,
Doth bud a joyful spring.

Almighty babe, whose tender arms
Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
Direct me when I die!

LIFE IS BUT LOSS

By force I live, in will I wish to die;
In plaints I pass the length of ling'ring days;
Free would my soul from mortal body fly,
And tread the track of death's desired ways:
Life is but loss where death is deeméd gain,
And loathéd pleasures breed displeasing pain.

Who would not die to kill all murd'ring grieves?
Or who would live in never-dying fears?
Who would not wish his treasure safe from thieves,
And quit his heart from pangs, his eyes from tears?
Death parteth but two ever-fighting foes,
Whose civil strife doth work our endless woes.

Life is a wandering course to doubtful rest;
As oft a curséd rise to damning leap,
As happy race to win a heavenly crest;
None being sure what final fruits to reap:
And who can like in such a life to dwell,
Whose ways are strict to heaven, but wide to hell?

Come, cruel death, why lingerest thou so long?
What doth withhold thy dint from fatal stroke?
Now prest I am, alas! thou dost me wrong,
To let me live, more anger to provoke:
Thy right is had when thou hast stopp'd my breath,
Why shouldst thou stay to work my double death?

If Saul's attempt in falling on his blade
As lawful were as eth to put in ure,
If Samson's lean a common law were made,
Of Abel's lot if all that would were sure,
Then, cruel death, thou shouldst the tyrant play
With none but such as wishéd for delay.

Where life is loved thou ready art to kill,
And to abridge with sudden pangs their joys;
Where life is loathed thou wilt not work their will,
But dost adjourn their death to their annoy.
To some thou art a fierce unbidden guest,
But those that crave thy help thou helpest least.

Avaunt, O viper! I thy spite defy:
There is a God that overrules thy force,
Who can thy weapons to His will apply,
And shorten or prolong our brittle course.
I on His mercy, not thy might, rely;
To Him I live, for Him I hope to die.

WHAT JOY TO LIVE

I wage no war, yet peace I none enjoy;
I hope, I fear, I fry in freezing cold;
I mount in mirth, still prostrate in annoy;
If all the world embrace yet nothing hold.
All wealth is want where chiefest wishes fail,
Yea life is loathed where love may not prevail.

For that I love I long, but that I lack;
That other love I loathe, and that I have;
All worldly freights to me are deadly wrack,
Men present hap, I future hopes do crave:
They, loving where they live, long life require,
To live where best I love, I death desire.

Here loan is lent for love of filthy gain;
Most friends befriend themselves with friendship's show;
Here plenty peril, want doth breed disdain;
Cares common are, joys faulty, short and few;
Here honor envied, meanness is despised;
Sin deeméd solace, virtue little prized.

Here beauty is a bait that, swallow'd, chokes,
A treasure sought still in the owner's harms;
A light that eyes to murdering sights provokes,
A grace that souls enchants with mortal charms;
A luring gain to Cupid's fiery slights,
A baleful bliss that damns where it delights.

Oh! who would live so many deaths to try?
Where will doth wish that wisdom doth reprove,
Where nature craves that grace must needs deny,
Where sense doth like that reason cannot love,
Where best in show in final proof is worst,
Where pleasures upshot is to die accurst?

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright did in the air appear,
Who scorchéd with exceeding heat such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames with what His tears were fed;
'Alas!' quoth He, 'but newly born in fiery heats of fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns;

Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiléd souls;
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath, to wash them in my blood';
With this He vanish'd out of sight, and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I calléd unto mind that it was Christmas-day.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

Behold the father is his daughter's son,
The bird that built the nest is hatch'd therein,
The old of years an hour hath not outrun,
Eternal life to live doth now begin,
The word is dumb, the mirth of heaven doth weep,
Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep.

O dying souls! behold your living spring!
O dazzled eyes! behold your sun of grace!
Dull ears attend what word this word doth bring!
Up, heavy hearts, with joy your joy embrace!
From death, from dark, from deafness, from despairs,
This life, this light, this word, this joy repairs.

Gift better than Himself God doth not know,
Gift better than his God no man can see;
This gift doth here the giver given bestow,
Gift to this gift let each receiver be:
God is my gift, Himself He freely gave me,
God's gift am I, and none but God shall have me.

Man alter'd was by sin from man to beast;
Beast's food is hay, hay is all mortal flesh;
Now God is flesh, and lives in manger press'd,
As hay the brutest sinner to refresh:
Oh happy field wherein this fodder grew,
Whose taste doth us from beasts to men renew!

CHRIST'S CHILDHOOD

Till twelve years' age, how Christ His childhood spent
All earthly pens unworthy were to write;
Such acts to mortal eyes He did present,
Whose worth not men but angels must recite:
No nature's blots, no childish faults defiled,
Where grace was guide, and God did play the child.

In springing locks lay crouchéd hoary wit,
In semblant young, a grave and ancient port;
In lowly looks high majesty did sit,
In tender tongue sound sense of sagest sort:
Nature imparted all that she could teach,
And God supplied where nature could not reach.

His mirth of modest mien a mirror was;
His sadness temper'd with a mild aspect;
His eye to try each action was a glass,
Whose looks did good approve and bad correct;
His nature's gifts, His grace, His word and deed,
Well show'd that all did from a God proceed.

OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR

In Paschal feast, the end of ancient rite,
An entrance to never-ending grace,
Types to the truth, dim gleams to the light,
Performing deed presaging signs did chase:
Christ's final meal was fountain of our good,
For mortal meat He gave immortal food.

That which He gave He was, oh, peerless gift!
Both God and man He was, and both He gave.
He in His hands Himself did truly lift,
Far off they see whom in themselves they have;
Twelve did He feed, twelve did their feeder eat,
He made, He dress'd, He gave, He was their meat.

They saw, they heard, they felt Him sitting near,

Unseen, unfelt, unheard, they Him received;
No diverse thing, though diverse it appear,
Though senses fail, yet faith is not deceived;
And if the wonder of their work be new,
Believe the worker 'cause His word is true.

Here truth belief, belief inviteth love,
So sweet a truth love never yet enjoy'd;
What thought can think, what will doth best approve,
Is here obtain'd where no desire is void:
The grace, the joy, the treasure here is such,
No wit can wish, nor will embrace so much.

Self-love here cannot crave more than it finds;
Ambition to no higher worth aspire;
The eagerest famine of most hungry minds
May fill, yea far exceed, their own desire:
In sum here is all in a sum express'd,
Of which the most of every good the best.

To ravish eyes here heavenly beauties are;
To win the ear sweet music's sweetest sound;
To lure the taste the angels' heavenly fare;
To soothe the scent divine perfumes abound;
To please the touch He in our hearts doth bed,
Whose touch doth cure the deaf, the dumb, the dead.

Here to delight the will true wisdom is;
To woo the will of every good the choice;
For memory a mirror showing bliss,
Here all that can both sense and soul rejoice;
And if to all, all this it doth not bring,
The fault is in the men, not in the thing.

Though blind men see no light, the sun doth shine;
Sweetcakes are sweet, though fever'd tastes deny it;
Pearls precious are, though trodden on by swine;
Each truth is true, though all men do not try it;
The best still to the bad doth work the worst;
Things bred to bliss do make the more accursed.

The angels' eyes, whom veils cannot deceive,
Might best disclose that best they did discern;
Men must with sound and silent faith receive
More than they can by sense or reason learn;
God's power our proofs, His works our wit exceed,
The doer's might is reason of His deed.

A body is endow'd with ghostly rights;
A nature's work from nature's law is free;
In heavenly sun lie hid eternal lights,
Lights clear and near, yet them no eye can see;
Dead forms a never-dying life do shroud;
A boundless sea lies in a little cloud.

The God of hosts in slender host doth dwell,
Yea, God and man with all to either due;
That God that rules the heavens and rifled hell,
That man whose death did us to life renew;
That God and man that is the angels' bliss,
In form of bread and wine our nature is.

Whole may His body be in smallest bread,
Whole in the whole, yea whole in every crumb;
With which be one or (even) ten thousand fed,
All to each one, to all but one doth come;
And though each one as much as all receive,
Not one too much, nor all too little have.

One soul in man is all in every part;
One face at once in many mirrors shines;
One fearful noise doth make a thousand start;
One eye at once of countless things defines;
If proofs of one in many Nature frame,
God may in stronger sort perform the same.

God present is at once in every place,
Yet God in every place is ever one;
So may there be by gifts of ghostly grace,
One man in many rooms, yet filling none;
Sith angels may effects of bodies show,
God angels' gifts on bodies may bestow.

What God as author made He alter may;
No change so hard as making all of nought;
If Adam framéd were of slimy clay,
Bread may to Christ's most sacred flesh be wrought:
He may do this that made with mighty hand
Of water wine, a snake of Moses's wand.

HENRY CONSTABLE

1562-1613

Constable, who like not a few other minor Elizabethan poets began by contributing to *England's Helicon*, was among the best of the sonneteers. He dealt with both love and religion as themes, and almost invariably invested his poetry with depth of feeling and cogency of idea. Although he was not uninfluenced by French and Italian writers of the sonnet, particularly perhaps by Ronsard, he nevertheless managed to individualize his borrowing in such fashion that his work seldom fails to impart its poetically imaginative mood.

He was a Cambridge man, who became a convert to Catholicism. After spending several years abroad, he returned to England only to serve a term of imprisonment in the Tower for alleged political intrigue. His most noteworthy publication was the sonnet sequence, *Diana*, which appeared in 1592, to be re-issued in 1594.

TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

When Thee, O holy sacrificéd Lamb
In severed signs I white and liquid see,
As in thy body slain I think on Thee,
Which pale by shedding of Thy blood became.
And when again I do behold the same
Veiléd in white to be received of me,
Thou seemest in thy sindon wrapt to be
Like to a corse, whose monument I am.
Buried in me, unto my soul appear,
Prison'd in earth, and banished from Thy sight,
Like our forefathers who in Limbo were,
Clear thou my thoughts, as thou didst give them light,
And as thou others freed from purging fire
Quench in my heart the flames of bad desire.

TO OUR BLESSED LADY

In that, O Queen of Queens, thy birth was free
From guilt, which others do of grace bereave,
When in their mothers' womb they life receive
God as his sole-borne daughter lovéd thee.
To match thee like thy birth's nobility,
He thee His Spirit for thy spouse did leave
Of whom thou didst His only Son conceive,
And so wast linked to all the Trinity.
Cease then, O Queens who earthly crowns do wear,
To glory in the pomp of worldly things;
If men such high respect unto you bear
Which daughters, wives, and mothers are of Kings,
What honor should unto that Queen be done
Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Son!

TO SAINT MARY MAGDALEN

Sweet Saint, thou better canst declare to me
What pleasure is obtained by heavenly love,
Than they which other loves did never prove,
Or which in sex are differing from thee;
For like a woman-spouse my soul shall be,
Whom sinful passions once to lust did move
And since betrothéd to God's Son above
Should be enamoured with His Deity.
My body is the garment of my spright
While as the daytime of my life doth last,
When death shall bring the night of my delight,
My soul unclothed shall rest from labours past:
And claspéd in the arms of God enjoy
By sweet conjunction everlasting joy.

LOVE'S DIFFICULTIES

To tread a maze that never shall have end;
To burn in sighs and starve in daily tears;
To climb a hill, and never to descend;
Giants to kill, and quake at childish fears;
To pine for food, and watch the Hesperian tree;
To thirst for drink, and nectar still to draw;
To live accurst, whom men hold blest to be;
And weep those wrongs which never creature saw;
If this be love, if love in these be founded,
My heart is love, for these in it are grounded.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

In connection with the greatest literary artist of England we can but make obeisance. The facts concerning Shakespeare and his immortal work are too well known for any words of ours to be deemed necessary. Let it suffice that his writings are the noblest as yet achieved in literature.

From THE SONNETS

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair[1] from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st:[2]
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense[3] of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceaséd lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

---

[1] beauty

[2] ownest

[3] loss

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry:
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabléd,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill.
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his[1] youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,

---

[1] its

That heavy Saturn[1] laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in[2] odor and in hue
Could make me any summer's story[3] tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted[4] time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,[5]
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon[6] of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master[7] now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for[8] they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixéd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

From LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel[9] the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

From TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

From AS YOU LIKE IT

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn[10] his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

---

[1] Planet said to cause sluggishness in those born during its ascendancy.
[2] different in
[3] pleasant story
[4] spent
[5] creatures
[6] proclaiming
[7] have
[8] because
[9] stir
[10] tune

Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,[1]
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! etc.

From CYMBELINE

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced[2] flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownéd be thy grave!

From HAMLET

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded[3] with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

From MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain!

---

[1] change

[2] like a chalice

[3] covered

From A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough[1] bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moonës sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners[2] be;
In their gold coats spots you see:
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

From THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishéd?
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding-dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

From THE TEMPEST

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong!
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell!

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

---

[1] through

[2] bodyguard

JOHN DONNE

1573-1631

Among the last of the Renaissance figures is John Donne, who represents in his poetry something of the spiritual struggles that disturbed the England of his day. In his youth he wrote curiously grotesque, even immoral, verses, but later turned to religious themes and wrote much of repentance, death, and the judgment to come. His verse, although at times it attains to the heights of lyricism, is uneven in quality and is frequently marred by elaborate literary *conceits.*

He was born in 1573, the son of Catholic parents and descended, upon his mother's side, from Sir Thomas More. Finding the life of a Catholic too arduous, subject as it was to heavy fines and unusual taxation, he early left the Church. His first verse *Satines* was written some time previous to 1594. Finding his career in London somewhat curtailed by his anomalous position, he joined the Earl of Essex in his expedition against the Spaniards. In 1607 he was urged to take Anglican orders. He was ordained in 1615 and became royal chaplain. Ultimately he became dean of St. Paul's and one of the most famous preachers in London, enjoying great prestige as such until his death in 1631.

DEATH

Death, be not proud, though some have calléd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow:
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.
Thou'rt slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke, why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

THE COMPUTATION

For my first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believed thou couldst be gone away;
For forty more I fed on favors past,
And forty on hopes, that thou wouldst they might last.
Tears drowned one hundred, and sighs blew out two;
A thousand I did neither think, nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you:
Or in a thousand more forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think, that I
Am, by being dead, immortal; can ghosts die?

BEN JONSON

1573-1637

It is as a dramatist that we remember Ben Jonson, one of the chief Elizabethans. His first play, *Every Man in His Humour*, which was acted in 1598, marked him as a genius. In it he showed himself a pioneer in a new dramatic technique. Basing his conception upon the physiology of the time, he drew up his characters as representing various "humours." These humours are really affectations, the outgrowths of a superabundance of some human characteristic as engendered in the natural organs, heart, liver, spleen, etc. For instance, according to his glands a man might be melancholy or merry, morose or sanguine. To deal with the resulting affections, to expel them by ridicule, became Jonson's purpose, and his result was to originate the comedy of manners. Among his other plays are *Volpone*, 1605; *Epicene*, 1609; *The Alchemist*, 1610; *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614; *The Devil Is an Ass*, 1616, and numerous other comedies, masques, and several tragedies. However, as a poet simply, Jonson is by no means to be despised. His verse, it is true, is more nearly strong and accurate than musical; nevertheless, his epigrams have point, and many of his complimentary addresses are replete with happy phrases.

He was born at Westminster in 1573, the posthumous son of a minister. He was brought up in the home of his stepfather, a bricklayer named Fowler. As a child he was taught the trade of bricklaying, which he practiced at various times until he became successful as a dramatist. As that last he was patronized by King James until the death of the king in 1625, when Jonson fell upon evil days. King Charles granted him a small pension and an annual "tierce" of Canary wine. His fortunes, however, were upon the decline. After 1630 his plays were received with but scant notice; and he died seven years later, leaving, however, the fragment of a poem, *The Sad Shepherd*, which is among the most beautiful of his verse. He is considered the first poet laureate.

HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wishéd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

AN ODE

High-spirited friend,
I send nor balms, nor corsives to your wound;
Your faith hath found
A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend
The cure of that which is but corporal,
And doubtful days, which were named critical,
Have made their fairest flight,
And now are out of sight.
Yet doth some wholesome physic for the mind,
Wrapt in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you misapply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that fair honor it hath gained,
Must now be reined.
True valor doth her own renown command
In one full action; nor have you now more
To do, than be a husband of that store.
Think but how dear you bought
This same which you have caught,
Such thoughts will make you more in love with truth:
'Tis wisdom, and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us;
Pacuvius,[1] Accius,[1] him of Cordova[2] dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin[3] tread,
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks[4] were on,

---

[1] Latin tragic poet
[2] Seneca
[3] boot worn by tragic actors in ancient Greece
[4] light shoe worn by actors of comedy in ancient Greece

Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnéd, and true filéd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza,[1] and our James![2]
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

---

[1] Queen Elizabeth

[2] King James I

EDMUND BOLTON

ca. 1575-*ca.* 1633

Edmund Bolton was a minor Elizabethan figure who became associated with Sidney, Raleigh, Constable, and other poets of the time in contributing to *England's Helicon*, an early miscellany. Besides being a poet, he was also a critic, being among those who aided in establishing the canons of English literary criticism, through his work, *Hypercritica*, one of the best of the Elizabethan critical essays. Besides these works, he wrote *The Elements of Armories* and translated the *Histories* of Florus.

He was born in Leicestershire about 1575, studied at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, later going to London to study law. While thus engaged, however, he became attracted to literature and soon won recognition among the most distinguished men of his day. Especially was he favored by the Duke of Buckingham, who tried to advance his fortune at court; but because of Bolton's firm adherence to the Catholic faith, against which at the time there was great official prejudice, his efforts were unsuccessful. The last years of Bolton's life seem to have been passed in a vain struggle against poverty.

A PALINODE

As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth the summer's sun from the gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains:
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow,
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy, which short life gathers,
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy.
The withered primrose by the mourning river,

The faded summer's sun from weeping fountains,
The light-blown bubble vanishéd for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
  Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,
  Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

For as the snow, whose lawn did overspread
Th' ambitious hills, which giant-like did threat
To pierce the heaven with their aspiring head,
Naked and bare doth leave their craggy seat;
Whenas the bubble, which did empty fly,
The dalliance of the undiscernéd wind,
On whose calm rolling waves it did reply,
Hath shipwrack made, where it did dalliance find;
And when the sunshine which dissolved the snow,
Colored the bubble with a pleasant vary,
And made the rathe and timely primrose grow,
Swarth clouds withdrawn, which longer time do tarry:
  O what is praise, pomp, glory, joy, but so
  As shine by fountains, bubbles, flowers, or snow?

ROBERT HERRICK

1591-1674

Probably the best of the seventeenth-century lyricists, Herrick is said to have written some thirteen hundred poems in all. He was a follower of Ben Jonson and of Horace and Catullus, although his writing never fails to show the imprint of his own personality. He is best represented perhaps by the volume which appeared in 1648, *Hesperides and Noble Numbers*, really two books in one volume, the first pagan and the other distinctly Christian. The work shows a great variety of metrical form and much natural artistry.

He was born in 1591 in London, the son of a goldsmith. He entered Cambridge where he obtained the M.A. degree in 1620. For a time he lived in London; but in 1629 he became vicar of Dean Prior Church in Devonshire, remaining as such until 1647, when his living was taken from him by the Commonwealth. After the Restoration, however, he was reappointed to his former parish and there lived out the remainder of his life.

From HESPERIDES

THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers;
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers.
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes;
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness.
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy-king.
I write of hell; I sing, and ever shall,
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
  See how Aurora throws her fair
  Fresh-quilted colours through the air!
  Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
  The dew-bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
  Nay! not so much as out of bed?
  When all the birds have matins said,
  And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
  Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair.
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you.
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimmed with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth.
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON

Ah Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great over-plus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that talent spend,
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

From NOBLE NUMBERS

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION

For those my unbaptizéd rimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times;
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book, that is not thine.
But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one

Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

TO ELECTRA

I dare not ask a kiss,
  I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that, or this,
  I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
  Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air,
  That lately kissèd thee.

HIS LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

GEORGE HERBERT

1593-1632

One of the followers of Donne, in the so-called *Metaphysical School,* George Herbert, however, partook of what in Donne was most admirable, and, although his work shows something of *metaphysical conceit,* it is on the whole characterized by a simple humility. His *The Temple,* published a year after his death, is almost wholly excellent; while his shorter religious poems are among the best in the literature.

He was born in 1593 and educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge, being elected fellow in 1615. Three years later he attracted the attention of King James by writing some Latin verses in praise of the king's *Basilicon Doron,* and for a time he followed the court, at which he made many distinguished friends. The death of the king, however, cut short his political hopes; hence he turned to the study of theology and became a clergyman, being made prebendary of Lincoln in 1630. Soon afterward he accepted the living at Bemerton, where he spent the remainder of his life.

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE ALTAR

A broken Altar, Lord, Thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears,
Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame;
No workman's tool hath touched the same.
A heart alone
Is such a stone
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise thy name:
That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise Thee may not cease.
O, let Thy blesséd Sacrifice be mine,
And sanctify this Altar to be Thine!

EASTER WINGS

Lord, Who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poor:
With Thee
O let me rise,
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day Thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin;
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.
With Thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day Thy victory;
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

THOMAS CAREW

ca. 1594-1638

The lyrics of Thomas Carew, while exhibiting certain of the influences of Donne and the *Metaphysical School*, have a distinction that is individual, a haunting melody that fixes them in memory. They were laboriously composed, and yet they show every indication of having been dashed off with consummate ease, so smooth is the flow of their verse and so delicate the rise and fall of their rhythms.

Carew was born about 1594, the son of a knight of Kent. He went early to Oxford but left without taking a degree. By 1613 he was in London studying law. After trying secretarial work with the ambassador to Italy, which did not suit him, he became attached to the court, receiving from the king the royal domain of Sunninghill in Windsor Forest. He was a man of irregular life who wasted, for the most part, what were unusual gifts; and yet he is said to have died "with the greatest manifestation of Christianity."

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED

Give me more love, or more disdain:
  The torrid, or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain;
  The temperate affords me none:
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
  Like Danaë in that golden shower
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
  Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes; and he's possessed
Of heaven that's but from hell released.

Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

CELIA SINGING

You that think love can convey
  No other way
But through the eyes into the heart
  His fatal dart,
Close up those casements, and but hear
  This siren sing;
  And on the wing
Of her sweet voice it shall appear
That love can enter at the ear.

Then unveil your eyes, behold
  The curious mould
Where that voice dwells; and as we know
  When the cocks crow
  We freely may
  Gaze on the day;
So may you, when the music's done
Awake, and see the rising sun.

ASK ME NO MORE

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west,
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

OF CELIA SINGING

Mark how my Celia, with the choice
Music of her hand and voice,
Stills the loud winds, and makes the wild
Incensed boar and panther mild!
Mark how those statues like men move,
Whilst men with wonder statues prove!
This stiff rock bends to worship her,
That idol turns idolater.
Now, see how all the new inspired
Images with love are fired!
Hark how the tender marble groans
And all the late transformèd stones
Court the fair nymph with many a tear,
Which she (more stony than they were)
Beholds with unrelenting mind;
Whilst they, amazed to see combined
Such matchless beauty, with disdain,
Are all turned into stone again.

JAMES SHIRLEY

1596-1666

During a period probably the most corrupt in the history of the English stage, James Shirley produced plays of a singular chasteness. He reflects, naturally, the ideas uppermost in the English consciousness of his day; nevertheless, his work is decidedly at variance with that of his contemporaries. Scattered throughout his plays are lyrics of an exquisite quality; and the plays themselves follow the best tradition in structure and are written in a style of lofty cadence.

He was born in London in 1596 and attended the famous Merchant Tailors' School, later entering St. John's College, Oxford. He took his degree, however, from Catherine Hall, Cambridge, about 1618. He finally proceeded M. A. and took orders, becoming for a time a minister in Hertfordshire. Between 1623 and 1625 he acted as master of St. Alban's Grammar School, having at some time previous become a Catholic. About 1625 he went to London and began his career as a dramatist, which continued until the closing of the theaters in 1642. He is generally supposed to have perished during the London fire.

SONG

O Fly, my soul! what hangs upon
Thy drooping wings,
And weighs them down
With love of gaudy mortal things?

The sun is now i' the east; each shade,
As he doth rise,
Is shorter made,
That earth may lessen to our eyes.

O, be not careless then and play
Until the star of peace
Hides all his beams in dark recess.
Poor pilgrims needs must lose their way
When all the shadows do increase.

NO ARMOUR AGAINST FATE

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

THE GARDEN

This garden does not take my eyes,
Though here you show how art of men,
Can purchase nature at a price
Would stock old Paradise again.

These glories while you dote upon,
I envy not your spring, nor pride.
Nay! boast the summer all your own,
My thoughts with less are satisfied.

Give me a little plot of ground,
Where, might I with the sun agree,
Though every day he walk his round,
My garden he should seldom see.

Those tulips, that such wealth display
To court my eye, shall lose their name;
Though now they listen, as if they
Expected I should praise their flame.

But I would see myself appear,
Within the violet's drooping head,
On which a melancholy tear
The discontented Morn hath shed.

Within their buds let roses sleep,
And virgin lilies on their stem,
Till sighs from lovers glide and creep
Into their leaves, to open them.

In the centre of my ground compose
Of bays and yews my summer room,
Which may, so oft as I repose,
Present my arbour and my tomb.

No birds shall live within my pale,
To charm me with their shames of art,
Unless some wandering nightingale,
Come here to sing and break her heart.

PIPING PEACE

You virgins, that did late despair
To keep your wealth from cruel men,
Tie up in silk your careless hair;
Soft peace is come again.

Now lovers' eyes may gently shoot
A flame that will not kill;
The drum was angry, but the lute
Shall whisper what you will.

Sing Io, Io! for his sake
That hath restored your drooping heads;
With choice of sweetest flowers make
A garden where he treads;

Whilst we whole groves of laurel bring,
A petty triumph for his brow,
Who is the Master of our spring
And all the bloom we owe.

THE PASSING BELL

Hark, how chimes the passing bell,
There's no music to a knell;
All the other sounds we hear
Flatter and but cheat our ear.
This doth put us still in mind
That our flesh must be resign'd,
And a general silence made,
The world be muffled in a shade;
He that on his pillow lies
Tear-embalmed before he dies,
Carries like a sheep his life
To meet the sacrificer's knife,
And for eternity is prest,
Sad bell-wether to the rest.

RICHARD FLECKNOE

ca. 1600-*ca.* 1678

Flecknoe's reputation has suffered at the hands of Dryden, who held him up as "Monarch of dullness" in a scathing satire, *Mac Flecknoe,* a forerunner of Pope's *Dunciad.* Dryden's attack, however, grew out of Flecknoe's objections to the licentiousness of the stage, for which Dryden did much of his writing, rather than out of any just contempt for the quality of the poet's work. Southey found reason to praise him in his *Omniana,* and Charles Lamb thought well enough of him to use the little poem, *Silence,* as the motto for one of his essays. For, after all, although he is not a great poet, or indeed a man of genius, Flecknoe composed a body of verse and a number of plays all of which are both witty and ingenious. For the most part his work was printed privately for circulation only among his friends; hence it is scarce, a fact which has combined with the opinion of Dryden almost completely to obscure it.

He was, it is supposed, born in London about 1600. Details of his life have not yet come to light; we can surmise from his work, however, that he was the nephew of William Flecknoe, a Jesuit; that he went abroad in 1640 and traveled for three or four years through the Low Countries, visiting Rome in 1645, Constantinople in 1647, and Brazil in 1648. We know definitely, however, that he was well acquainted with the distinguished men both of England and of France and Italy; that he wrote five plays, one of which, *Love's Kingdom,* was produced in 1664; and that he printed a number of volumes of verse, chief among which are *The Affections of a Pious Soul,* 1640; *Poems of All Sorts,* 1653; *Enigmatical Characters,* 1658; and *Heroic Portraits,* 1660.

SILENCE

Still-born Silence? thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind!
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind!
Secrecy's confident, and he
Who makes religion mystery!
Admiration's readiest tongue!
Leave thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retired devotion dwells!
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY JEAN CHEYNÉE

The softest temper, and the mildest breast,
Most apt to pardon, needing pardon least;
Whose blush was all her reprehension,
Whilst none ere heard her chide, nor saw her frown:
All sweetness, gentleness, and dovelike all,
Without least anger, bitterness, or gall;
Who scarce had any passion of her own,
But was for others all compassion:
A saint she lived, and like a saint she dy'd,
And now is gone where only saints abide.
What will she be when she's with angels, when
She even was one whilst here she was with men?
What will she be in heaven when she comes there,
Whose life and manners were so heavenly here?
Make much of her, you saints, for God knows when
Your quires[1] will ever have her like again.

A RICH MISER

Thou boasts thy money, and if that be all,
Thy praise and commendations are but small;
For every cobler may, with industry
And pains, in time, boast that as well as thee:
Money's like muck, that's profitable while
'T serves for manuring of some fruitful soil.
But on a barren one, like thee, methinks
'Tis like a dunghill, that lies still and stinks.

A VALIANT MAN

He is only a man whom not only your coward and rash being but also tame and savage beasts fear; his courage is still the same, and drink cannot make him more valiant, nor danger less: his valor is enough to leaven whole armies, and he is an army himself worth an army of other men: his sword is not always out like children's daggers, but he is always last in beginning quarrels, though first in ending them: he holds honor (though delicate as crystal) yet not so slight and brittle to be broke and cracked with every touch: therefore (though most wary of it) is not querulous nor punctilious; he is never troubled with passion, as knowing no degree, beyond clear courage, and is always valiant, but never furious. He is the more gentle in the chamber, the more fierce he is in the field; holding boast (the coward's valor) and cruelty (the beast's) unworthy a valiant man: he is only coward in this, that he dares not do an unhandsome action. In fine, he can only be overcome by discourtesy, and has but one defect: he cannot talk much, to recompence which, he does the more.

NOBLE LOVE

It is the counterpoise that minds
To fair and virtuous things inclines;
It is the gust we have and sense
Of every noble excellence;
It is the pulse by which we know
Whether our souls have life or no;
And such a soft and gentle fire
As kindles and inflames desire;
Until it all like incense burns
And unto melting sweetness turns.

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[1] choirs

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

1605-1682

Ornate English prose has no greater master than Sir Thomas Browne. His style emerges from an unusual learning, a curious melancholy humor, and an exquisite sense of rhythm. Among his writings, three are most nearly representative: *Religio Medici,* 1635; *Pseudodoxia Epidemica,* 1646; and *Hydriotaphia,* 1658.

He was born in 1605, the son of a London merchant, and was educated at Winchester and at Oxford, obtaining the M.A. degree in 1629. In 1630 he went to France, Italy, and Holland, studying medicine at the various famous medical schools of those countries, finally obtaining the medical degree at Leyden. Returning to England, he was awarded the M.D. degree by Oxford, in 1637. During his leisure time he composed the *Religio Medici,* the religion of a physician, a work which circulated among his friends in manuscript and became so popular that a pirated edition appeared in 1642. Although he had not intended to publish the book, the edition which came out was so inexact as to cause him much embarrassment; hence in 1643 he issued an authorized version. Three years later he published the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Enquiries into very many received Tenets and commonly presumed Truths, which examined prove but Vulgar and Common Errors.* In 1658, as the result of some archeological excavations in Norfolk, some ancient urns were discovered. These led Browne to the composition of *Hydriotaphia, or Urn-Burial,* a work which probably best of all exhibits the qualities of his mind and personality. He was knighted by Charles II in 1671.

HYDRIOTAPHIA, OR URN-BURIAL

Chapter I

In the deep discovery of the subterranean world, a shallow part would satisfy some enquirers; who, if two or three yards were open about the surface, would not care to rake the bowels of Potosi,[1] and regions towards the center. Nature hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. That great antiquity America lay buried for thousands of years, and a large part of the earth is still in the urn[2] unto us.

Though, if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them; not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them. Even such as hope to rise again, would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relics as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts, which they never beheld themselves.

Though earth hath engrossed[3] the name, yet water hath proved the smartest grave; which in forty days swallowed almost mankind, and the living creation; fishes not wholly escaping, except the salt ocean were handsomely[4] contempered by a mixture of the fresh element.

Many have taken voluminous pains to determine the state of the soul upon disunion; but men have been most phantastical in the singular contrivances of their corporal dissolution: whilst the soberest nations have rested in two ways, of simple inhumation[5] and burning.

That carnal interment or burying was of the elder date, the old examples of Abraham and the patriarchs are sufficient to illustrate; and were without competition, if it could be made out that Adam was buried near Damascus, or Mount Calvary, according to some tradition. God himself, that buried but one, was pleased to make choice of this way, collectible from Scripture expression, and the hot contest between Satan and the archangel, about discovering the body of Moses. But the practice of burning was also of great antiquity, and of no slender extent. For (not to derive the same from Hercules) noble descriptions there are hereof in the Grecian funerals of Homer, in the formal obsequies of Patrolus and Achilles; and somewhat elder in the Theban war, and solemn combustion of Meneceus, and Archemorus, contemporary unto Jair the eighth judge of Israel. Confirmable also among the Trojans, from the funeral pyre of Hector, burned before the gates of Troy: and the burning of Penthesilea the Amazonian queen: and long continuance of that practice, in the inward countries of Asia; while as low as the reign of Julian, we find that the king of Chionia burned the body of his son, and interred the ashes in a silver urn.

[1] a mining town in Bolivia
[2] as yet undiscovered
[3] monopolized
[4] fittingly
[5] burial

The same practice extended also far west; and, besides Herulians, Getes, and Thracians, was in use with most of the Celtæ, Sarmatians, Germans, Gauls, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians; not to omit some use thereof among Carthaginians and Americans. Of greater antiquity among the Romans than most opinion, or Pliny seems to allow: for (beside the old Table Laws of burning or burying within the city, of making the funeral fire with planed wood, or quenching the fire with wine), Manlius the consul burned the body of his son: Numa, by special clause of his will, was not burned but buried; and Remus was solemnly burned, according to the description of Ovid.

Cornelius Sylla was not the first whose body was burned in Rome, but of the Cornelian family; which, being indifferently, not frequently used before, from that time spread, and became the prevalent practice. Not totally pursued in the highest run of cremation; for when even crows were funerally burned, Poppæa the wife of Nero found a peculiar grave interment. Now as all customs were founded upon some bottom of reason, so there wanted not grounds for this; according to several apprehensions of the most rational dissolution. Some being of the opinion of Thales, that water was the original of all things, thought it most equal to submit unto the principle of putrefaction, and conclude in a moist relentment.[1] Others conceived it most natural to end in fire, as due unto the master principle in the composition, according to the doctrine of Heraclitus; and therefore heaped up large piles, more actively to waft them toward that element, whereby they also declined[2] a visible degeneration into worms, and left a lasting parcel of their composition.

Some apprehended a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser commixture, and firing out the ethereal particles so deeply immersed in it. And such as by tradition or rational conjecture held any hint of the final pyre of all things, or that this element at last must be too hard for all the rest, might conceive most naturally of the fiery dissolution. Others pretending no natural grounds, politicly declined the malice of enemies upon their buried bodies. Which consideration led Sylla unto this practice; who having thus served the body of Marius, could not but fear a retaliation upon his own; entertained after in the civil wars, and revengeful contentions of Rome.

But, as many nations embraced, and many left it indifferent, so others too much affected, or strictly declined this practice. The Indian Brahmans seemed too great friends unto fire, who burned themselves alive, and thought it the noblest way to end their days in fire; according to the expression of the Indian, burning himself at Athens, in his last words upon the pyre unto the amazed spectators, 'Thus I make myself immortal.'

But the Chaldeans, the great idolaters of fire, abhorred the burning of their carcases, as a pollution of that deity. The Persian magi declined it upon the like scruple, and being only solicitous about their bones, exposed their flesh to the prey of birds and dogs. And the Parsees now in India, which expose their bodies unto vultures, and endure not so much as *feretra* or biers of wood, the proper fuel of fire, are led on with such niceties. But whether the ancient Germans, who burned their dead, held any such fear to pollute their deity of Herthus, or the Earth, we have no authentic conjecture.

The Egyptians were afraid of fire, not as a deity, but a devouring element, mercilessly consuming their bodies, and leaving too little of them; and therefore by precious embalmments, depositure in dry earths, or handsome inclosure in glasses, contrived the notablest ways of integral conservation. And from such Egyptian scruples, imbibed by Pythagoras, it may be conjectured that Numa and the Pythagorical sect first waved[3] the fiery solution.

The Scythians, who swore by wind and sword, that is, by life and death, were so far from burning their bodies, that they declined all interment, and made their graves in the air: and the Ichthyophagi, or fish-eating nations about Egypt, affected the sea for their grave; thereby declining visible corruption, and restoring the debt of their bodies. Whereas the old heroes, in Homer, dreaded nothing more than water or drowning; probably upon the old opinion of the fiery substance of the soul, only extinguishable by

[1] dissolution [2] avoided [3] deserted

that element; and therefore the poet emphatically implieth the total destruction in this kind of death, which happened to Ajax Oileus.

The old Balearians had a peculiar mode, for they used great urns and much wood, but no fire in their burials, while they bruised the flesh and bones of the dead, crowded them into urns, and laid heaps of wood upon them. And the Chinese without cremation or urnal interment of their bodies, make use of trees and much burning, while they plant a pine-tree by their grave, and burn great numbers of printed draughts[1] of slaves and horses over it, civilly content with their companies *in effigy*, which barbarous nations exact unto reality.

Christians abhorred this way of obsequies, and though they sticked[2] not to give their bodies to be burned in their lives, detested that mode after death; affecting rather a depositure than absumption[3] and properly submitting unto the sentence of God, to return not unto ashes but unto dust again, conformable unto the practice of the patriarchs, the interment of our Savior, of Peter, Paul, and the ancient martyrs. And so far at last declining promiscuous interment with Pagans, that some have suffered ecclesiastical censures, for making no scruple thereof.

The Musselman believers will never admit this fiery resolution. For they hold a present[4] trial from their black and white angels in the grave; which they must have made so hollow, that they may rise upon their knees.

The Jewish nation, though they entertained the old way of inhumation, yet sometimes admitted this practice. For the men of Jabesh burned the body of Saul; and by no prohibited practice, to avoid contagion or pollution, in time of pestilence, burned the bodies of their friends. And when they burned not their dead bodies, yet sometimes used great burnings near and about them, deducible from the expressions concerning Jehoram, Zedechias, and the sumptuous pyre of Asa. And were so little averse from Pagan burning, that the Jews lamenting the death of Cæsar, their friend and revenger on Pompey, frequented the place where his body was burned for many nights together. And as they raised noble monuments and mausoleums for their own nation, so they were not scrupulous in erecting some for others, according to the practice of Daniel, who left that lasting sepulchral pile in Ecbatana, for the Median and Persian kings.

But even in times of subjection and hottest use, they conformed not unto the Roman practice of burning; whereby the prophecy was secured concerning the body of Christ, that it should not see corruption, or a bone should not be broken; which we believe was also providentially prevented, from the soldier's spear and nails that passed by the little bones both in his hands and feet; not of ordinary contrivance, that it should not corrupt on the cross, according to the laws of Roman crucifixion; or an hair of his head perish, though observable in Jewish customs, to cut the hairs of malefactors.

Nor in their long cohabitation[5] with Egyptians, crept into a custom of their exact embalming, wherein deeply slashing the muscles, and taking out the brains and entrails, they had broken the subject of so entire a resurrection, nor fully answered the types of Enoch, Elijah, or Jonah, which yet to prevent or restore, was of equal facility unto that rising power, able to break the fasciations[6] and bands of death, to get clear out of the cerecloth, and an hundred pounds of ointment, and out of the sepulcher before the stone was rolled from it.

But though they embraced not this practice of burning, yet entertained they many ceremonies agreeable unto Greek and Roman obsequies. And he that observeth their funeral feasts, their lamentations at the grave, their music, and weeping mourners; how they closed the eyes of their friends, how they washed, anointed, and kissed the dead; may easily conclude these were not mere Pagan civilities. But whether that mournful burthen, and treble calling out after Absalom, had any reference unto the last conclamation,[7] and triple valediction, used by other nations, we hold but a wavering conjecture.

Civilians[8] make sepulture but of the law of nations, others do naturally found it and discover it also in animals. They that are so thick-skinned as still to credit the story of the *Phœnix*, may say something for animal burning. More serious conjectures find some examples of sepulture in elephants, cranes, the sepulchral cells of pismires,[1] and practice of bees,—which civil society carrieth out their dead, and hath exequies, if not interments.

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[1] pictures
[2] hesitated
[3] decay
[4] immediate
[5] living
[6] bindings
[7] loud shouting
[8] civil lawyers

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[1] ants

WILLIAM HABINGTON

1605-1654

The love Habington bore his wife, who was Lucy Herbert, the daughter of Lord Powis, forms the basis of his fame; for out of it grew *Castara*, a poem which records the progress of the whole relationship and becomes one of the most beautiful marriage poems that we have. Besides *Castara*, Habington wrote a drama, *The Queene of Arragon;* and at the instigation of King Charles, *The History of Edward IV, King of England*—this last in conjunction with his father, who was an antiquarian of considerable reputation. *Castara*, however, remains the work of greatest merit; in fact, because of the high seriousness of its tone, the purity of its conception, and the grace of its expression, we must hold it among the best of its kind produced during the seventeenth century.

Habington was born of a noble family in Worcestershire in 1605. He studied at St. Omer's Jesuit College in France, later continuing his studies at Paris. Upon his return he fell in love with Lucy Herbert, who was related to the powerful Percy family, and for a time his suit was frowned upon because of the insufficiency of his fortune. He sought consolation in poetry, beginning *Castara*. The marriage was finally celebrated, however, and *Castara* was continued, passing thus from the despair of the lover to the happiness of the husband. After his marriage, he settled into the life of a country gentleman, in which he continued until his death in 1654.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HOPE AND FEAR

Fear. Check thy forward thoughts! and know
Hymen only joins their hands,
Who, with even paces go,
She, in gold; He, rich in lands!

Hope. But Castara's purer fire,
When it meets a noble flame,
Shuns the smoke of such desire!
Joins with love, and burns the same.

Fear. Yet, obedience must prevail!
They who o'er her actions sway,
Would have her in th' Ocean sail;
And contemn thy Narrow Sea!

Hope. Parents' laws must bear no weight
When they happiness prevent,
But our sea is not so strait;
But it room hath for Content!

Fear. Thousand hearts, as victims, stand
At the altar of her eyes!
And will partial She command
Only thine for sacrifice?

Hope. Thousand victims must return!
She, the purest will design.
Choose, Castara! which shall burn?
Choose the purest, that is, mine!

TO CUPID

UPON A DIMPLE IN CASTARA'S CHEEK

Nimble boy! in thy warm flight,
What cold tyrant dimmed thy sight?
Hadst thou eyes, to see my Fair,
Thou wouldst sigh thyself to air!
Fearing to create this one,
Nature had herself undone!
But if you, when this you hear,
Fall down, murdered through your ear,
Beg of Jove, that you may have,
In her cheek, a dimpled grave!
Lily, rose, and violet,
Shall the perfumed hearse beset;
While a beauteous sheet of lawn,
O'er the wanton corpse is drawn:
And all Lovers use this breath,
'Here lies Cupid, blest in death!'

UPON CUPID'S DEATH AND BURIAL IN CASTARA'S CHEEK

Cupid's dead! Who would not die
To b' interred so near her eye!
Who would fear the sword, to have
Such an alabaster grave!
O'er which two bright tapers burn,
To give light to the beauteous urn.
At the first, Castara smiled,
Thinking Cupid her beguiled,
Only counterfeiting death:
But when she perceived his breath
Quite expired, the mournful Girl,
To entomb the Boy in pearl,
Wept so long, till piteous Jove,
From the ashes of his Love,
Made ten thousand Cupids rise;
But confined them to her eyes:
Where they yet, to show they lack
No due sorrow, still wear black!
But the blacks so glorious are,
Which they mourn in, that the fair
Quire of stars look pale and fret;
Seeing themselves outshined by jet.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA

Like the violet, which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown!
To no looser eye betrayed.
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such her beauty, as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood!
She is noblest, being good!

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant!
Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit:
In her silence, eloquent!
Of herself survey she takes;
But 'tween men no difference makes!

She obeys, with speedy will,
Her grave parents' wise commands.
And so innocent! that ill
She nor acts, nor understands!
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the Court;
Where, oft, Honor splits her mast:
And Retiredness thinks the port,
Where her frame may anchor cast.
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where Vice is enthroned for Wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where Sin waits not on Delight.
Without Mask, or Ball, or Feast;
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust,
Prayer and Sleep oft govern Lust.

She, her throne makes Reason climb;
While wild Passions captive lie;
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to Heaven fly!
All her vows religious be;
And her love, she vows to me!

TO CASTARA PRAYING

I saw Castara pray, and from the sky
A wingéd legion of bright angels fly
To catch her vows, for fear her virgin prayer
Might chance to mingle with impurer air.
To vulgar eyes, the sacred truth I write,
May seem a fancy. But the eagles' sight
Of saints and poets, miracles oft view,
Which to dull heretics appear untrue.
Fair zeal begets such wonders. O divine
And purest beauty; let me thee enshrine
In my devoted soul, and from thy praise,
T'enrich my garland, pluck religious bays.
Shine thou the star by which my thought shall move,
Best subject of my pen, queen of my love.

TO CASTARA

UPON BEAUTY

Castara, see that dust, the sportive wind
So wantons with. 'Tis happ'ly all you'll find
Left of some beauty: and how still it flies,
To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes.

O empty boast of flesh! Though our heirs gild
The far-fetched Phrygian marble, which shall build
A burthen to our ashes, yet will death
Betray them to the sport of every breath.
Dost thou, poor relic of our frailty, still
Swell up with glory? Or is it thy skill
To mock weak man, whom every wind of praise
Into the air doth ’bove his centre raise?
If so, mock on, and tell him that his lust
To beauty’s madness, for it courts but dust.

TO CASTARA

MELANCHOLY

Were but that sigh a penitential breath
That thou art mine: it would blow with it death
T’ inclose me in my marble where I’d be
Slave to the tyrant worms to set thee free.
What should we envy? Though with larger sail
Some dance upon the ocean. Yet more frail
And faithless is that wave, than where we glide,
Blest in the safety of a private tide.
We still have land in ken. And ’cause our boat
Dares not affront the weather, we’ll ne’er float
Far from the shore. To daring them each cloud
Is big with thunder; every wind speaks loud.
And though wild rocks about the shore appear,
Yet virtue will find room to anchor there.

THE REWARD OF INNOCENT LOVE

We saw and woo’d each other’s eyes,
My soul contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice
By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youths, whose soul is sense,
Profane the temple of delight,
And purchase endless penitence
With the stolen pleasure of one night.

Time’s ever ours, while we despise
The sensual idol of our clay,
For though the sun do set and rise
We joy one everlasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
While each of us shine innocent.
The troubled stream is still impure:
With virtue flies away content.

And though opinion often err,
We’ll court the modest smile of fame,
For sin’s black danger circles her
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one dark silent room
Death shall our loving coffins thrust,
Fame will build columns on our tomb,
And add a perfume to our dust.

RECOGITABO TIBI OMNES ANNOS MEOS

Time! where didst thou those years inter
Which I have seen decease?
My soul’s at war and Truth bids her
Find out their hidden Sepulchre
To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers doth not the Spring
Like a late Bride appear?
Whose feathered music only bring
Caresses and no Requiem sing
On the departed year.

The Earth like some rich wanton heir
Whose parents coffined lie,
Forgets it once looked pale and bare
And doth for vanities prepare
As the Spring ne’er should die.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty’s mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretched power
Which his proud dangers traffic for
Is but the triumph of an hour;

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway;

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute:—

For they have watched since first
The world had birth;
And found sin in itself accursed,
And nothing permanent on earth.

NON NOBIS DOMINE

No Marble statue nor high
Aspiring pyramid be raised
To lose its head within the sky!
What claim have I to memory?
God, be Thou only praised!
Thou in a moment canst defeat
The mighty conquests of the proud,
And blast the laurels of the great.
Thou canst make brightest glory set
On a sudden in a cloud.

How can the feeble works of art
Hold out 'gainst the assaults of storms?
Or how can brass to him impart
Sense of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolv'd to worms?

Blind folly of triumphing pride!
Eternity, why buildst thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled stream in the ocean hide,
And ne'er the same appear?

That tide which did its banks o'erflow,
As sent abroad by the angry sea
To level vastest buildings low,
And all our trophies overthrow,
Ebbs like a thief away.

And thou, who to preserve thy name,
Leav'st statues in some conquered land!
How will posterity scorn fame,
When the idol shall receive a maim,
And lose a foot or hand?

How wilt thou hate thy wars when he
Who only for his hire did raise
Thy counterfeit in stone; and be
Perhaps thought worthier praise?

No laurel wreath about my brow!
To Thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow!
For both dissolve to air if Thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

A HOLY MAN

Is only happy. For infelicity and sin were born twins; or rather like some prodigy with two bodies, both draw and expire the same breath. Catholic faith is the foundation on which he erects religion; knowing it a ruinous madness to build in the air of private spirit, or on the sands of any new schism. His impiety is not so bold as to bring divinity down to the mistake of reason, or to deny those mysteries his apprehension reacheth not. His obedience moves still by direction of the magistrate: and should conscience inform him that the command is unjust; he judgeth it nevertheless high treason by rebellion to make good his tenets; as it were the basest cowardice, by dissimulation of religion, to preserve temporal respects. He knows humane policy by a crooked rule of action: and therefore by a distrust of his own knowledge attains it: confounding with supernatural illumination, the opinionated judgment of the wise. In prosperity he gratefully admires the bounty of the Almighty giver, and useth, not abuseth plenty: but in adversity he remains unshaken, and like some eminent mountain hath his head above the clouds. For his happiness is not meteor-like, exhaled from the vapors of this world; but shines a fixed star, which when by misfortune it appears to fall, only casts away the slimy matter. Poverty he neither fears nor covets, but cheerfully entertains; imagining it the fire which tries virtue: nor how tyrannically soever it usurp on him, doth he pay to it a sigh or wrinkle: for he who suffers want without reluctancy, may be poor, not miserable. He sees the covetous prosper by usury, yet waxeth not lean with envy: and when the prosperity of the impious flourisheth, he questions not the divine justice; for temporal rewards distinguish not ever the merits of men: and who has been of counsel with the Eternal? Fame he weighs not, but esteems a smoke, yet such as carries with it the sweetest odor, and riseth usually from the sacrifice of our best actions. Pride he disdains, when he finds it swelling in himself; but easily forgiveth it in another. Nor can any man's error in life, make him sin in censure, since seldom the folly we condemn is so culpable as the severity of our judgment. He doth not malice the over-spreading growth of his equals: but pities, not despiseth the fall of any man: esteeming yet no storm of fortune dangerous, but what is raised through our own demerit. When he looks on others' vices, he values not himself virtuous by comparison, but examines his own defects, and finds matter enough at home for reprehension: in conversation his carriage is neither plausible to flattery nor reserved to rigor: but he demeans himself as created for society. In solitude he remembers his better part is angelical; and therefore his mind practiseth the best discourse without assistance of inferior organs. Lust is the basilisk he flies, a serpent of the most destroying venom: for it blasts all plants with the breath, and carries the most murdering artillery in the eye: he is ever merry but still modest. Not dissolved into undecent laughter, or trickled with wit scurrilous or injurious. He cunningly searcheth into the virtues of others, and liberally commends them: but buries the vices of the imperfect in a charitable silence, whose manners he reforms not by invective but by example: in prayer he is frequent not apparent: yet as he labors not the opinion, so he fears not the scandal of being thought good. He every day travails his meditations up to heaven, and never finds himself wearied with the journey: but when the necessities of nature return him down to earth, he esteems it a place he is condemned to. Devotion is his mistress, on which he is passionately enamoured: for that he hath found the most sovereign antidote against sin, and the only balsam powerful to cure those wounds he has received through frailty. Death, how deformed soever an aspect it wears, he is not frighted with: since it not annihilates, but unclouds the soul. He therefore stands every moment prepared to die: and though he freely yields himself, when age or sickness summon him; yet he with more alacrity puts off his earth, when the profession of faith crowns him a martyr.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

1606-1668

Although after the death of Ben Jonson, Sir William Davenant was appointed poet laureate, it is as a playwright and theatrical director, chiefly, that he is noteworthy. However, in *Gondibert*, a long romantic epic published in 1651, there are striking lines and well-sustained images; moreover, the poem is cast into quatrains of a form so unusual that it attracted the attention of Dryden and later of Gray, both of whom followed it to decided advantage.

He was born the son of an innkeeper at Oxford in 1606, attending school at All Saints and later entering Lincoln College. In 1628 he began his career as playwright, and during the next eight years he remained in London and in attendance upon the court. After the downfall of Charles, he was forced to take refuge in France, where, probably in 1646, he was received into the Catholic Church. After the Restoration he became attached to the court of Charles II and continued his writing, producing in all some thirty plays during his career. He finally established a highly successful theatrical company, in the direction of which he spent the remainder of his life. Two changes that he wrought in stage management revolutionized theatrical production: the introduction of women as players and the use of moveable scenery.

From GONDIBERT

PRAISE

Praise is devotion fit for mighty minds
The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice;
Where Heaven divided faiths united finds:
But prayer in various discord upward flies.

For Prayer the ocean is where diversely
Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast;
Where all our interests so discordant be
That half beg winds by which the rest are lost.

By Penitence when we ourselves forsake,
'Tis but in wise design on piteous Heaven;
In praise we nobly give what God may take,
And are, without a beggar's blush, forgiven.

Its utmost force, like powder's is unknown;
And though weak kings excess of praise may fear,
Yet when 'tis here, like powder dangerous grown,
Heaven's vault receives what would the palace tear.

SONG

Why dost thou seem to boast, vainglorious sun?
Why should thy bright complexion make thee proud?
Think but how often since thy race begun
Thou wert eclipsed, then blush behind a cloud.

Or why look you, fair Empress of the night,
So big upon't, when you at full appear?
Remember yours is but a borrowed light,
Then shrink with paleness in your giddy sphere.

If neither sun nor moon can justify
Their pride, how ill it women then befits
That are on earth but *ignes fatui*
That lead poor men to wander from their wits.

MORNING

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings,
He takes your window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings;
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes;
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

EPITAPH

When you perceive these stones are wet
Think not you see the Marble sweat;
It weeps for grief the Day of Doom
(Invoked by Saints) will shortly come;
Then the unwilling Marble must
Surrender all this Saint's sweet dust.

JOHN MILTON

1608-1674

There are four poets in English literature with whose work any one who aspires to be thought educated must be familiar: Chaucer, "the father of English poetry"; Spenser, the poet typical of the spirit of the Renaissance; Shakespeare, the immortal dramatist; and John Milton, author of the great English epic.

Every one knows of *Paradise Lost*, but not every one has read it. Yet the reputation that is Milton's is as well founded as that of any of the world's great authors. He was the poet of "high seriousness" naturally; his temperament—Brother Leo calls him "a Puritan saint"—and his training—he was probably the most learned man in the England of his time—compelled him to be. Likewise he was gifted with a power of imagination almost uniquely splendid. Hence it is true that to understand him one must bring to the reading of his verse a mind sympathetic to exalted imagery and attuned to resounding measures; but by learning to understand him, one experiences, vicariously, his experience and is thus impelled, if but momentarily, to dwell upon the heights.

He began to write before leaving Cambridge University, composing *Hymn on the Nativity, Epitaph on Shakespeare,* and the *Sonnet upon Reaching the Age of Twenty-three* while yet in residence. Others of his works, besides *Paradise Lost*, which appeared in 1667, are *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, 1633; *Arcades*, 1634; *Comus*, 1634; *Lycidas*, 1637; *Paradise Regained*, 1671; and *Samson Agonistes*, 1671.

Milton was born in London in 1608, the son of a scrivener, a man of literary and musical tastes who had been born in the Catholic faith but who later became a Protestant. He began his education at St. Paul's School, entering Christ's College, Cambridge, at the age of sixteen. He remained at Cambridge for seven years. During the next six years he dwelt with his family at Horton in Buckinghamshire, where, having given up the idea of taking Anglican orders, he devoted himself to the career of poet, composing, at this time, some of his best earlier verse. Upon the death of his mother in 1637 he went abroad but returned in little more than a year because of the growing political disturbances in England. For a time he engaged in controversial writing, which later he was to return to with such vitriolic effect. In 1643 he married Mary Powell, the daughter of a Cavalier, but so widely at variance was the couple that within a few weeks the girl returned to her family. It was this affair that led to his composition of two pamphlets in favor of divorce, which he published without license. An action was entered against him by the Stationers' Company and the House of Commons, which led to his issuing the *Areopagitica, or a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicenced Printing*, a flaming plea for the liberty of the press. A few weeks after the execution of Charles I, he issued his *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, a composition for which Cromwell made him Latin secretary. It was at this time that his sight, having been weakened by his years of study and particularly by his new duties under the government, began to fail, so that by 1653 he had become totally blind. During the remaining years of the Protectorate, his life was tranquil. At the Restoration, however, he was forced to go into hiding in order to save his life. He was finally arrested, and, but for the intercession of powerful friends who evoked for his benefit the Act of Indemnity, he would have been executed. Meanwhile, in 1645, upon the collapse of the Cavalier cause, the family of his wife prevailed upon her to return to him, and with some reluctance he received her. Between 1646 and 1652 three daughters were born to him, but in the last year his wife died. Four years later he remarried, but his second wife lived only one year afterward. In 1663 he contracted a third marriage. From this time during the remainder of his life he lived in London, engaged upon the works which have rendered him immortal.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathéd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth[1] cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept[2] Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathéd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovéd pleasure free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;[3]
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale[4]
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two agéd oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks[5] sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:

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[1] hidden
[2] called
[3] bedecked
[4] counts his flock
[5] fiddles

Then to a spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern[1] led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber[2] fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds[3] of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnéd sock[4] be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,[5]
Or fill the fixéd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond[6] with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeam,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen[7] that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

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[1] will-o'-the-wisp
[2] lubberly
[3] garments
[4] shoe worn by actors of comedy in ancient Greece
[5] help
[6] foolish
[7] Cassiopeia, who became a constellation

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retiréd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel[1] will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia[2] checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noisé of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removéd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,[3]
With thrice great Hermes,[4] or unsphere[5]
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what past regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent[6]
With planet or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined[7] stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him[8] that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.[9]
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy[10] to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavéd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.

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[1] the nightingale
[2] the moon
[3] the great Bear
[4] Hermes Trismegistius, traditional Egyptian ruler
[5] recall
[6] sympathy
[7] tragic
[8] Chaucer
[9] perhaps Spenser
[10] Cephalus

And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,[1]
And love the high embowéd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell[2]
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give;
And I with thee will choose to live.

PARADISE LOST

Book I

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast[3] by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount,[4] while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that does prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the highth of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
  Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause
Moved our grand[5] Parents, in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the World besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
  The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equaled the Most High,
If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.[6]

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[1] enclosure

[2] read

[3] close

[4] Mt. Helicon, suggestive of the Greek tradition in poetry

[5] first

[6] Milton's conception of the universe was based upon the Ptolemaic system, according to which the earth is the center. Heaven lies outside, above the universe, and is separated from it by chaos, a region of struggling forces, at the bottom of which lies hell.

Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of Heaven
As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heaven called *Satan,*[1] with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—
'If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen! how changed
From him!—who, in happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright—if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
From what highth fallen: so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward luster, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome?
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
Doubted[2] his empire—that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of Gods,
And this empyreal substance, cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.'
So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,

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[1] Hebrew word meaning *opponent*

[2] feared for

Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—
'O Prince, O Chief of many thronéd Powers
That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,
Too well I see and rue the dire event
That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and Heavenly Essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice[1] his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?'
Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied:—
'Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure—
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which ofttimes may succeed so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail[2] not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair.'
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixéd anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishéd morn delays.

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[1] appease

[2] mistake

So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,
Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On Man by him seduced, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
  Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights—if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appeared in hue as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fueled entrails, thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singéd bottom all involved
With stench and smoke. Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate;
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
  'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'
Said then the lost Archangel, 'this the seat
That we must change for Heaven?—this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equaled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal World! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor—one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
But therefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,[1]
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?'
  So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub
Thus answered:—'Leader of those armies bright
Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled!
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal—they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth!'
  He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb

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[1] lie thus overwhelmed on the pool, being rendered oblivious by it

Through optic glass[1] the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral,[2] were but a wand—
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflaméd sea he stood, and called
His legions—Angel Forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot-wheels. So thick bestrown,
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded:—'Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the Flower of Heaven—once yours; now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue,[3] for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkéd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?—
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!'

They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,
On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son,[4] in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like Night, and darkened all the land of Nile;
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:
A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins to pass
Rhene or the Danaw,[5] when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great Commander—godlike Shapes, and Forms
Excelling human; princely Dignities;
And Powers that erst[6] in Heaven sat on thrones,
Though of their names in Heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and razed
By their rebellion from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible

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[1] the telescope
[2] flagship
[3] courage
[4] Aaron
[5] Rhine or Danube
[6] once

Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen World.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix
Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with curséd things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First, *Moloch*, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshiped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill,[1] and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.
Next *Chemos*, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Elealé to the Asphaltic Pool:[2]
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of *Baälim* and *Ashtaroth*—those male,
These feminine. For Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads, as low
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came *Astoreth*, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarté, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king[3] whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis[4] from his native rock

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[1] Mount of Olives
[2] Dead Sea
[3] King Solomon
[4] a river in Phœnicia

Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood,
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopped off,
In his own temple, on the grunsel[1] edge,
Where he fell flat and shamed his worshipers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him followed *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper[2] once he lost, and gained a king—
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared
A crew who, under names of old renown—
Osiris, *Isis*, *Orus*, and their train—
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
The infection, when their borrowed gold composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king[3]
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazéd ox—
Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed
From Egypt marching, equaled[4] with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last; than whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself. To him no temple stood
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage; and, when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown[5] with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might:
The rest were long to tell; though far renowned
The Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth,
Their boasted parents;—*Titan*, Heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger *Saturn*: he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So *Jove* usurping reigned. These, first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost Isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their Chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears:

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[1] threshold [2] Naaman [3] Jeroboam [4] struck down [5] filled

Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honor claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luster rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient[1] colors waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian[2] mood
Of flutes and soft recorders[3]—such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage[4]
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force with fixéd thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil. And now
Advanced in view they stand—a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose. He through the arméd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse[5]
The whole battalion views—their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,
Glories: for never, since created Man,
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry[6]
Warred on by cranes—though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son[7]
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed[8]
Their dread Commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate[9] pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain—
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced[10]
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung

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[1] gaudy
[2] solemn
[3] musical instrument
[4] assuage
[5] across
[6] the Pygmies (*Iliad*, III, 5)
[7] King Arthur
[8] obeyed
[9] considering
[10] punished by loss

For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered; as, when heaven's fire
Hath scathed[1] the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singéd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: Attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way:—
 'O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty!—and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event[2] was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend,
Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heaven till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed—
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war provoked: our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the Sons of Heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption—thither, or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired;
For who can think submission? War, then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved.'
 He spake; and, to confirm his words, outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with graspéd arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.
 There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf—undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur.[3] Thither, winged with speed,
A numerous brigad hastened: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on—
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,

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[1] injured

[2] result

[3] once believed to be the element from which all metals were derived

Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the center,[1] and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire[2]
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,[3]
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they, with incessant toil
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded[4] the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion-dross.
A third as soon had formed within the ground
A various mold, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy[5] sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equaled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately highth; and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the archéd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered; and the work some praise,
And some the architect. His hand was known
In Heaven by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptered Angels held their residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land[6]
Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle. Thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he scape
By all his engines,[7] but was headlong sent,
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.
Meanwhile the wingéd heralds, by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called
From every band and squaréd regiment
By place or choice the worthiest: they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended. All access was thronged; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field, where champions bold

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[1] earth
[2] wonder
[3] pyramids
[4] melted
[5] projecting
[6] Italy
[7] machines

Wont ride in armed, and at the soldan's chair
Defied the best of paynim[1] chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance),
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus[2] rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothéd plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state-affairs: so thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless—like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
Sits arbitress,[3] and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course: they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess[4] and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent[5] and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult[6] began.

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[1] pagan

[2] sign of the zodiac

[3] witness

[4] retirement

[5] numerous

[6] consultation

THE BIBLE

(Douay Version)

1610

The Douay Version of the Bible grew out of the necessity that Catholics have a version of the Scriptures which was free from the controversial bias of the Protestant texts of the sixteenth century. The work of preparing such a version was undertaken at the English College at Douai, in Flanders, by Dr. Gregory Martin, formerly of St. John's College, Oxford, assisted by Thomas Worthington, Richard Bristowe, John Reynolds, and William (later Cardinal) Allen, the founder of the College at Douai. The translation was based upon the Latin Vulgate of St. Jerome, which had been declared authoritative for Catholics by the Council of Trent.

In 1578, because of political difficulties, the college was temporarily transferred to Rheims, where the *New Testament* was published, an edition which subsequently became known as the "Rheims Testament." Publication of the *Old Testament* was delayed because of lack of means until 1609-1610, however, when the whole *Bible* was brought out in two volumes,—after the college had reopened at Douai.

The text of the *Book of Ruth* here presented is that of Archbishop Kendrick's revision of 1859.

From THE BIBLE

THE BOOK OF RUTH

This book is called Ruth, from the name of the person whose history is here recorded; who, being a Gentile, became a convert to the true faith, and marrying Booz, the great-grandfather of David, was one of those from whom Christ sprung according to the flesh, and an illustrious figure of the Gentile church. It is thought this book was written by the prophet Samuel.

Chapter I

Elimelech of Bethlehem going with his wife Noemi, and two sons into the land of Moab, dieth there. His sons marry wives of that country and die without issue. Noemi returneth home with her daughter in law Ruth, who refuseth to part with her.

1. In the days of one of the judges, when the judges ruled, there came a famine in the land. And a certain man of Bethlehem Juda, went to sojourn in the land of Moab with his wife and his two sons.

2. He was named Elimelech, and his wife, Noemi: and his two sons, the one Mahalon, and the other Chelion, Ephrathites of Bethlehem Juda. And entering into the country of Moab, they abode there.

3. And Elimelech, the husband of Noemi, died: and she remained with her sons.

4. And they took wives of the women of Moab, of which one was Orpha, and the other Ruth. And they dwelt there ten years.

5. And they both died, to wit, Mahalon and Chelion: and the woman was left alone, having lost both her sons and her husband.

6. And she arose to go from the land of Moab to her own country with both her daughters in law: for she had heard that the Lord had looked upon his people, and had given them food.

7. Wherefore she went out of the place of her sojournment, with both her daughters in law: and being now in the way to return into the land of Juda,

8. She said to them: Go ye home to your mothers: the Lord deal mercifully with you, as you have dealt with the dead and with me.

9. May he grant you to find rest in the houses of the husbands which you shall take. And she kissed them. And they lifted up their voice and began to weep,

10. And to say: We will go on with thee to thy people.

11. But she answered them: Return, my daughters: why come ye with me? have I any more sons in my womb, that you may hope for husbands of me?

12. Return again, my daughters, and go your ways: for I am now spent with age, and not fit for wedlock. Although I might conceive this night, and bear children,

13. If you would wait until they were grown up, and come to man's estate, you would be old women before you marry. Do not so, my daughters, I beseech you: for I am grieved the more for your distress, and the hand of the Lord is gone out against me.

14. And they lifted up their voice and began to weep again: Orpha kissed her mother in law and returned: Ruth stuck close to her mother in law.

15. And Noemi said to her: Behold thy kinswoman is returned to her people, and to her gods, go thou with her.

16. She answered: Be not against me, to desire that I should leave thee and depart: for whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go: and where thou shalt dwell, I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

17. The land that shall receive thee dying, in the same will I die: and there will I be buried. The Lord do so and so to me, and add more also, if aught but death part me and thee.

18. Then Noemi, seeing that Ruth was steadfastly determined to go with her, would not be against it, nor persuade her any more to return to her friends:

19. So they went together and came to Bethlehem. And when they were come into the city, the report was quickly spread among all: and the women said: This is that Noemi.

20. But she said to them: Call me not Noemi, (that is, beautiful), but call me Mara, (that is, bitter), for the Almighty hath quite filled me with bitterness.

21. I went out full, and the Lord hath

brought me back empty. Why then do you call me Noemi, whom the Lord hath humbled and the Almighty hath afflicted?

22. So Noemi came with Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter in law, from the land of her sojournment: and returned into Bethlehem, in the beginning of the barley harvest.

Chapter 2

Ruth gleaneth in the field of Booz, who sheweth her favor.

1. Now her husband Elimelech had a kinsman, a powerful man, and very rich, whose name was Booz.

2. And Ruth the Moabitess said to her mother in law: If thou wilt, I will go into the field, and glean the ears of corn that escape the hands of the reapers, wheresoever I shall find grace with a householder, that will be favorable to me. And she answered her: Go, my daughter.

3. She went therefore and gleaned the ears of corn after the reapers. And it happened that the owner of that field was Booz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech.

4. And behold, he came out of Bethlehem, and said to the reapers: The Lord be with you. And they answered him: The Lord bless thee.

5. And Booz said to the young man that was set over the reapers: Whose maid is this?

6. And he answered him: This is the Moabitess who came with Noemi, from the land of Moab,

7. And she desired leave to glean the ears of corn that remain, following the steps of the reapers: and she hath been in the field from morning until now, and hath not gone home for one moment.

8. And Booz said to Ruth: Hear me, daughter, do not go to glean in any other field, and do not depart from this place: but keep with my maids,

9. And follow where they reap. For I have charged my young men not to molest thee: and if thou art thirsty, go to the vessels, and drink of the waters whereof the servants drink.

10. She fell upon her face and worshipping upon the ground, said to him: Whence cometh this to me, that I should find grace before thy eyes, and that thou shouldst vouchsafe to take notice of me a woman of another country?

11. And he answered her: All has been told me, that thou hast done to thy mother in law after the death of thy husband: and how thou hast left thy parents, and the land wherein thou wast born, and art come to a people which thou knewest not heretofore.

12. The Lord render unto thee for thy work, and mayest thou receive a full reward of the Lord the God of Israel, to whom thou art come, and under whose wings thou art fled.

13. And she said: I have found grace in thy eyes, my lord, who hast comforted me and hast spoken to the heart of thy handmaiden, who am not like to one of thy maids.

14. And Booz said to her: At mealtime come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar. So she sat at the side of the reapers, and heaped to herself frumenty, and ate and was filled, and took the leavings.

15. And she arose from thence, to glean the ears of corn as before. And Booz commanded his servants, saying: If she would even reap with you, hinder her not:

16. And let fall some of your handfuls of purpose, and leave them, that she may gather them without shame, and let no man rebuke her when she gathereth them.

17. She gleaned therefore in the field till evening: and beating out with a rod and threshing what she had gleaned, she found about the measure of an ephi of barley, that is, about three bushels:

18. Which she took up and returned into the city, and shewed it to her mother in law: moreover she brought out and gave her of the remains of her meat, wherewith she had been filled.

19. And her mother in law said to her: Where hast thou gleaned today, and where hast thou wrought? blessed be he that hath had pity on thee. And she told her with whom she had wrought: and she told the man's name, that he was called Booz.

20. And Noemi answered her: Blessed be he of the Lord: because the same kindness which he shewed to the living, he hath kept also to the dead. And again she said: This man is our kinsman.

21. And Ruth said, He also charged me, that I should keep close to his reapers, till all the corn should be reaped.

22. And her mother in law said to her: It is better for thee, my daughter, to go out to reap with his maids, lest in another man's field some one may resist thee.

23. So she kept close to the maids of Booz: and continued to glean with them, till all the barley, and the wheat were laid up in the barns.

CHAPTER 3

Ruth instructed by her mother in law lieth at Booz's feet, claiming him for her husband by the law of affinity: she receiveth a good answer, and six measures of barley.

1. After she was returned to her mother in law, Noemi said to her: My daughter, I will seek rest for thee, and will provide that it may be well with thee.

2. This Booz, with whose maids thou wast joined in the field, is our near kinsman, and behold this night he winnoweth barley in the threshing floor.

3. Wash thyself therefore and anoint thee, and put on thy best garments, and go down to the barn floor: but let not the man see thee, till he shall have done eating and drinking.

4. And when he shall go to sleep, mark the place wherein he sleepeth: and thou shalt go in, and lift up the clothes wherewith he is covered towards his feet, and shalt lay thyself down there: and he will tell thee what thou must do.

5. She answered: Whatsoever thou shalt command, I will do.

6. And she went down to the barn floor, and did all that her mother in law had bid her.

7. And when Booz had eaten, and drunk, and was merry, he went to sleep by the heap of sheaves, and she came softly and uncovering his feet, laid herself down.

8. And behold, when it was now midnight the man was afraid, and troubled: and he saw a woman lying at his feet,

9. And he said to her: Who art thou? And she answered: I am Ruth thy handmaid: spread thy coverlet over thy servant, for thou art a near kinsman.

10. And he said: Blessed art thou of the Lord, my daughter, and thy latter kindness has surpassed the former: because thou hast not followed young men either poor or rich.

11. Fear not therefore, but whatsoever thou shalt say to me I will do to thee. For all the people that dwell within the gates of my city, know that thou art a virtuous woman.

12. Neither do I deny myself to be near of kin, but there is another nearer than I.

13. Rest thou this night: and when morning is come, if he will take thee by the right of kindred, all is well: but if he will not, I will undoubtedly take thee, as the Lord liveth: sleep till the morning.

14. So she slept at his feet till the night was going off. And she arose before men could know one another, and Booz said: Beware lest any man know that thou camest hither.

15. And again he said: Spread thy mantle, wherewith thou art covered, and hold it with both hands. And when she spread it and held it, he measured six measures of barley and laid it upon her. And she carried it and went into the city,

16. And came to her mother in law; who said to her: What hast thou done, daughter? And she told her all that the man had done to her.

17. And she said: Behold he hath given me six measures of barley: for he said: I will not have thee return empty to thy mother in law.

18. And Noemi said: Wait my daughter, till we see what end the thing will have. For the man will not rest until he have accomplished what he hath said.

CHAPTER 4

Upon the refusal of the nearer kinsman, Booz marrieth Ruth, who bringeth forth Obed, the grandfather of David.

1. Then Booz went up to the gate, and sat there. And when he had seen the kinsman going by, of whom he had spoken before, he said to him, calling him by his name: Turn aside for a little while, and sit down here. He turned aside, and sat down.

2. And Booz taking ten men of the ancients of the city, said to them: Sit ye down here.

3. They sat down, and he spoke to the kinsman: Noemi, who is returned from the country of Moab, will sell a parcel of land that belonged to our brother Elimelech.

4. I would have thee to understand this, and would tell thee before all that sit here, and before the ancients of my people. If thou wilt take possession of it by the right of kindred: buy it and possess it; but if it please thee not, tell me so, that I may know what I have to do. For there is no near kinsman besides thee, who art first, and me, who am second. But he answered: I will buy the field.

5. And Booz said to him: When thou shalt buy the field at the woman's hand, thou must take also Ruth the Moabitess, who was the wife of the deceased: to raise up the name of thy kinsman in his inheritance.

6. He answered: I yield up my right of next akin: for I must not cut off the posterity of my own family. Do thou make use of my privilege, which I profess I do willingly forego.

7. Now this in former times was the manner in Israel between kinsmen, that if at any time one yielded his right to another: that the grant might be sure, the man put off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbour; this was a testimony of cession of right in Israel.

8. So Booz said to his kinsman: Put off thy shoe. And immediately he took it off from his foot.

9. And he said to the ancients and to all the people: You are witnesses this day, that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and Chelion's, and Mahalon's, of the land of Noemi:

10. And have taken to wife Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahalon, to raise up the name of the deceased in his inheritance lest his name be cut off, from among his family and his brethren and his people. You, I say, are witnesses of this thing.

11. Then all the people that were in the gate, and the ancients answered: We are witnesses: The Lord make this woman who cometh into thy house, like Rachel, and Lia, who built up the house of Israel: that she may be an example of virtue in Ephrata, and may have a famous name in Bethlehem:

12. And that the house may be, as the house of Phares, whom Thamar bore unto Juda, of the seed which the Lord shall give thee of this young woman.

13. Booz therefore took Ruth, and married her: and went in unto her, and the Lord gave her to conceive and to bear a son.

14. And the women said to Noemi: Blessed be the Lord, who hath not suffered thy family to want a successor, that his name should be preserved in Israel.

15. And thou shouldst have one to comfort thy soul, and cherish thy old age. For he is born of thy daughter in law: who loveth thee: and is much better to thee, than if thou hadst seven sons.

16. And Noemi taking the child laid it in her bosom, and she carried it, and was a nurse unto it.

17. And the women her neighbours, congratulating with her and saying: There is a son born to Noemi: called his name Obed: he is the father of Isai, the father of David.

18. These are the generations of Phares: Phares begot Esron,

19. Esron begot Aram, Aram begot Aminadab,

20. Aminadab begot Nahasson, Nahasson begot Salmon,

21. Salmon begot Booz, Booz begot Obed,

22. Obed begot Isai, Isai begot David.

RICHARD CRASHAW

ca. 1612-1649

While most of the interest in Crashaw is attached to his devotional poetry, some of his secular verse—*Wishes to His (Supposed) Mistress*, for instance,—because of its lightness and delicacy, is not to be ignored. At his best he is intensely religious, developing a passionate fervor through the use of powerful imagery and sustaining throughout a subtle mysticism. His poetical imagination together with his skill in versification has won for him an honored place in the literature.

Born of Puritan parents about 1612 in London, he obtained his early training at Charterhouse, finally entering Cambridge in 1631. He showed a particular aptitude for languages and became a fellow of Peterhouse, winning the M. A. degree in 1638. His first publication, a collection of Latin epigrams, *Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber*, was brought out by the university in 1634. During the early 1640's, however, the Puritan domination in English universities increased tremendously; and Crashaw, in spite of his Puritan origin, found himself more and more out of harmony with the existing order. He accidentally became interested in the writings of St. Teresa, and, turning to that source for help during his time of trouble, he finally became a convert to Catholicism. In 1643 Parliament presented the Solemn League and Covenant to all the fellows in the universities. Naturally, Crashaw, entertaining the ideas that had come to him, could not in conscience sign it. So he was obliged, after a residence of some twelve years, to leave the only home he knew. It is said that he lived for a time at Oxford, but we know that he went to London later, for his volume of poems, *Steps to the Temple, with Other Delights of the Muses*, was issued there in 1646. Later he proceeded to Paris, where he was discovered in dire poverty by Abraham Cowley, whom he had known at Cambridge. Cowley introduced him into the service of the exiled English queen, Henrietta Maria. He remained at Paris for several years, during which time he wrote a number of the devotional poems, particularly the *Carmen Deo Nostro*. In no long time, however, the sort of thing that was expected of him palled, and so, under the patronage of the queen, he journeyed to Rome, there to become the secretary of Cardinal Palotta, then governor of Rome. Finally, because he was unfit for the life of political activity that of necessity went on about him, he was appointed by the governor as subcanon of the basilica church at Loretta. During the journey to his new appointment in the summer of 1649 he contracted a fever to which he shortly succumbed.

WISHES TO HIS (SUPPOSED) MISTRESS

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth
Of studied fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our earth;

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her, beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie,—

Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan,—

More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile;

A face that's best
By its own beauty dressed,
And can alone command the rest,—

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope·

A cheek where youth
And blood, with pen of truth
Write what their reader sweetly ru'th,—

A cheek where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box his being owes;

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away;

Looks that oppress
Their richest tire,[1] but dress
Themselves in simple nakedness;

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and out-face
That sunshine by their own sweet grace;

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are,—

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems that in their bright shades play,—

Each ruby there
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear;

A well-tamed heart
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart;

Eyes that bestow
Full quivers on Love's bow,
Yet pay less arrows than they owe;

Smiles that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm;

Blushes that bin[2]
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within;

Joys that confess
Virtue their mistress,
And have no other head to dress.

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow;

Days that, in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night;

Nights sweet as they,
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by the absence of the day;

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say—Welcome, friend!

Sidneian[3] showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers;

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers;

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of Night.

In her whole frame,
Have Nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame!

Her flattery
Picture and poesy:
Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows,

Her whose just bays
My future hopes can raise
A trophy to her present praise,

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further—it is She.

'T is She, and here
Lo! I unclothe and clear
My Wishes' cloudy character.

May she enjoy it
Whose merit dare apply it
But Modesty dares still deny it!

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them with kisses.

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[1] attire

[2] are

[3] Sir Philip Sidney (reference to the dialogues in *Arcadia*)

Let her full glory,
My fancies! fly before ye!
Be you my fictions, but her Story![1]

TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME, THE NAME OF JESUS

A HYMN

I sing the Name which none can say
But touched with interior ray:
The name of our new peace: our good:
Our bliss: and supernatural blood:
The name of all our lives and loves.
Hearken, and help, ye holy doves!
The high-born brood of Day; you bright
Candidates of blissful light,
The heirs elect of Love, whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song;
All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
Of this unbounded name, build your warm nest.
Awake, my glory, Soul (if such thou be,
And that fair word at all refer to thee),
Awake and sing,
And be all wing;
Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see
What of thy parent Heaven yet speaks in thee.
O thou art poor
Of noble powers, I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me:
Narrow, and low, and infinitely less
Than this great morning's mighty business.
One little world or two
(Alas!) will never do;
We must have store.
Go, Soul, out of thyself, and seek for more.
Go and request
Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
Of Heavens, the self-involving set of spheres
(Which dull mortality more feels than hears).
Then rouse the nest
Of nimble Art, and traverse round
The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound:
And beat a summons in the same
All-sovereign name,
To warn each several kind
And shape of sweetness, be they such
As sigh with supple wind
Or answer artful touch;
That they convene and come away
To wait at the love-crowned doors of this illustrious day.
Shall we dare this, my Soul? we'll do't and bring
No other note for 't, but the name we sing.
Wake lute and harp, and every sweet-lipped thing
That talks with tuneful string;
Start into life and leap with me
Into a hasty fit-tuned harmony.
Nor must you think it much
T'obey my bolder touch:
I have authority in Love's name to take you,
And to the work of Love this morning wake you.
Wake, in the name
Of Him Who never sleeps, all things that are,
Or, what's the same,
Are musical;
Answer my call
And come along;
Help me to meditate mine immortal song.
Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
Bring all your household-stuff of Heaven on earth;
O you, my Soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
Bring all the store
Of sweets you have; and murmur that you have no more.
Come, ne'er to part.
Nature and Art!
Come; and come strong,
To the conspiracy of our spacious song.
Bring all the powers of praise,
Your provinces of well-united worlds can raise;
Bring all your lutes and harps of Heaven and Earth;
Whate'er co-operates to the common mirth:
Vessels of vocal joys,
Or you, more noble architects of intellectual noise,
Cymbals of Heaven, or human spheres,
Solicitors of souls or ears;
And when you are come, with all
That you can bring or we can call:
O may you fix
For ever here, and mix
Yourselves into the long
And everlasting series of a deathless song;
Mix all your many worlds above,
And loose them into one of love.
Cheer thee my heart!

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[1] reality

For thou too hast thy part
And place in the great throng
Of this unbounded all-embracing song.
Powers of my soul, be proud!
And speak loud
To all the dear-bought Nations this redeeming Name,
And in the wealth of one rich word, proclaim
New similes to Nature. May it be no wrong,
Blest Heavens, to you and your superior song,
That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,
A while dare borrow
The name of your delights, and our desires,
And fit it to so far inferior lyres.
Our murmurs have their music too,
Ye mighty Orbs, as well as you;
Nor yields the noblest nest
Of warbling Seraphim to the ears of Love,
A choicer lesson than the joyful breast
Of a poor panting turtle-dove.
And we, low worms, have leave to do
The same bright business (ye Third Heavens) with you.
Gentle spirits, do not complain!
We will have care
To keep it fair,
And send it back to you again.
Come, lovely Name! Appear from forth the bright
Regions of peaceful light;
Look from Thine Own illustrious home,
Fair King of names, and come:
Leave all Thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,
And give Thy Self a while the gracious Guest
Of humble souls, that seek to find
The hidden sweets
Which man's heart meets
When Thou art Master of the mind.
Come, lovely Name; Life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
Unlock Thy cabinet of Day,
Dearest Sweet, and come away.
Lo, how the thirsty lands
Gasp for Thy golden showers! with long-stretch'd hands.
Lo, how the laboring Earth
That hopes to be
All Heaven by Thee,
Leaps at Thy birth!
The attending World, to wait Thy rise,
First turn'd to eyes;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too.
Come, royal Name; and pay the expense
Of all this precious patience;
O come away
And kill the death of this delay!
O see so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measured out in seas of tears:
O see the weary lids of wakeful Hope
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the day-break of Thy dawn.
O dawn at last, long-look'd for Day!
Take Thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
O they are wise,
And know what sweets are suck'd from out it:
It is the hive,
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of honey lies.
Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy Dove's
Soft back; and brings a bosom big with loves;
Welcome to our dark world, Thou womb of Day!
Unfold thy fair conceptions, and display
The birth of our bright joys, O Thou compacted
Body of Blessings: Spirit of souls extracted!
O dissipate Thy spicy powers,
(Cloud of condensèd sweets) and break upon us
In balmy showers!
O fill our senses, and take from us
All force of so profane a fallacy,
To think ought sweet but that which smells of Thee!
Fair, flowery Name, in none but Thee
And Thy nectareal fragrancy,
Hourly there meets
An universal synod of all sweets;
By whom it is definèd thus,
That no perfume
For ever shall presume
To pass for odoriferous,
But such alone whose sacred pedigree
Can prove itself some kin (sweet Name!) to Thee.
Sweet Name, in Thy each syllable
A thousand Blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense;
Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices

And ten thousand Paradises,
The soul that tastes Thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In Pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart.
O that it were as it was wont to be!
When Thy old friends of fire, all full of Thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the face
Of Death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace, march on to meet a grave.
On their bold breasts, about the world they bore Thee,
And to the teeth of Hell stood up to teach Thee,
In center of their inmost souls, they wore Thee;
Where racks and torments strived, in vain, to reach Thee.
Little, alas thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of Thy friends,
Their fury but made way
For Thee, and served them in Thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons but with wider pores
Enlarge Thy flaming-breasted lovers,
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire,
The heart that hides Thee hardly covers?
What did their weapons but set wide the doors
For Thee? fair, purple doors, of Love's devising;
The ruby windows which enrich'd the East
Of Thy so oft-repeated rising!
Each wound of theirs was Thy new morning,
And re-enthroned Thee in Thy rosy nest,
With blush of Thine Own blood Thy day adorning:
It was the wit of Love o'erflowed the bounds
Of Wrath, and made Thee way through all those wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adoréd Name!
For sure there is no knee
That knows not Thee:
Or, if there be such sons of shame,
Alas! what will they do
When stubborn rocks shall bow
And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where in the bashful shades of Night
Next to their own low Nothing, they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of Thy dread majesty.
They that by Love's mild dictate now
Will not adore Thee,
Shall then, with just confusion bow
And break before Thee.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

Rise, thou best and brightest morning!
Rosy with a double red;
With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning,
And the dear drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride that laces
The crimson curtains of thy bed,
Gilds thee not with so sweet graces,
Nor sets thee in so rich a red.

Of all the fair cheek'd flowers that fill thee,
None so fair thy bosom strows,
As this modest maiden lily
Our sins have shamed into a rose.

Bid thy golden god, the sun,
Burnish'd in his best beams rise,
Put all his red-eyed rubies on;
These rubies shall put out their eyes.

Let him make poor the purple East,
Search what the world's close cabinets keep,
Rob the rich births of each bright nest
That flaming in their fair beds sleep.

Let him embrave his own bright tresses
With a new morning made of gems;
And wear, in those his wealthy dresses,
Another day of diadems.

When he hath done all he may,
To make himself rich in his rise,
All will be darkness to the day
That breaks from one of these bright eyes.

And soon this sweet truth shall appear,
Dear Babe, ere many days be done:
The Morn shall come to meet Thee here,
And leave her own neglected sun.

Here are beauties shall bereave him
Of all his eastern paramours:
His Persian lovers all shall leave him,
And swear faith to Thy sweeter powers.

(Nor while they leave him shall they lose the sun,
But in thy fairest eyes find two for one.)

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA

THE HYMN OF THE CHURCH, IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings
Of a sure Judge, from Whose sharp ray
The World in flames shall fly away?

O that fire! before whose face
Heaven and Earth shall find no place.
O those eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with the circling sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, 'We come, we come,' and all
The caves of Night answer one call.

O that Book! whose leaves so bright
Will set the World in severe light.
O that Judge! Whose hand, whose eye
None can endure; yet none can fly.

Ah then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron choose to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more then stand.

But Thou givest leave (dread Lord!) that we
Take shelter from Thyself in Thee;
And with the wings of Thine Own dove
Fly to Thy scepter of soft love.

Dear, remember in that Day
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way.
Thy sheep was stray'd; and Thou would'st be
Even lost Thyself in seeking me.

Shall all that labor, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost?
And this loved soul judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?

Just mercy, then, Thy reck'ning be
With my Price, and not with me;
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,
To be paid twice; or once, in vain.

Mercy (my Judge), mercy I cry
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye:
The conscious colors of my sin
Are red without and pale within.

O let Thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself, and so discharge that day.
If Sin can sigh, Love can forgive:
O say the word, my soul shall live!

Those mercies which Thy Mary found,
Or who Thy cross confess'd and crown'd,
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are; for they are mine.
But Thou Thy bounteous Self still be;
And show Thou art, by saving me.

O when Thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all Thy lost sheep found shall be;
Let, 'Come, ye blesséd,' then call me.

When the dread '*Ite*' shall divide
Those limbs of death from Thy left side;
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit Thy right hand.

O hear a suppliant heart, all crusht
And crumbled into contrite dust.
My Hope, my Fear, my Judge, my Friend!
Take charge of me, and of my end.

SAINT MARY MAGDALENE, OR THE WEEPER

Lo! where a wounded heart with bleeding eyes conspire,
Is she a flaming fountain, or a weeping fire?

THE WEEPER

Hail, sister springs!
Parents of silver-footed rills!
Ever-bubbling things!
Thawing crystal! snowy hills!
Still spending, never spent! I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene!

Heavens thy fair eyes be;
Heavens of ever-falling stars.
'Tis seed-time still with thee;
And stars thou sow'st, whose harvest dares
Promise the Earth to countershine
Whatever makes heaven's forehead fine.

But we are deceivéd all:
Stars indeed they are too true:
For they but seem to fall,
As Heaven's other spangles do;
It is not for our Earth and us,
To shine in things so precious.

Upwards thou dost weep,
Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream.
Where th' milky rivers creep,
Thine floats above, and is the cream.
Waters above th' heavens, what they be
We are taught best by thy tears and thee.

Every morn from hence,
A brisk cherub something sips,
Whose sacred influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips;
Then to his music; and his song
Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

Not in the Evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dies;
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

When Sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty:
(For she is a Queen):
Then is she dress'd by none but thee.
Then, and only then, she wears
Her proudest pearls; I mean, thy tears.

The dew no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck:
The dew no more will sleep
Nuzel'd in the lily's neck;
Much rather would it be thy tear,
And leave them both to tremble here.

There's no need at all,
That the balsam-sweeting bough
So coyly should let fall
His med'cinable tears; for now
Nature hath learnt to extract a dew
More sovereign and sweet from you.

Yet let the poor drops weep,
(Weeping is the ease of Woe):
Softly let them creep,
Sad that they are vanquish'd so.
They, though to others no relief,
Balsam may be for their own grief.

Such the maiden gem
By the purpling vine put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And blushes at the bridegroom sun.
This wat'ry blossom of thy eyen,
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a feast:
Angels with crystal phials come
And draw from these full eyes of thine,
Their Master's water, their own wine.

Golden though he be,
Golden Tagus murmurs though;
Were his way by thee,
Content and quiet he would go;
So much more rich would he esteem
Thy silver, than his golden stream.

Well does the May that lies
Smiling in thy cheeks, confess
The April in thine eyes;
Mutual sweetness they express.
No April e'er lent kinder showers,
Nor May returned more faithful flowers.

O cheeks! Beds of chaste loves,
By your own showers seasonably dashed;
Eyes! Nests of milky doves,
In your own wells decently washed.
O wit of Love! that thus could place
Fountain and garden in one face.

O sweet contest! of woes
With loves; of tears with smiles disputing!
O fair and friendly foes,
Each other kissing and confuting!
While rain and sunshine, cheek and eyes,
Close in kind contrarieties.

But can these fair Floods be
Friends with the bosom-fires that fill thee?
Can so great flames agree
Eternal tears should thus distil thee?
O floods! O fires! O suns! O showers!
Mixed and made friends by Love's sweet powers.

'Twas his well-pointed dart
That digged these wells, and dressed this wine;
And taught the wounded heart
The way into these weeping eyen.
Vain loves avaunt! bold hands forbear!
The Lamb hath dipped His white foot here.

And now where'er He strays,
Among the Galilean mountains,
Or more unwelcome ways;
He's followed by two faithful fountains;
Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
Portable, and compendious oceans.

O thou, thy Lord's fair store!
In thy so rich and rare expenses,
Even when He showed most poor
He might provoke the wealth of princes.
What Prince's wanton'st pride e'er could
Wash with silver, wipe with gold?

Who is that King, but He
Who call'st His crown, to be called thine,
That thus can boast to be
Waited on by a wandering mine,
A voluntary mint, that strews
Warm, silver showers where'er He goes?

O precious Prodigal!
Fair spend-thrift of thyself! thy measure
(Merciless love!) is all.
Even to the last pearl in thy treasure:
All places, times, and objects be
Thy tears' sweet opportunity.

Does the day-star rise?
Still thy tears do fall and fall.
Does Day close his eyes?
Still the fountain weeps for all.
Let Night or Day do what they will,
Thou hast thy task, thou weepest still.

Does thy song lull the air?
Thy falling tears keep faithful time.
Does thy sweet-breathed prayer
Up in clouds of incense climb?
Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,
A bead, that is, a tear, does drop.

At these thy weeping gates
(Watching their watery motion),
Each wingéd moment waits:
Takes his tear, and gets him gone.
By thine eyes' tinct ennobled thus,
Time lays him up; he's precious.

Not, 'so long she livéd,'
Shall thy tomb report of thee;
But, 'so long she grievéd':
Thus must we date thy memory.
Others by moments, months, and years
Measure their ages; thou, by tears.

So do perfumes expire,
So sigh tormented sweets, opprest
With proud unpitying fire,
Such tears the suffering rose, that's vext
With ungentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in a too warm bed.

Say, ye bright brothers,
The fugitive sons of those fair eyes,
Your fruitful mothers!
What make you here? what hopes can 'tice
You to be born? what cause can borrow
You from those nests of noble sorrow?

Whither away so fast?
For sure the sordid earth
Your sweetness cannot taste,
Nor does the dust deserve your birth.
Sweet, whither haste you then? O say
Why you trip so fast away?

We go not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed.
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head.
Though the field's eyes two Weepers be,
Because they want such tears as we.

Much less mean we to trace
The fortune of inferior gems,
Preferr'd to some proud face,
Or perched upon fear'd diadems:
Crown'd heads are toys. We go to meet
A worthy object, our Lord's feet.

A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOR OF THE ADMIRABLE SAINT TERESA

Foundress of the Reformation of the Discalced Carmelites, both men and women; a woman for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance, more than a woman, who yet a child outran maturity, and durst plot a martyrdom.

Love, thou art absolute sole lord
Of life and death. To prove the word
We'll now appeal to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down
With strong arms their triumphant crown;
Such as could with lusty breath,
Speak loud into the face of Death
Their great Lord's glorious name, to none
Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne
For Love at large to fill; spare blood and sweat:
And see him take a private seat,
Making his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.
Scarce has she learnt to lisp the name
Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent can buy so brave a death.
She never undertook to know
What Death with Love should have to do;
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why to show love, she should shed blood,
Yet though she cannot tell you why,
She can love, and she can die.
Scarce has she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove
How much less strong is Death than Love.
Be Love but there; let poor six years
Be posed with maturest fears
Man trembles at, you straight shall find
Love knows no nonage, nor the mind;
'Tis love, not years or limbs that can
Make the martyr, or the man.
Love touched her heart, and lo it beats
High, and burns with such brave heats;
Such thirsts to die, as dares drink up
A thousand cold deaths in one cup.
Good reason; for she breathes all fire;
Her white breast heaves with strong desire
Of what she may, with fruitless wishes,
Seek for amongst her mother's kisses.
Since 'tis not to be had at home
She'll travel to a martyrdom.
No home for her's confesses she
But where she may a martyr be.
She'll to the Moors; and trade with them
For this unvalued diadem:
She'll offer them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in't, in change for death:
She'll bargain with them, and will give
Them God; teach them how to live
In Him: or, if they this deny,
For Him she'll teach them how to die.
So shall she leave amongst them sown
Her Lord's blood; or at least her own.
Farewell then, all the World adieu!
Teresa is no more for you.
Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and joys
(Never till now esteeméd toys)
(Farewell, whatever dear may be,)
Mother's arms, or father's knee:
Farewell house, and farewell home!
She's for the Moors, and martyrdom.
Sweet, not so fast! lo, thy fair Spouse,
Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows;
Calls thee back, and bids thee come
T'embrace a milder martyrdom.
Blest powers forbid, thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife:
Or some base hand have power to rase
Thy breast's chaste cabinet, and uncase
A soul kept there so sweet: O no,
Wise Heaven will never have it so.
Thou art Love's victim; and must die
A death more mystical and high:
Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall
A still-surviving funeral.
His is the dart must make the death
Whose stroke shall taste thy hallowed breath:

A dart thrice dipp'd in that rich flame
Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name
Upon the roof of Heaven, where aye
It shines; and with a sovereign ray
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of souls which in that Name's sweet graces
Find everlasting smiles: so rare,
So spiritual, pure, and fair
Must be th' immortal instrument
Upon whose choice point shall be sent
A life so loved: and that there be
Fit executioners for thee,
The fairest and first-born sons of fire,
Blest seraphim, shall leave their quire,
And turn Love's soldiers, upon thee
To exercise their archery.
O how oft shall thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain:
Of intolerable joys;
Of a death, in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever so be slain.
And lives, and dies; and knows not why
To live, but that he thus may never leave to die.
How kindly will thy gentle heart
Kiss the sweetly-killing dart,
And close in his embraces keep
Those delicious wounds, that weep
Balsam to heal themselves with; thus
When these thy deaths, so numerous,
Shall all at last die into one,
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion;
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hot a fire, and wasted
Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at last
In a resolving sigh, and then
O what? Ask not the tongues of men;
Angels cannot tell; suffice
Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys,
And hold them fast for ever there,
So soon as thou shalt first appear,
The moon of maiden stars, thy white
Mistress, attended by such bright
Souls as thy shining self, shall come,
And in her first ranks make thee room;
Where 'mongst her snowy family
Immortal welcomes wait for thee.
O what delight, when revealed Life shall stand,
And teach thy lips Heaven with His hand;
On which thou now may'st to thy wishes
Heap up thy consecrated kisses.
What joys shall seize thy soul, when she,
Bending her blesséd eyes on Thee,
(Those second smiles of Heaven,) shall dart
Her mild rays through Thy melting heart.
Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good works which went before
And waited for thee, at the door,
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King thy Spouse
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.
All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee,
(All thy sorrows here shall shine,)
All thy sufferings be divine:
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Even thy deaths shall live; and new-
Dress the soul, that erst they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.
Those rare works where thou shalt leave writ
Love's noble history, with wit
Taught thee by none but Him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
Both fire to us and flame to thee;
Whose light shall live bright in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.
Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
Themselves thy crown: sons of thy vows,
The virgin-births with which thy sovereign Spouse
Made fruitful thy fair soul. Go now
And with them all about thee, bow
To Him; put on (He'll say,) put on
(My rosy love) that thy rich zone
Sparkling with the sacred flames
Of thousand souls, whose happy names
Heaven keep upon thy score: (Thy bright
Life brought them first to kiss the light,
That kindled them to stars,) and so
Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go,
And whereso'er He sets His white
Steps, walk with Him those ways of light,
Which who in death would live to see,
Must learn in life to die like thee.

THE FLAMING HEART

UPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF THE SERAPHICAL SAINT TERESA, AS SHE IS USUALLY EXPRESSED WITH A SERAPHIM BESIDE HER

Well-meaning readers! you that come as friends,
And catch the precious name this peace pretends;
Make not too much haste to admire
That fair-cheek'd fallacy of fire.
That is a seraphim, they say,
And this the great Teresia.
Readers, be ruled by me; and make
Here a well-placed and wise mistake;
You must transpose the picture quite,
And spell it wrong to read it right;
Read him for her, and her for him,
And call the saint the seraphim.
Painter, what dist thou understand
To put her dart into his hand?
See, even the years and size of him
Shows this the mother-seraphim.
This is the mistress-flame; and duteous he
Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see.
O most poor-spirited of men!
Had thy cold pencil kiss'd her pen,
Thou couldst not so unkindly err
To show us this faint shade for her.
Why, man, this speaks pure mortal frame;
And mocks with female frost Love's manly flame.
One would suspect thou meant'st to paint
Some weak, inferior, woman-saint.
But had thy pale-faced purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,
Thou wouldst on her have heap'd up all
That could be form'd seraphical;
Whate'er this youth of fire wears fair,
Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
Glowing cheeks, and glist'ring wings,
All those fair and fragrant things,
But before all, that fiery dart
Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.
Do then, as equal right requires;
Since his the blushes be, and hers the fires,
Resume and rectify thy rude design;
Undress thy seraphim into mine;
Redeem this injury of thy art,
Give him the veil, give her the dart.
Give him the veil, that he may cover
The red cheeks of a rivall'd lover;
Ashamed that our world now can show
Nests of new seraphims here below.
Give her the dart, for it is she
(Fair youth) shoots both thy shaft and thee;
Say, all ye wise and well-pierced hearts
That live and die amidst her darts,
What is't your tasteful spirits do prove
In that rare life of her, and Love?
Say, and bear witness. Sends she not
A seraphim at every shot?
What magazines of immortal arms there shine!
Heaven's great artillery in each love-spun line.
Give then the dart to her who gives the flame;
Give him the veil, who gives the shame.
But if it be the frequent fate
Of worse faults to be fortunate;
It all's prescription; and proud wrong
Harkens not to an humble song;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suffering seraphim.
His be the bravery of all those bright things,
The glowing cheeks, the glistering wings;
The rosy hand, the radiant dart;
Leave her alone the flaming heart,
Leave her that; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft, but Love's whole quiver;
For in Love's field was never found
A nobler weapon than a wound.
Love's passives are his activ'st part:
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O heart! equal poise of Love's both parts,
Big alike with wound and darts.
Live in these conquering leaves; live all the same;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame.
Live here, great heart; and love, and die, and kill;
And bleed, and wound; and yield and conquer still.
Let this immortal life where'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.
Let mystic deaths wait on't; and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary! show here thy art,
Upon this carcass of a hard cold heart;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light that play

Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast at once break in
And take away from me myself and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by the thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By the last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the heav'ns thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim!)
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

From STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

UPON EASTER DAY

Rise, Heir of fresh Eternity,
From thy virgin tomb!
Rise, mighty Man of Wonders, and Thy World with Thee,
Thy tomb the universal East,
Nature's new womb,
Thy tomb, fair Immortality's perfuméd nest.

Of all the glories make Noon gay,
This is the Morn;
This Rock buds forth the fountain of the streams of Day:
In Joy's white annals lives this hour
When Life was born;
No cloud scowl on His radiant lids, no tempest lour.

Life, by this Light's nativity,
All creatures have;
Death only by this Day's just doom is forced to die,
Nor is Death forced; for may he lie
Throned in Thy grave,
Death will on this condition be content to die.

DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE AND CONDITION OF LIFE

(OUT OF BARCLAY)

No roofs of gold o'er riotous tables shining,
Whole days and suns devour'd with endless dining;
No sails of Tyrian silk, proud pavements sweeping,
Nor ivory couches costlier slumber keeping;
False lights of flaring gems; tumultuous joys;
Halls full of flattering men and frisking boys;
Whate'er false shows of short and slippery good
Mix the mad sons of men in mutual blood.
But walks and unshorn woods; and souls, just so
Unforced and genuine; but not shady though.
Our lodgings hard and homely as our fare,
That chaste and cheap, as the few clothes we wear;
Those, coarse and negligent, as the natural locks
Of these loose groves; rough as th' unpolish'd rocks.
A hasty portion of prescribéd sleep;
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep,
And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again;
Still rolling a round sphere of still-returning pain.
Hands full of hearty labours; pains that pay
And prize themselves; do much, that more they may,
And work for work, not wages; let to-morrow's
New drops, wash off the sweat of this day's sorrows.
A long and daily-dying life, which breathes
A respiration of reviving deaths.
But neither are there those ignoble stings
That nip the blossom of the World's best things,
And lash Earth-labouring souls . . .
No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep
Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep:
But reverent discipline, and religious fear,
And soft obedience, find sweet biding here;
Silence, and sacred rest; peace, and pure joys;

Kind loves keep house, lie close, and make no noise;
And room enough for monarchs, while none swells
Beyond the kingdoms of contentful cells.
The self-rememb'ring soul sweetly recovers
Her kindred with the stars; not basely hovers
Below: but meditates her immortal way
Home to the original source of Light and intellectual day.

A SONG OF DIVINE LOVE

Lord, when the sense of Thy sweet grace
Sends up my soul to seek Thy face,
Thy blessèd eyes breed such desire,
I die in Love's delicious fire.
O Love, I am thy sacrifice;
Be still triumphant, blessèd eyes;
Still shine on me, fair suns, that I
Still may behold, though still I die.

Though still I die, I live again;
Still longing so to be still slain;
So gainful is such loss of breath;
I die even in desire of death.
Still live in me this loving strife
Of living death and dying life;
For while Thou sweetly slayest me
Dead to myself, I live in Thee.

PSALM CXXXVII

On the proud banks of great Euphrates' flood,
There we sate, and there we wept:
Our harps, that now no music understood,
Nodding, on the willows slept:
While unhappy captived we,
Lovely Sion, thought on thee.
They, they that snatch'd us from our country's breast
Would have a song carved to their ears
In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel jest)
When harps and hearts were drown'd in tears:
Come, they cried, come sing and play
One of Sion's songs to-day.
Sing? play? to whom (ah!) shall we sing or play,
If not, Jerusalem, to thee?
Ah! thee, Jerusalem, ah! sooner may
This hand forget the mastery
Of Music's dainty touch, than I
The music of thy memory.
Which, when I lose, O may at once my tongue
Lose this same busy-speaking art;
Unperched, her vocal arteries unstrung,
No more acquainted with my heart,
On my dry palate's roof to rest
A withered leaf, an idle guest.
No, no, Thy good, Sion, alone must crown
The head of all thy hope-nursed joys.
But Edom, cruel thou, thou criedst down, down
Sink Sion, down and never rise;
Her falling thou didst urge and thrust,
And haste to dash her into dust:
Dost laugh proud Babel's daughter? do, laugh on,
Till thy ruin teach thee tears,
Even such as these; laugh, till a 'venging throng
Of woes too late do rouse thy fears:
Laugh till thy children's bleeding bones
Weep precious tears upon the stones.

ON MR. GEORGE HERBERT'S BOOK, ENTITLED, *THE TEMPLE OF SACRED POEMS*

SENT TO A GENTLEWOMAN

Know you, fair, on what you look?
Divinest love lies in this book:
Expecting fire from your fair eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice.
When your hands untie these strings,
Think you've an angel by the wings;
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning sigh;
To flutter in the balmy air,
Of your well-perfumèd prayer.
These white plumes of his he'll lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will send you:
To take acquaintance of the sphere,
And all the smooth-faced kindred there.
And though Herbert's name do owe
These devotions; fairest, know
While I thus lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

1618-1667

Cowley marks a transition in English literature between the age of "literary conceits" and the age of "common sense." In his verse he follows the practice of the Metaphysical Poets; that is, as a poet he is cleverly metrical, replete with classical allusion, given to strained figures of speech, often, in fact, indulging in the fanciful to such extent that his writing is sometimes almost absurd. His chief poetical works comprise *Poetical Blossoms*, 1633; *The Mistress*, 1647; *Pindarique Odes*, 1656; and *Davideis*, 1656. Nevertheless, in his own day he was a powerful figure among literary men, being looked upon as something of a dictator. In his prose, however, although he unfortunately left but a small amount, he rose to heights seldom equaled. The eleven essays which he issued during the last years of his life under the title, *Discourses by way of Essays*, shine out as models of unaffected frankness and easy liveliness in an age of dull, more or less pompous prose. As an essayist he is often compared with Montaigne and Lamb, so lucid is the flow of his sentences and so revelatory the matter with which he deals.

He was born in London, the son of a wealthy family, and educated at Westminster and Cambridge. He was a stout Royalist and as such was forced to live much abroad, where during the rule of the Commonwealth he was attached to the household of Queen Henrietta Maria, which affiliation made it possible for him to aid Richard Crashaw when the latter sought refuge in Paris. At the Restoration Cowley returned to England to live in retirement at Chertsey, where he died in 1667. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE WISH

Well then! I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd and buzz and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave
May I a small house and large garden have;
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A Mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved and loving me.

O fountains! when in you shall I
Myself eased of unpeaceful thoughts espy?
O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood:
Here's wealthy Nature's treasury,
Where all the riches lie that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always choose their way:
And therefore we may boldly say
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I
And one dear She live, and embracing die!
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear:
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE

Mark that swift arrow how it cuts the air,
How it outruns the hunting eye!
Use all persuasions now and try
If thou canst call it back or stay it there.
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No tract of't left behind.

Fool, 't is thy life, and the fond archer, thou!
Of all the time thou'st shot away,

I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind?

Our life is carried with too strong a tide,
A doubtful cloud our substance bears
And is the horse of all our years;
Each day doth on a wingéd whirlwind ride.
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

But his past life who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near
But says to fame, 'Thou art mine heir,'
That man extends life's natural brevity:
This is, this is the only way
To outlive Nestor in a day.

OF OBSCURITY

Nam neque divitibus contingent gaudia solis:
Nec vixit male, qui natus morienseque fefellit.

God made not pleasures only for the rich;
Nor have those men without their share too lived,
Who both in life and death the world deceived.

This seems a strange sentence, thus literally translated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the men of business (for who else can deceive the world?) whereas it is in commendation of those who live and die so obscurely, that the world takes no notice of them. This Horace calls deceiving the world and in another place uses the same phrase.

Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitae.
The secret tracks of the deceiving life.

It is very elegant in Latin, but our English word will hardly bear up to that sense; and therefore Mr. Broom[1] translates it very well—

Or from a life, led, as it were, by stealth.

Yet we say in our language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes before us unperceived: and we may say well enough, out of the same author,

Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine, we strive
The cares of life and trouble to deceive.

But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive ourselves, as Quintilian says, *Vitam fallere*, to draw on still, and amuse, and deceive our life, till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal period, and fall into that pit which nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar saying, *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*, he has lived well, who has lain well hidden. Which if it be a truth, the world (I will swear) is sufficiently deceived: for my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of life is *in cognito*. What a brave privilege is it, to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving or paying all kinds of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of Aeneas and Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage; Venus herself

A veil of thickened air around them cast,
That none might know, or see them, as they passed.

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed: 'This is that Demosthenes' is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any); but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be anyways extraordinary. It was as often said, 'This is that Bucephalus,' or, 'This is that Incitatus,' when they were led prancing through the streets, as, 'This is that Alexander,' or, 'This is that Domitian'; and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship, than he the empire.

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[1] Alexander Broom, a seventeenth-century song writer

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man, whilst he lives: what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit): this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this '*muta persona*,' I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

RICHARD LOVELACE

1618-1659

Lovelace has been characterized as "at his worst he is a dull *Metaphysical* poet; at his best he is the noblest of the Cavaliers." He is to be included in the canon of English literature upon the strength of a handful of short lyrics, which suggest the very spirit of knight-errantry.

He was born in 1618, the son of a Kentish knight, and educated at Charterhouse and Gloucester Hall, Oxford, from which he proceeded M. A. in 1636. His life was spent in the service of Charles I, as a soldier, a courtier, and a member of Parliament. After the execution of the king, his fortunes declined. Tradition has it that he died "in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane."

From THE GRASSHOPPER

O Thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-filléd oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropt thee from heaven, where thou wert rear'd.

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry, men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfinéd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE

1618-1702

The work of Sir Edward Sherburne, while it consists chiefly of translations from the plays of Seneca and the verse of Horace, shows a decided lyric quality when he turns to religious verse.

He was one of those whose public careers were curtailed by the Civil War. Born in London in 1618, and educated in the neighborhood schools, he was intended for service with the government. Upon the death of his father he succeeded to the latter's position as clerk of ordnance; but upon the outbreak of the war, because he was a Royalist and a Catholic, he was deprived of his office. He joined the army of the king, becoming commissary-general of artillery. Upon the surrender of Oxford, however, and the triumph of the Commonwealth, he returned to London, where he was forced to live upon the generosity of his relatives.

CHRISTUS MATHAEUM ET DISCIPULOS ALLOQUITUR

Leave, leave, converted publican! lay down
That sinful trash, which in thy happier race,
To gain a heavenly crown,
Clogs thy free pace.
O! what for this pale dirt will not man do?
Nay, even now, 'mongst you
(For this) there's one I see,
Seeks to sell me.
But times will come hereafter, when for gold
I shall by more (alas!) than one be sold.

THE MAGDALEN

The proud Egyptian queen, her Roman guest,
(T' express her love in height of state and pleasure)
With pearl dissolv'd in gold, did feast,
Both food and treasure.

And now (dear Lord!) thy lover, on the fair
And silver tables of Thy feet, behold!
Pearl, in her tears and in her hair,
Offers thee gold.

GOOD FRIDAY

This day, Eternal Love, for me
Fast nailed unto a curséd tree,
Rending His fleshy veil, did, through His side,
A way to Paradise provide.
This day, Life died, and, dying, overthrew
Death, sin, and Satan too.
O happy day!
May sinners say:
But day can it be said to be,
Wherein we see
The bright sun of celestial light,
O'ershadowed with so black a night!

MARY WEEPING FOR JESUS LOST

Blest Virgin! who, in tears half drowned,
Griev'st that thy Son cannot be found,
The time will come when men shall hear thee
Complain that He is too, too near thee;
When, in the midst of hostile bands,
With piercéd feet and nailéd hands,
Advanced upon a curséd tree,
His naked body thou shalt see,
As void of coverture as friends,
But what kind Heaven in pity lends;
Thy soul will then abhor the light,
And think no grief worse than His sight.

THE FOUNTAIN

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, that stoop'st to taste
These sweeter streams, let me arrest thy haste;
Nor of their fall
The murmurs (though the lyre
Less sweet be) stand to admire:
But, as you shall
See from this marble tun
The liquid crystal run,
And mark withal
How fixt the one abides,
How fast the other glides,
Instructed thus, the difference learn to see
'Twixt mortal life and immortality.

HENRY VAUGHAN

1622-1695

A follower of Herbert but of a more nearly mystical temperament, Henry Vaughan has come to occupy a high place among English poets. Much of his verse was written upon pious themes and in a style completely in harmony with such themes. Perhaps his best work appears in the volume called *Silex Scintillans,* the first of which was published in 1650, the second not until five years later. Besides this, he issued the *Mount of Olives* and *Flowers of Solitude.*

He was a native of Wales, where he was born of an ancient family in 1622. Studying for a time at Oxford, he left without taking a degree and went to London to read law. Before proceeding very far, however, he turned to the study of medicine, upon completing which he spent the remainder of his life as a physician practicing in Brecknockshire in Wales.

THE RETREAT

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,

And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palm trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And, when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

THE WORLD

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's four delights;
With gloves, and knots the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower.
The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so slow,
He did nor stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts (like sad eclipses) scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be found,
Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey. But one did see
That policy;
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears; but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugged each one his pelf;
The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,
And scorned pretence;
While others, slipt into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares inslave,
Who think them brave,
And poor, despiséd Truth sat counting by
Their victory.
Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the Ring;
But most would use no wing.

O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God,
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he!
But, as I did their madness so discuss,
One whispered thus,
'This Ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for his bride.'

ASCENSION HYMN

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this bill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the heavens above;
These are your walks, and you have shewed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death! the jewel of the just!
Shining no where but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

JOHN DRYDEN

1631-1700

In the person of John Dryden the thousand conflicting elements of political, social, and religious convictions of his day seem to have been strangely merged in such fashion that he is sometimes considered, not so much a voice crying in the wilderness, as a sort of gallery wherein echoes of many voices may be heard. Supporting now the Puritans and their Commonwealth, now the Royalists and their merry monarch, now the Catholics despite their political and social misfortunes, he has caused many biographers to question his sincerity. Perhaps one might best say that he became sincere only when he had found beliefs which compelled his sincerity.

John Dryden was born in Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, of a prosperous Puritan family. He made the best possible use of his educational opportunities at Westminster School and at Cambridge, acquiring a literary background though not manifesting his own literary ability. The only notable work of this early period, the *Heroic Stanzas*, was written on the occasion of Cromwell's death. This poem won him wide recognition as a Puritan poet; but he quickly changed the public estimate of himself by the publication of a panegyric to Charles II, *Astrea Redux*, when "His Sacred Majesty" was recalled from exile to power. In 1667 the poet enhanced his fame by the narrative poem *Annus Mirabilis*. Then for twenty years he squandered his literary talents on the production of plays for the King's Theater, of which only the one, *All for Love*, was written to please himself rather than the depraved tastes of his audience. His fame grew steadily till he was appointed poet laureate, an office which, joined to his personal influence, made him literary dictator of his times. In 1682 he defended the Anglican Church by his *Religio Laici.* In 1685 he was finally converted to Catholicism and wrote his most famous religious poem *The Hind and the Panther.* Though this conversion is discreditably linked with the advent of James II to the throne, the poet remained true to his new faith and suffered for it under William of Orange. During the rest of his life he wrote constantly: plays, poems, essays, prefaces, and translations of the classics.

Dryden's prose is uniformly excellent in its naturalness, simplicity, and gracefulness, such prose as all writers since his time have striven to emulate. Literary criticism owes much to Dryden, for he set standards of comprehensiveness combined with artistic nicety. In verse he established the use of the heroic couplet for didactic, satiric, and descriptive poetry. These three services of Dryden to English literature are sufficient for his permanent place among the great.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts and many wingéd wounds
Aim'd at her heart, was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.
Not so her young: for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
The immortal part assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and sadness mix'd, the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.
Panting and passive now she ranged alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
By sovereign power, her company disdain'd;
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight.
For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.
The bloody Bear, an independent beast,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon Ape, as aetheists use,
Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to choose;
Still when the Lion look'd, his knees he bent
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled Baptist Boar, impure as he,
(But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,)
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race;
So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But since the mighty ravage, which he made
In German forests, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,
He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;
So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil.
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chased from Nice; then, by Socinus nursed,
His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
And nature's King through nature's optics view'd.
Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,

Nor in an infant could a god descry:
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God! how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
Oh, teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd;
And search no further than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with fierce desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done:
What more could fright my faith, than three in one?
Could I believe eternal God could lie
Disguised in mortal mould and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And after that, trust my imperfect sense,
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compel?
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste, rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can themselves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who say the Host should be descried
By sense, define a body glorified?
Impassable, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through the opposing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confess'd in open sight.
For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain
One single space two bodies did contain.
And sure the same Omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity?
'Tis urged again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.
For latter ages must on former wait,
And what began belief, must propogate.
But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by power divine,
As means or ends of some more deep design?
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the eternal Son.
God thus asserted, man is to believe
Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith rely
On the proponent, Heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit,
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take the unuseful scaffolding away.
Reason by sense no more can understand;
The game is play'd into another hand;
Why choose we then, like bilanders, to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?
In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
And not veil these again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent;
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what his clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what he made so plain?
To take up half on trust, and half to try,

Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great sums, and to confound the small:
For who would break with Heaven, and would not break for all?
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss;
The bank above must fail before the venture miss.
But heaven and heaven-born faith are far from thee,
Thou first apostate to divinity.
Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains;
A fiercer foe the insatiate Wolf remains.
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more
That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore;
The Bear, the Boar, and every savage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame.
Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,
And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour,
More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear with belly gaunt, and famish'd face;
Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close laid for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.
His wild disordered walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the bestial citizens surprise:
Though feared and hated, yet he ruled awhile,
As captain or companion of the spoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen:
The last of all the litter 'scaped by chance,
And from Geneva first infested France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart race;
Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to kings.
These last deduce him from the Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman lake his consort lined:
That fiery Zuinglius first the affection bred,
And meagre Calvin bless'd the nuptial bed.
In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,
When the proud Sanhedrin oppress'd the prince;
Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conspire
From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
And Aaron of his ephod to divest:
Till opening earth made way for all to pass,
And could not bear the burden of a class.
The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark;
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The Dog (a common species) will contain:
And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
Abhorring the supremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.
O happy pair, how well have you increased!
What ills in Church and State have you redress'd!
With teeth untried, and rudiments of claws,
Your first essay was on your native laws:
Those having torn with ease, and trampled down,
Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel still be small,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;
Yet your victorious colonies are sent
Where the north ocean girds the continent.
Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:
And, like the first, the last affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
A rank sour herbage rises on the green;
So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show
To Heaven above, and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
God like the tyrant of the skies is placed,
And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debased.
So fulsome is their food, that flocks refuse
To bite, and only dogs for physic use.

As, when the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound,
Nor bladed grass, nor bearded corn succeeds,
But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracts of dearth
Their zeal has felt, and such a teemless earth.
But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coasts confined;
As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
So Presbytery and pestilential zeal
Can only flourish in a commonweal.
From Celtic woods is chased the wolfish crew;
But ah! some pity ev'n to brutes is due:
Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.
Of all the tyrannies on human kind,
The worst is that which persecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offense we strike;
'Tis but because we cannot think alike.
In punishing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a softer mold is made,
Not for his fellows' ruin, but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble image of the Deity.
One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, the inferior family of Heaven:
The Smith Divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But, when arrived at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep considering space;
And, to distinguish man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast;
And mercy mix'd with reason did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive;
The first is law, the last prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear'd
When issuing naked, to the wondering herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and for they loved, they fear'd.
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
Or with increase of feet to o'ertake them in their flight;
Of easy shape, and pliant every way;
Confessing still the softness of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation day:
With open hands, and with extended space
Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
Till knowledge misapplied, misunderstood,
And pride of empire sour'd his balmy blood.
Then first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins:
And blood began its first and loudest cry,
For differing worship of the Deity.
Thus persecution rose, and farther space
Produced the mighty hunter of his race.
Not so the blessed Pan his flock increased,
Content to fold them from the famish'd beast;
Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harmless Hind
Were never of the persecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
Such mercy from the British Lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.
Oh, happy regions, Italy and Spain,
Which never did these monsters entertain!
The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance
No native claim of just inheritance;
And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
May guard their fences from the invading foe.
Where birth has placed them, let them safely share
The common benefit of vital air.
Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws disabled and their claws disarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The Lion awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine sore,
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar:
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
These are the chief: to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work:—nor will the Muse describe
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe;
Who, far from steeples, and their sacred sound,

In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive:
But if they think at all, ’tis sure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,
So drossy, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for allay:
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
As only buzz to heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.
The Panther, sure the noblest, next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash’d away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mix’d that she
Nor wholly stands condemn’d nor wholly free.
Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estranged in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart:
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for Heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropp’d half-way down, nor lower fell;
So poised, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe’er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence;
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun.
A lion, old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compress’d her mother in a shade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a specious name:
So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
A well-match’d pair, got graceless Heresy.
God’s and king’s rebels have the same good cause
To trample down divine and human laws:
Both would be call’d reformers, and their hate
Alike destruction both to Church and State:
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless prince
By luxury reform’d incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence.
Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;
Oh, with what ease we follow such a guide
Where souls are starved, and senses gratified!
Where marriage-pleasures midnight prayers supply,
And matin bells (a melancholy cry)
Are tuned to merrier notes, increase and multiply.
Religion shows a rosy-colour’d face;
Not hatter’d out with drudging works of grace;
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,
Or, till they waste their pamper’d paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapest rate.
Though our lean faith these rigid laws have given,
The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to Heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of sense allured his eastern proselytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began
To interpret Scripture by his Al-coran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of paradise more sweet:
Bethought him of a wife ere half-way gone,
(For t’was uneasy travelling alone,)
And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above.
Sure he presumed of praise, who came to stock
The ethereal pleasures of so fair a flock,
Burnish’d, and battening on their food, to show
Their diligence of careful herds below.
Our Panther, though like these she changed her head,
Yet, as the mistress of a monarch’s bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier yielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part of decent discipline
Show’d affectation of an ancient line;
And Fathers, Councils, Church, and Church’s head,

Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgraced and disavow'd the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatized the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confined.
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despised at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.
In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
Their contradicting terms she strives to join;
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
Because the Godhead's there, they know not how;
Her novices are taught that bread and wine
Are but the visible and outward sign,
Received by those who in communion join.
But the inward grace, or the thing signified,
His blood and body, who to save us died;
The faithful this thing signified receive;
What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
For what is signified and understood,
Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.
Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
They take the sign, and take the substance too.
The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.
  Her wild belief on every wave is toss'd;
But sure no church can better mortals boast:
True to her king her principles are found;
Oh, that her practices were but half so sound!
Steadfast in various turns of state she stood
And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood.
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That interest or obligement made the tie,
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy.
Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine,
She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife.
A rare example! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity.
Yet these by fortune's favours are undone;
Resolved, into a baser form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or the Wolf's counsel, her new-chosen mate;
Still she's the fairest of the chosen crew,
No mother more indulgent, but the true.
  Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion conquers all, and those who toil
In common theft, will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight;
If she reform my text, ev'n that's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again,
As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word's a weathercock for every wind:
The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail;
The most in power supplies the present gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To Church and Councils, whom she first betray'd;
No help from Fathers or Tradition's train:
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,
And by the Scripture, which she once abused
To reformation, stands herself accused.
What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err?
And, after all her winding ways are tried,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide.
If then that conscience set the offender free,
It bars her claim to Church authority.
How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be construed to defend?
Ev'n those, whom for rebellion she transmits
To civil power, her doctrine first acquits;
Because no disobedience can ensue
Where no submission to a judge is due;
Each judging for himself, by her consent,
Whom thus absolved she sends to punishment.
Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,

'Tis only for transgressing human laws.
How answering to its end a Church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade?
Oh, solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house, not built with human hands!
Oh, sure defense against the infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the state!
Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A mere mock-queen of a divided herd;
Whom soon by lawful power she might control,
Herself a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon, who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrow'd from a better star;
Big with the beams, which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising tides below:
Now, mixing with a savage crowd, she goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
Ruled while she rules, and losing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.
One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful visage, for her vanish'd train:
None of her sylvan subjects made their court;
Levées and couchées pass'd without resort.
So hardly can usurpers manage well
Those whom they first instructed to rebel.
More liberty begets desire for more;
The hunger still increases with the store.
Without respect they brush'd along the wood,
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food,
Ask'd no permission to the neighboring flood.
The Panther, full of inward discontent,
Since they would go, before them wisely went;
Supplying want of power by drinking first;
As if she gave them leave to quench their thirst.
Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common watering-place,
Nor durst approach; till with an awful roar
The sovereign Lion bade her fear no more.
Encouraged thus, she brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a sober draught; the rest, amazed,
Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gazed,
Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd.
They thought at first they dream'd; for 'twas offence
With them to question certitude of sense,
Their guide in faith; but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultless object full in view,
Lord, how they all admired her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd,
Now frisk about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or interest, every sect
Of all the savage nation show'd respect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the less they fear'd.
The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had seen him first:
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.
For when the herd, sufficed, did late repair
To ferny heaths, and to their forest lair,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embraced,
To chat awhile on their adventures past:
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.
Yet wondering how of late she grew estranged,
Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance changed,
She thought this hour the occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which well she hoped might be with ease redress'd,
Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the spotted muff began.

A SONG FOR ST. CECELIA'S DAY

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard on high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger.
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.
But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Celia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for Heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

DANIEL DEFOE

1661-1731

When reputable biographers disagree enthusiastically as to the sincerity of a writer, those who wish to form a correct opinion of the man under dispute are driven to the writings he left as a record of himself and to certain events of his life which seem to reveal his character. Daniel Defoe thought a man should take a stand against the current of his times only when backed by what he considers unanswerable truth and that he who is afraid to own truth is a fool as well as a coward. For abiding by this principle in his work as a writer Defoe was robbed, fined, imprisoned, and set in the pillory. One can but believe him sincere.

Daniel Defoe was the son of a London butcher. Though a radical nonconformist in religion and intended by his father for the independent ministry, Defoe turned his zeal for reform into journalism rather than into preaching from the pulpit. For some time he was prosperous as a brickmaker; he tried the army; and then, after a few adventures as a politician, he settled himself into his long career as a journalist. In 1702 he was put into prison for publishing a pamphlet *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, but his unquenchable spirit drew from his cruel experiences material for his novels. After his release from prison he entered the government employ as a sort of spy and during twenty years of this work gained for himself that intimate knowledge of the lives of thieves and pirates which makes his later novels so remarkably realistic. Defoe's popular *Review*, founded in 1704 while he was in prison, appeared two or three times weekly for nearly ten years and did much to influence public opinion. His troublous life came to an obscure end in London.

Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* is generally considered the first novel, and it has done more than any other of his writings to establish his place in English literature. Though his fiction creates an atmosphere of intense reality, he cannot be considered a true novelist, for the reason that his characters do not stand out from the narrative as real persons, a fault easily forgotten in the charm of the narrative itself. To this indefatigable journalist we owe the leading editorial and the interview; the first being evolved from the famous letter essay of coffee-house fame.

From ROBINSON CRUSOE

EXPLORATION OF THE ISLAND

I mentioned before that I had a great mind to see the whole island, and that I had travelled up the brook, and so on to where I built my bower, and where I had an opening quite to the sea, on the other side of the island. I now resolved to travel quite across to the seashore on that side; so taking my gun, a hatchet, and my dog, and a larger quantity of powder and shot than usual, with two biscuit-cakes and a great bunch of raisins in my pouch for my store, I began my journey. When I had passed the vale where my bower stood, as above, I came within view of the sea to the west; and it being a very clear day, I fairly descried land, whether an island or a continent I could not tell; but it lay very high, extending from the west to the W.S.W. at a very great distance; by my guess, it could not be less than fifteen or twenty leagues off.

I could not tell what part of the world this might be, otherwise than that I know it must be part of America, and, as I concluded, by all my observations, must be near the Spanish dominions, and perhaps was all inhabited by savages, where, if I should have landed, I had been in a worse condition than I was now; and therefore I acquiesced in the dispositions of Providence, which I began now to own and to believe ordered everything for the best. I say, I quieted my mind with this, and left afflicting myself with fruitless wishes of being there.

Besides, after some pause upon this affair, I considered that if this land was the Spanish coast, I should certainly, one time or other, see some vessel pass or repass one way or other; but if not, then it was the savage coast between the Spanish country and Brazils, which are indeed the worst of savages; for they are cannibals or men-eaters, and fail not to murder and devour all the human bodies that fall into their hands.

With these considerations I walked very leisurely forward. I found that side of the island, where I now was, much pleasanter than mine, the open or savanna fields sweet, adorned with flowers and grass, and full of very fine woods.

I saw abundance of parrots, and fain I would have caught one, if possible, to have kept it to tame, and taught it to speak to me. I did, after some painstaking, catch a young parrot, for I knocked it down with a stick, and having recovered it, I brought it home; but it was some years before I could make him speak. However, at last I taught him to call me by my name very familiarly. But the accident that followed, though it be a trifle, will be very diverting in its place.

I was exceedingly diverted with this journey. I found in the low grounds hares, as I thought them to be, and foxes; but they differed greatly from all the other kinds I had met with, nor could I satisfy myself to eat them, though I killed several. But I had no need to be venturous, for I had no want of food, and of that which was very good, too; especially these three sorts, viz., goats, pigeons, and turtle or tortoise; which, added to my grapes, Leadenhall Market could not have furnished a table better than I, in proportion to the company. And though my case was deplorable enough, yet I had great cause for thankfulness, and that I was not driven to any extremities for food, but rather plenty, even to dainties.

I never travelled in this journey above two miles outright in a day, or thereabouts; but I took so many turns and returns, to see what discoveries I could make, that I came weary enough to the place where I resolved to sit down for all night; and then I either reposed myself in a tree, or surrounded myself with a row of stakes, set upright in the ground, either from one tree to another, or so as no wild creature could come at me without waking me.

As soon as I came to the seashore, I was surprised to see that I had taken up my lot on the worst side of the island, for here indeed the shore was covered with innumerable turtles; whereas, on the other side, I had found but three in a year and a half. Here was also an infinite number of fowls of many kinds, some which I had seen, and some which I had not seen before, and many of them very good meat, but such as I knew not the names of, except those called penguins.

I could have shot as many as I pleased, but was very sparing of my powder and shot, and therefore had more mind to kill a she goat, if I could, which I could better feed on; and though there were many goats here, more than on my side the island, yet it was with much more difficulty that I could come near them, the country being flat and even, and they saw me much sooner than when I was on the hill.

I confess this side of the country was much pleasanter than mine; but yet I had not the least inclination to remove, for as I was fixed in my habitation, it became natural to me, and I seemed all the while I was here to be as it were upon a journey, and from home. However, I travelled along the shore of the sea towards the east, I suppose about twelve miles, and then setting up a great pole upon the shore for a mark, I concluded I would go home again; and that the next journey I took should be on the other side of the island, east of my dwelling, and so round till I came to my post again; of which in its place.

I took another way to come back than that I went, thinking I could easily keep all the island so much in my view that I could not miss finding my first dwelling by viewing the country. But I found myself mistaken; for being come about two or three miles, I found myself descended into a very large valley, but so surrounded with hills, and those hills covered with wood, that I could not see which was my way by any direction but that of the sun, nor even then, unless I knew very well the position of the sun at that time of the day.

It happened to my farther misfortune that the weather proved hazy for three or four days while I was in this valley; and not being able to see the sun, I wandered about very uncomfortably, and at last was obliged to find out the seaside, look for my post, and come back the same way I went; and then by easy journeys I turned homeward, the weather being exceeding hot, and my gun, ammunition, hatchet, and other things very heavy.

In this journey my dog surprised a young kid, and seized upon it, and I, running in to take hold of it, caught it, and saved it alive from the dog. I had a great mind to bring it home if I could, for I had often been musing whether it might not be possible to get a kid or two, and so raise a breed of tame goats, which might supply me when my powder and shot should be all spent.

I made a collar to this little creature, and with a string, which I made of some rope-yarn, which I always carried about me, I led him along, though with some difficulty, till I came to my bower, and there I enclosed him and left him, for I was very impatient to be at home, from whence I had been absent above a month.

I cannot express what a satisfaction it was to me to come into my old hutch, and lie down in my hammock bed. This little wandering journey, without settled place of abode, had been so unpleasant to me that my own house, as I called it to myself, was a perfect settlement to me compared to that; and it rendered everything about me so comfortable that I resolved I would never go a great way from it again, while it should be my lot to stay on the island.

THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GLORY

July 21, 1722.

Sir,—I have employ'd myself of late pretty much in the study of history, and have been reading the stories of the great men of past ages, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, the great Augustus, and many more down, down, down, to the still greater Louis XIV., and even to the still greatest *John, Duke of Marlborough.* In my way I met with Tamerlance the Scythian, Tomornbejus the Egyptian, Solyman the Magnificent, and others of the Mahometan or Ottoman race; and after all the great things they have done, I find it said of them all, one after another, AND THEN HE DIED, all dead, dead! *hic jacet* is the finishing part of their history. Some lie in the bed of honour, and some in honour's truckle-bed; some were bravely slain in battle on the field of honour, some in the storm of a counterscarp, and died in the ditch of honour; some here, some there;—the bones of the bold and the brave, the cowardly and the base, the hero and the scoundrel, are heap'd up together;—there they lie in oblivion, and under the ruins of the earth, undistinguish'd from one another, nay, even from the common earth.

Huddled in dirt the blust'ring engine lies,
That was so great, and thought himself so wise.

How many hundreds of thousands of the bravest fellows then in the world lie on heaps in the ground, whose bones are to this day plowed up by the rustics, or dug up by the labourer, and the earth their more noble vital parts are converted to, has been perhaps applied to the meanest uses!

How have we screen'd the ashes of heroes to make our mortar, and mingl'd the remains of a Roman general to make a hog-sty! Where are the ashes of Cæsar, and the remains of Pompey, a Scipio, or a Hannibal? All are vanish'd,—they and their very monuments are moulder'd into earth—their dust is lost, and their place knows them no more. They live only in the immortal writings of their historians, and poets, the renown'd flatterers of the age they liv'd in, and who have made us think of the persons, not as they really were, but as they were pleased to represent them.

As the greatest men, so even the longest-liv'd,—the Methusalems of the antediluvian world—the accounts of them all end with the same: Methusalem lived nine hundred sixty and nine years and begat sons and daughters; and what then? AND THEN HE DIED.

Death like an overflowing stream
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream.

We are now solemnising the obsequies of the great Marlborough; all his victories, all his glories, his great projected schemes of war, his uninterrupted series of conquests, which are call'd his, as if he alone had fought, and conquer'd by his arm, what so many men obtain'd for him with their blood. All is ended, where other men, and, indeed, where all men ended: HE IS DEAD.

Not all his immense wealth, the spoils and trophies of his enemies, the bounty of his grateful mistress, and the treasure amass'd in war and peace; not all that mighty bulk of gold,—which some suggest is such, and so great, as I care not to mention,—could either give him life, or continue it one moment, but HE IS DEAD; and some say the great treasure he was possess'd of here had one strange particular quality attending it—which might have been very dissatisfying to him if he had consider'd much on it,—namely, that he could not carry much of it WITH HIM.

We have now nothing left us of this great man that we can converse with, but his monument and his history. He is now number'd among things pass'd. The funeral as well as the battles of the Duke of Marlborough are like to adorn our houses in sculpture, as things equally gay, and to be look'd on with pleasure. Such is the end of human glory, and so little is the world able to do—for the greatest men that come into it, and for the greatest merit those men can arrive to.

What then is the work of life? What the business of great men, that pass the stage of the world in seeming triumph, as these men, we call heroes, have done? Is it to grow great in the mouth of fame, and take up many pages in history? Alas! that is no more than making a tale for the reading of posterity, till it turns into fable and romance. Is it to furnish subject to the poets, and live in their immortal rhymes, as they call them? That is, in short, no more than to be hereafter turn'd into ballad and song, and be sung by old women to quiet children; or at the corner of a street, to gather crowds in aid of the pickpocket and the whore. Or is their business rather to add virtue and piety to their glory, which alone will pass them into eternity, and make them truly immortal? What is glory without virtue? A great man without religion is no more than a great beast without a soul. What is honour without merit? And what can be call'd true merit, but that which makes a person be a good man, as well as a great man?

If we believe in a future state of life, a place for the reward of good men and for the punishment of the haters of virtue, how many heroes and famous men will crown in among the last? How few crown'd heads wear the crowns of immortal felicity!

Let no man envy the great and glorious men, as we call them! Could we see them now, how many of them would move our pity rather than call for our congratulations! These few thoughts, sir, I send to prepare your readers' minds when they go to see the Magnificent Funeral of the late Duke of Marlborough.

Your humble servant, etc.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a Christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence; while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves.

One would wonder, indeed, how it should happen that women are conversible at all, since they are only beholden to natural parts for all their knowledge. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew, or make baubles. They are taught to read, indeed, and perhaps to write their names, or so; and that is the height of a woman's education. And I would but ask any who slight the sex for their understanding, what is a man (a gentleman, I mean) good for, that is taught no more, I need not give instances, or examine the character of a gentleman, with a good estate, of a good family, and with tolerable parts; and examine what figure he makes for want of education.

The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished, or the luster of it will never appear. And 'tis manifest, that as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education carries on the distinction, and makes some less brutish than others. This is too evident to need any demonstration. But why then should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God Almighty would never have given them capacities; for he made nothing endless. Besides, I would ask such, what they can see in ignorance, that they should think it a necessary ornament to a woman? or how much worse is a wise woman than a fool? or what has the woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Why did we not let her learn, that she might have had more wit? Shall we upbraid women with folly, when 'tis only the error of this inhuman custom that hindered them from being made wiser?

The capacities of women are supposed to be greater, and their senses quicker than those of the men; and what they might be capable of being bred to, is plain from some instances of female wit, which this age is not without, which upbraids us with injustice, and looks as if we denied women the advantages of education, for fear they should vie with the men in their improvements. . . .

They should be taught all sorts of breeding suitable both to their genius and quality. And in particular, music and dancing, which it would be cruelty to bar the sex of because they are their darlings. But besides this, they should be taught languages, as particularly French and Italian, and I would venture the injury of giving a woman more tongues than one. They should, as a particular study, be taught all the graces of speech, and all the necessary air of conversation, which our common education is so defective in that I need not expose it. They should be brought to read books, and especially history; and so to read as to make them understand the world, and be able to know and judge of things when they hear of them.

To such whose genius would lead them to it, I would deny no sort of learning; but the chief thing, in general, is to cultivate the understandings of the sex, that they may be capable of all sorts of conversation; that their parts and judgments being improved, they may be as profitable in their conversation as they are pleasant.

Women, in my observation, have little or no difference in them, but as they are or are not distinguished by education. Tempers, indeed, may in some degree influence them, but the main distinguishing part is their breeding.

The whole sex are generally quick and sharp—I believe, I may be allowed to say, generally so; for you rarely see them lumpish and heavy when they are children, as boys will often be. If a woman be well bred, and taught the proper management of her natural wit, she proves generally very sensible and retentive.

And, without partiality, a woman of sense and manners is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation, the glory of her Maker, and the great instance of his singular regard to man, his darling creature, to whom he gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive. And 'tis the sordidest piece of folly and ingratitude in the world, to withhold from the sex the due luster which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds.

A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behavior, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments, her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly. She is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight. She is every way suitable to the sublimest wish; and the man that has such a one to his portion, has nothing to do but to rejoice in her, and be thankful.

On the other hand, suppose her to be the very same woman, and rob her of the benefit of education, and it follows:—

If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy.

Her wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent and talkative.

Her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical.

If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse; and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud.

If she be passionate, want of manners makes her a termagant and a scold, which is much at one with lunatic.

If she be proud, want of discretion (which still is breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous.

And from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, the devil! . . .

The great distinguishing difference, which is seen in the world between men and women, is in their education; and this is manifested by comparing it with the difference between one man or woman, and another.

And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion, that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women. For I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men; and all, to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves.

Not that I am for exalting the female government in the least; but, in short, I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to be fit for it. A woman of sense and breeding will scorn as much to encroach upon the prerogative of man, as a man of sense will scorn to oppress the weakness of the woman. But if the women's souls were refined and improved by teaching, that word would be lost. To say, the weakness of the sex, as to judgment, would be nonsense; for ignorance and folly would be no more to be found among women than men.

I remember a passage, which I heard from a very fine woman. She had wit and capacity, enough, an extraordinary shape and face, and a great fortune, but had been cloistered up all her time, and for fear of being stolen, had not had the liberty of being taught the common necessary knowledge of women's affairs. And when she came to converse in the world her natural wit made her so sensible of the want of education, that she gave this short reflection on herself: 'I am ashamed to talk with my very maids,' says she, 'for I don't know when they do right or wrong. I had more need go to school, than be married.'

I need not enlarge on the loss the defect of education is to the sex, nor argue the benefit of the contrary practice. 'Tis a thing will be more easily granted than remedied. This chapter is but an essay at the thing; and I refer the practice to those happy days (if ever they shall be) when men shall be wise enough to mend it.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH

1661-1719

A dispute between the physicians and the apothecaries of London during the 1690's led Sir Samuel Garth to write *The Dispensary*, which was published in 1699. In its day the poem was enormously popular, passing through ten editions before 1740. Written in rhyming couplets of undoubted vigor, it serves as a link between the work of Dryden and that of Pope. Historically, however, it is best remembered as one of the forces which put an end to the exorbitant charges of apothecaries for medicines and which aided in the establishment of free medical dispensaries for the poor. In addition to *The Dispensary*, Garth wrote *Claremont*, another work in the development toward the heroic couplet, and published a number of translations.

He was born in Yorkshire in 1661, and educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, receiving the M. A. degree in 1684, and the M. D. after spending a year at Leyden, in 1691. Two years later he was made fellow of the College of Physicians and established in a London practice. He became a close friend to both Dryden and Pope, and in spite of his conversion to the Catholic faith (one must remember that in his day Catholics were almost entirely debarred from public life), he was not unsuccessful at court, being chosen by George I as his private physician and being appointed surgeon-general to the army.

From THE DISPENSARY

Speak, Goddess! since 'tis thou who best canst tell
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to the Elysian plain,
Peace triumphed, and old time returned again.
Not far from that most celebrated place
Where angry Justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous archs bear its oval height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill;
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd Society decline
The propagation of the great design;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they viewed,
And, as she disappeared, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.
Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisted fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;

How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashioned to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
How bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
To extend its recent form, and stretch to man.

From CLAREMONT

MANNERS

In times of old, when British nymphs were known
To love no foreign fashions like their own;
Of Spanish red unheard was then the name,
For cheeks were only taught to blush by shame.
No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves;
Not yet lead-comb was on the toilet placed;
Not yet broad eye-brows were reduced by paste;
No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade,
To mend the work wise Providence had made.
Honor was placed in probity alone,
For villains had no titles but their own.
None traveled to return politely mad.
But still what fancy wanted, reason had.
No cook with art increased physicians' fees,
Nor served up death in soup and fricasees.

CHOICE OF A WIFE

When coming time shall bless you with a bride,
Let passion not persuade, but reason guide;
Instead of gold, let gentle truth endear;
She has most charms who is the most sincere.
The nymph must fear to be inquisitive;
'Tis for the sex's quiet to believe.
Her air an easy confidence must show,
And shun to find what she would dread to know.

JONATHAN SWIFT

1667-1745

In all literary history there is perhaps no writer who so resembles a tragic Shakespearean character as does Dean Swift. His powers were many, and most of them he used cruelly both for himself and for others. His satiric writings are without peer for keenness and brutality. Even in the *Journal to Stella* with its rare touches of tenderness may be seen the devastating power of the man to blight even love.

Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin, of English parents, and was educated at Kilkenny School and Dublin University. He then became private secretary to his relative, Sir William Temple, a statesman with literary aspirations, whose entrance into a controversy concerning the relative merits of classical and modern literatures provoked Swift into writing *The Battle of the Books*. Some years later Swift became an Anglican minister and was stationed at Laracor, Ireland, where he labored to better the condition of his people. While here he finished the *Tale of a Tub*, a satire on the churches of the time. This was published in London in 1704 with *The Battle of the Books*, and Swift's fame was established. He then left the ministry to become a pamphleteer. Because of his power he was courted and flattered by both Whigs and Tories. His arrogance grew in such circumstances so that, when he failed to secure a bishopric in England and was compelled instead to accept the position of dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, he became more bitter against his fellow men than ever, with a bitterness that found consummate expression in that most monstrous of all satires, *Gulliver's Travels*. Perhaps the realization that his satire on religion, *A Tale of a Tub*, was the cause of his being unable to secure a bishopric in England may have helped to bring on the madness of his last years. In some moment of sanity during those wretched years he bequeathed his wealth to found St. Patrick's Asylum for Lunatics.

The characteristic quality of Swift's satire is his scheme of suggesting as a remedy for an evil an exaggeration of that same evil; for example, indignant at the treatment given by Englishmen to Irishmen, he "proposed modestly" that poor Irish farmers should raise babies to be roasted and served as dainties to prosperous Englishmen. In *Gulliver's Travels* men are simply the personifications of the vices that Swift considered all too prevalent among those round about him. His originality is almost unequaled, and his power to lend an atmosphere of reality to the most monstrous situations makes his narrative a model even in his own age of excellent prose. The greater part of his work is unwholesome, being a portrayal of only the vicious elements in human nature.

FROM THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING[1]

We are told the devil is the father of lies, and was a liar from the beginning; so that, beyond contradiction, the invention is old: and, which is more, his first Essay of it was purely political, employed in undermining the authority of his prince, and seducing a third part of the subjects from their obedience: for which he was driven down from heaven, where (as Milton expresses it) he had been viceroy of a great western province; and forced to exercise his talent in inferior regions among other fallen spirits, poor or deluded men, whom he still daily tempts to his own sin, and will ever do so, till he be chained in the bottomless pit.

But although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.

Who first reduced lying into an art, and adapted it to politics, is not so clear from history, although I have made some diligent inquiries. I shall therefore consider it only according to the modern system, as it has been cultivated these twenty years past in the southern part of our own island.

The poets tell us that, after the giants were overthrown by the gods, the earth in revenge produced her last offspring, which was Fame. And the fable is thus interpreted: that when tumults and seditions are quieted, rumours and false reports are plentifully spread through a nation. So that, by this account, lying is the last relief of a routed, earth-born, rebellious party in a state. But here the moderns have made great additions, applying this art to the gaining of power and preserving it, as well as revenging themselves after they have lost it; as the same instruments are made use of by animals to feed themselves when they are hungry, and to bite those that tread upon them.

But the same genealogy cannot always be admitted for political lying; I shall therefore desire to refine upon it, by adding some circumstances of its birth and parents. A political lie is sometimes born out of a discarded statesman's head, and thence delivered to be nursed and dandled by the rabble. Sometimes it is produced a monster, and licked into shape: at other times it comes into the world often born an infant in the regular way, and requires time to mature it, and often it sees the light in its full growth, but dwindles away by degrees. Sometimes it is of noble birth, and sometimes the spawn of a stock-jobber. . . . I know a lie that now disturbs half the kingdom with its noise, (of) which, although too proud and great at present to own its parents, I can remember its whisperhood. To conclude the nativity of this monster; when it comes into the world without a sting it is still-born; and whenever it loses its sting it dies.

No wonder if an infant so miraculous in its birth should be destined for great adventures; and accordingly we see it has been the guardian spirit of a prevailing party for almost twenty years. It can conquer kingdoms without fighting, and sometimes with the loss of a battle. It gives and resumes employments; can sink a mountain to a mole-hill, and raise a mole-hill to a mountain; has presided for many years at committees of elections; can wash a blackmoor white; make a saint an atheist, and a patriot of a profligate; can furnish foreign ministers with intelligence, and raise or let fall the credit of the nation. This goddess flies with a huge looking-glass in her hands, to dazzle the crowd, and make them see, according as she turns it, their ruin in their interest, and their interest in their ruin. In this glass you will behold your best friends, clad in coats powdered with *fleurs de lis* and triple crowns; their girdles hung round with chains, and beads, and wooden shoes; and your worst enemies adorned with the ensigns of liberty, property, indulgence, moderation, and a cornucopia in their hands. Her large wings, like those of a flying-fish, are of no use but while they are moist; she therefore dips them in mud, and, soaring aloft, scatters it in the eyes of the multitude, flying with great swiftness; but at every turn is forced to stoop in dirty ways for new supplies.

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[1] *Examiner*, No. 15

I have been sometimes thinking, if a man had the art of the second sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town, by observing the different shapes, sizes, and colours of those swarms of lies which buzz about the heads of some people, like flies about a horse's ears in summer; or those legions hovering every afternoon in Exchange-alley, enough to darken the air; or over a club of discontented grandees, and thence sent down in cargoes to be scattered at elections.

There is one essential point wherein a political liar differs from others of the faculty, that he ought to have but a short memory, which is necessary according to the various occasions he meets with every hour of differing from himself and swearing to both sides of a contradiction, as he finds the persons disposed with whom he has to deal. In describing the virtues and vices of mankind, it is convenient, upon every article, to have some eminent person in our eye, from whom we copy our description. I have strictly observed this rule, and my imagination this minute represents before me a certain great man famous for this talent, to the constant practice of which he owes his twenty years' reputation of the most skilful head in England for the management of nice affairs. The superiority of his genius consists in nothing else but an inexhaustible fund of political lies, which he plentifully distributes every minute he speaks, and by an unparalleled generosity forgets, and consequently contradicts, the next half-hour. He never yet considered whether it were convenient for the present minute or company to affirm or deny it; so that, if you think fit to refine upon him by interpreting everything he says, as we do dreams, by the contrary, you are still to seek, and will find yourself equally deceived whether you believe or not: the only remedy is to suppose that you have heard some inarticulate sounds, without any meaning at all; and besides, that will take off the horror you might be apt to conceive at the oaths wherewith he perpetually tags both ends of every proposition; although, at the same time, I think he cannot with any justice be taxed with perjury when he invokes God and Christ, because he has often fairly given public notice to the world that he believes in neither.

Some people may think that such an accomplishment as this can be of no great use to the owner, or his party, after it has been often practised and is become notorious; but they are widely mistaken. Few lies carry the inventor's mark, and the most prostitute enemy to truth may spread a thousand without being known for the author: besides, as the vilest writer has his readers, so the greatest liar has his believers; and it often happens that, if a lie be believed only for an hour, it has done its work, and there is no farther occasion for it. Falsehood flies, and truth comes limping after it, so that when men come to be undeceived it is too late; the jest is over, and the tale has had its effect: like a man who has thought of a good repartee when the discourse is changed or the company parted; or like a physician who has found out an infallible medicine after the patient is dead. . . .

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK,

ACCORDING TO THE STYLE AND MANNER OF THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE'S MEDITATIONS.

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest;

it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself: Surely mortal man is a broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head: and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be—grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother-besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

FROM A TALE OF A TUB

THE BOOKSELLER'S DEDICATION TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN LORD SOMERS:

My Lord,

Tho' the author has written a large Dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under, to the caprices of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your Lordship, and to implore your Lordship's protection of them. God and your Lordship know their faults and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though everybody else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your Lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition: neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your Lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your Lordship a list of your own virtues, and, at the same time, be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your Lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident. For, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed written in large letters the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin; (though I have them often in pay to translate out of that language); I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who Englished it thus, *Let it be given to the worthiest*; and his comment was, that the author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, showed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean: he told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at; and, at the same time, he very kindly offered his own assistance *gratis* towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess. Why, then said he, it must be I or my Lord Somers. From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your Lordship and themselves. Now, your Lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard it is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your Lordship was the person intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid to furnish me with hints and materials, towards a panegyric upon your Lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of *Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus,* and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my ignorance; because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and everybody else knew as well as themselves: Therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine stole and transcribed every word, from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself as fifty shillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpose.

If, by altering the title, I could make the same materials serve for another Dedication, (as my betters have done), it would help to make up my loss; but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers, and before they read three lines, they have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your Lordship.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your Lordship's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; or, to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of Austria; or, of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or, your profound knowledge in algebra, metaphysics, and the oriental tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candor, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other common topics; I confess, I have neither conscience nor countenance to do it. Because there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few, which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen, or unobserved, by your *friends*, your *enemies* have at length brought to light.

'Tis true, I should be very loth, the bright example of your Lordship's virtues should be lost to after-ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a *late reign*; and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that, as Dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patrons' *liberality*, to spend a word or two in admiring their *patience*. I can put no greater compliment on your Lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present.—Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your Lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues, and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this; especially, when it is offered by one, who is with all respect and veneration,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient,
And most faithful servant,
The Bookseller.

JOSEPH ADDISON

1672-1745

To use a style of writing that has seldom been equaled in the literature, for the high services of promoting virtue by showing its loveliness and of combating vice by presenting it in its stark ugliness, was the happy and thoroughly successful task of Joseph Addison. This task was rendered unusually difficult, because Addison lived during the period directly following the Restoration when literature had fallen into the depths of decadence; and yet so well did he accomplish it that Macaulay said: "So effectually did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that since his time an open violation of decency has always been considered among us a sure mark of a fool."

Joseph Addison was born in Milston, Wilshire, the son of a scholarly English clergyman. He achieved a reputation for manliness and scholarship at Charterhouse School and at Oxford, where he became known as a writer of excellent verse. His power to win friendship helped him in his chosen work in government service, and his graceful verses in honor of certain public personages brought him financial returns that enabled him to travel abroad. While he was abroad the death of King William and the loss of Whig supremacy caused the stoppage of his pension. The battle of Blenheim, however, gave him opportunity for a poem which won him favor from the Tories, and his position was again made secure. He became a member of Parliament, secretary for Ireland, and secretary of state. The rest of his life was divided between his political duties and his writings. In 1709 he joined Steele in the work of publishing the *Tatler*, and from that time on wrote many essays for it and for the *Spectator*. His last years were clouded by quarrels with Pope and with Steele and with Swift. These quarrels were largely due to political differences, which they could not separate from their literary pursuits.

English literature owes much to this kindly gentleman, whose life is summed up by Thackeray as "prosperous and beautiful." With unfailing kindness he ridiculed the petty vanities and vices of his day and introduced into the life and literature of his times simplicity and refinement that were to remain. His essays give us vivid pictures of social life at this period. They also established firmly the foundations of the modern school of literary criticism. They, along with other periodical essays by Addison's contemporaries, paved the way for the novel by their excellent characterization. Addison's poetry is not on a par with his prose; and though his drama *Cato* gave him fame in his own day, it has but few readers nowadays.

THE SPECTATOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.[1]

I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure 'till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from the father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that before I was born my mother dreamt that she was to bring forth a judge; whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

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[1] *Spectator*, No. 1

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, *that my parts were solid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and, as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me: of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's and while I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Hay Market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stockjobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them: as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefor, I shall publish a sheet full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in tomorrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

POLITE AND RUSTIC MANNERS[1]

The first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behavior and good-breeding as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good-breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behavior, are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good-breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

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[1] *Spectator*, No. 119

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world by his excess of good breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in half an hour as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to-do about place and precedency in a meeting of justices' wives than in an assembly of duchesses.

The rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner till I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good-breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man, to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscene in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain, homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise: for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good-breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good-breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon regard behavior and conversation, there is a third, which turns upon dress. In this, too, the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their headdresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the eastern circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.

DEATH OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY[1]

We last night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger De Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist.

I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

Honoured Sir,

'Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a light'ning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: He has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good land about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frize coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our days. He has bequeath'd a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley Church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of the Quorum: The whole parish follow'd the corps with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quitrents upon the estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no moare has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

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[1] *Spectator*, No. 517

Honoured Sir,
Your most Sorrowful Servant,
Edward Biscuit.'

'P.S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name.'

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the Club.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

1672-1729

Though Richard Steele is in almost all respects the opposite of his friend Addison, he, too, wished to use his pen for the reform of society. In the dedication to the first volume of collected essays from the *Tatler*, the small folio sheet which made its first appearance on April 12, 1709, he says: "The general purpose of this paper is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour." The *Tatler* was immediately successful. At first Steele wrote everything in it and signed himself Isaac Bickerstaff, a name already made famous by Swift. At first no one knew the author's real name. Then Addison recognized a remark of his own made to Steele, betrayed the secret to a happy public, and joined forces with his friend as contributor, to make the paper even more popular.

Richard Steele was born in Dublin, of mixed Irish and English parentage. During his years at Charterhouse School and Oxford he studied little and left the university before graduation to enter the Horse Guards. With joyous ease he entered in turn upon the duties of soldier, playwright, essayist, member of Parliament, only to abandon them all too soon. In an age little given to chivalry and genuine emotion he revered women and loved children. According to Thackeray, both Steele's life and his writings are "full of faults and careless blunders" and yet both are redeemed "by his sweet and compassionate nature." The man is continually appearing in the outpourings of the writer, so that it is easy to construct a fairly good autobiography of Steele from the pages of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, the daily paper which was published by Addison and Steele after the identity of the *Tatler's* creator became known.

With Addison's help Steele established once and for always the place of the literary essay in English literature. In analyzing the *Spectator* one finds many reasons for concluding that Sir Roger is as much the life story of the Englishman at home as *Robinson Crusoe* is the life story of the Englishman isolated from his kind. It would be very easy to turn the *Spectator* into a novel. Surely to establish the literary essay and to furnish the material for a new literary form, the novel, are sufficient achievements for any man. Now that the world is deluged with literary magazines and the news story and the editorial are almost an essential part of every man's breakfast, we find difficulty in understanding all that was involved by way of discovery and invention in the creation of these literary products in an age which had never even heard of them.

THE CLUB[1]

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him 'youngster.' But being ill used by the above mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continued to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities; and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him that Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

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[1] *Spectator*, No. 2

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he was quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavor at the same end with himself, —the favor of a commander. He will, however, in this way of talk excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: 'for,' says he, 'that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him'; therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, and of good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year; in a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world.

As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up: 'He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirabel begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair: that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to.' This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes,and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

SIR ROGER ON MEN OF FINE PARTS[1]

I know no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind; and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than goodnatured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion that none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch, as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his satisfaction and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions is, says Sir Roger, in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. 'But,' continued he, 'for the loss of public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow abovementioned, but more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the public of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding; without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion.'

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[1] *Spectator*, No. 6

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked attentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. 'What I aim at,' says he, 'is to represent that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings, and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man.' This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also, at some times, of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination, that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue, 'It is a mighty dishonor and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humor and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation.' He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem 'to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity.' This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humor another. To follow the dictates of the two latter is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there anything so just as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there anything more common than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kinds of superiors is founded methinks upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice, more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

'It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honor of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedaemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedaemonians practice it." '

EDWARD YOUNG

1683-1765

However fresh and vigorous the thoughts of Edward Young may have seemed to his contemporaries, most of them seem to us of the twentieth century rather well worn. There are, however, fine passages in his works, and he handled blank verse well in a day when it was almost out of fashion.

Edward Young was born at Upham, Hampshire, England, and received his education at Winchester school and at Oxford, where he won a fellowship. In 1727 he took orders in the Church of England. A year later he was appointed royal chaplain. In 1730 he became rector of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, a position he retained until his death.

Young's best work, *Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality*, appeared in a series during 1742-1744. It is largely didactic.

FROM NIGHT THOUGHTS

SILENCE AND DARKNESS

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her realm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain—
A bitter change!—severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.
Night, sable goddess; from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters, twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve—
That column of true majesty in man—
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;

O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
  Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh, lead my mind—
A mind that fain would wander from its woe—
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song,
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of my vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain. . . .
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
  This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theater as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life; but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
  Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by heaven
To fly at infinite: and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

JOHN GAY

1685-1732

If ever a man's name suited him entirely, that man is John Gay. Clever, light-hearted, friendly, he moved even Swift to geniality. When, in the way of all jesters, he fell into fits of deepest melancholy, all his friends rushed affectionately to his rescue.

John Gay came of a Devonshire family. When the boy was twelve, he was apprenticed to a London silk mercer. Hating this work so thoroughly that he fretted himself into illness, the young poet was allowed to return to the country. Later he returned to London and there became a frequenter of the coffee-houses, where he made many friends among literary men. During the rest of his life he made indefinitely long visits in the homes of the rich and powerful, writing in the meantime his popular verses and comedies. In 1725 he produced the first edition of the famous *Fables* and in 1728 his best known work, *The Beggar's Opera*, which took London by storm.

As the inventor of the comic opera, Gay is among important literary pioneers and holds a place in the hearts of all lovers of fun. This man, loved by Swift, Pope, and many other great contemporaries, is one of the happiest personalities in literary history.

From FABLES

THE HOUND AND THE HUNTSMAN

Impertinence at first is borne
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn;
Teased into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?

The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful hounds.
They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier, explore the chase.
Now scattered wide, they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!

Ringwood, a Dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.

The Huntsman to the clamor flies;
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welked, with howling tone
The puppy thus expressed his moan:

'I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite? These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts.'

'When puppies prate,' the Huntsman cried,
'They show both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaimed thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confest.
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.'

THE POET AND THE ROSE

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both when rivals are decried.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends.
A rose he plucked, he gazed, admired,
Thus singing as the Muse inspired:

'Go Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
  How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
  With never-fading love!
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involved in fragrance, burn and die!

'Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
  More fragrant roses there;
I see thy withering head reclined
  With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.'

'Spare your comparisons,' replied
An angry rose who grew beside.
'Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a poet do without us?
In every love-song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?'

ALEXANDER POPE

1688-1744

The profession of letters in the eighteenth century had but one man who gave all his time and talents to it, and that man was forced to give himself to literature because his religion and "that long disease, his life" unfitted him for any other profession. Alexander Pope was the great poet of his day, with an influence that dominated many foreign writers as well as those of England and an insight and gift of expression that make his poetry a storehouse of information concerning the manners and the morals of Queen Anne's time.

Alexander Pope was born in London. His father, a Catholic linen draper, entrusted the early education of his son to two priests. Barred from Oxford and Cambridge because of his religion, the boy had largely to complete his education by reading. Realizing the limitations imposed by his religion and by his physical deformity and sickliness, he early turned himself to writing and to making friends with literary men. In 1711 he published the *Essay on Criticism*, which straightway made him famous. During the next year the appearance of that epic of the boudoir, *The Rape of the Lock*, made him the foremost poet of England. Financially successful, he bought a villa on the Thames and there devoted himself to his writings for a time. Because of the prevalent idea that a man of letters must lead a gay life in London, Pope left his retirement and journeyed to that city in the hope of being a literary man amongst men. This hope being disappointed, he retired again to his villa at Twickenham, where he wrote poetry, kept a garden, and enjoyed a friendship with a woman, Martha Blount, which was to console him during all the rest of his life. From this quiet retreat came forth that fierce satire on his enemies, *The Dunciad.*

Pope's translations of Homer brought him wealth and fame, though they turned the giants of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* into fashionable English gentlemen. The famous *Essay on Man* is rightly named, being rather an essay than a poem despite its poetic form. It reveals Pope's power of saying worth-while things in memorable fashion, a power that has made him one of the best-known and most frequently quoted poets in any language, despite the fact that some of his lines are contradictory of others. The *Essay on Criticism* furnishes a genuine contribution to the history of literary criticism in that it sums up the teaching concerning the art of poetry from Horace to Pope's own day.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

I

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous is the offense
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others, who themselves excell,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgments too?
Yet if we look more closely we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, though drawn but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced:
Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defense:
Each burns alike, who can, who cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite,
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.

If Maevius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are, who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
Turned critics first, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-formed witlings, num'rous in our isle,
As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile:
Unfinished things one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal;
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in these confined to single parts.
Like kings we lose the conquests gained before,
By vain ambition still to make them more;
Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow nature and your judgment frame
By her just standard which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides;
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife;
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The wingéd courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true metal when you check his course.
Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodized;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
By the same laws which first herself ordained.
Hear how learned Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress and when indulge our flights;
High on Parnassus' top her sons she showed,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they derived from Heav'n.
The gen'rous critics fanned the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms and make her more beloved:
But following wits from that intention strayed,
Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turned,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.

So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoiled so much as they.
Some drily plain without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made;
These leave the sense, their learning to display
And those explain the meaning quite away.
  You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age;
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muses upwards to their spring.
Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan muse.
  When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome designed,
Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorned to draw;
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his laboured work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.
  Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky license answer to the full
Th' intent proposed, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its ends at once attains,
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice,
But though the ancients thus their rules invade;
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compelled by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame and puts his laws in force.
  I know there are to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
Considered singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportioned to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His Pow'rs in equal rank, and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but that we dream.
  Still green with bays, each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war and all-involving age.
See, from each clime the learned their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting pæans sing!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be joined,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;

Immortal heirs of universal praise,
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
Oh, may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles while he writes)
To teach vain wits a little science known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

ODE ON ST. CECELIA'S DAY

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing:
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthened notes and slow,
The deep majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats,
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is pressed with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield displayed,
And half unsheathed the shining blade,
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appeared,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurled hang list'ning round their heads.

By the fragrant streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bowers;
By the hero's arméd shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades,

By the youth who died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's pray'r:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost.
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows;
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Haemus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecelia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear,
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from Heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecelia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to Heav'n.

JAMES THOMSON

1700-1748

In an age given over to artificiality, James Thomson concerned himself with nature. When English verse was being molded into heroic couplets and poetic thought limited itself to only a few subjects, Thomson was growing up in the simple influences of country life on the Scottish border and was imbibing the matter of his future poetry.

James Thomson was born in the parish of Ednam, in Roxburghshire, where his father was the minister. He received his early education at Jedburgh School and at Edinburgh, with the intention of entering the ministry. This intention was abandoned, however, and he went to London at the age of twenty-five. The following year he published the poem *Winter*, which pleased the London taste, long since sated with the pseudo-classic, by its naturalness and by its pleasing revival of noble blank verse. This poem was soon followed by others of *The Seasons* collection, and Thomson also tried his hand at playwriting, a venture in which he was unsuccessful. In 1744 he was appointed surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, and he retained this position till his death.

Thomson's best poem, *The Castle of Indolence*, published shortly before his death, has great beauty and charm. The author, by the glamour of romance in this poem and by the enthusiastic love of nature in *The Seasons*, became to his generation what Wordsworth became to his.

From THE SEASONS

SPRING

(Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of your dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.)
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation joined
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravished vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all surrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls to where the well-used plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
White, through the neighboring fields the sower stalks,
With measured step; and, liberal, throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employed
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compared your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war, then with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent scorned
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.
Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough!
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded! As the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports,
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be the exhaustless granary of a world!
Nor be only through the lenient air this change,

Delicious, breathes: the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!
Thou smiling nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! Where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.
From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs;
And swells, and deepens, to the cherished eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing concealed. At once, arrayed
In all the colors of the flushing year
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavished fragrance; while the promised fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms: where the raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy; and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies. . . .
The north-east spends his rage, he now shut up
Within his iron cave—the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The fallen verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And with the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fired anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country color round.

HYMN TO GOD'S POWER

Hail! Power Divine, who by thy sole command
  From the dark empty space,
Made the broad sea and solid land
  Smile with a heavenly grace.

Made the high mountain and firm rock,
  Where bleating cattle stray;
And the strong, stately, spreading oak,
  That intercepts the day.

The rolling planets thou madest move,
  By thy effective will;
And the revolving globes above
  Their destined course fulfil.

His mighty power, ye thunders, praise,
  As through the heavens ye roll;
And his great name, ye lightnings, blaze,
  Unto the distant pole.

Ye seas, in your eternal roar,
  His sacred praise proclaim;
While the inactive sluggish shore
  Re-echoes to the same.

Ye howling winds, howl out his praise,
  And make the forests bow;
While through the air, the earth, and seas,
  His solemn praise ye blow.

O yon high harmonious spheres,
  Your powerful mover sing;
To him your circling course that steers,
  Your tuneful praises bring.

Ungrateful mortals, catch the sound,
  And in your numerous lays,
To all the listening world around,
  The God of nature praise.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

1709-1784

There are many who can relate anecdotes from the life of the great literary dictator of the English coffee-house period; there are many of those same relators of anecdotes who never read a line written by Dr. Samuel Johnson. The man is so incomparably greater than his writings, and the faithful "Bozzy" has given us such an incomparable biography that this state of affairs is not to be wondered at.

Samuel Johnson was born the son of a bookseller at Lichfield. After attending Pembroke College and spending a few years at the business of teaching school and honoring Oxford by being her student as long as his meager means held out, he went to London in company with David Garrick, to eke out a miserable existence by his pen. Not content with contributing to the magazines then established, he began the *Rambler* in 1750. It was not successful from the financial point of view, and so he discontinued it after two years. Later he published the *Rambler* essays in book form, and they ran through ten editions. From 1758 to 1760 Johnson published the *Idler*; but because of its poor return, and his constant gifts to paupers, he was forced to write his only novel *Rasselas* in 1759 to defray the funeral expenses of his mother. When Johnson was fifty-three years of age, he received the reward of his literary labors through a yearly pension of three hundred pounds from George III. Then, with Joshua Reynolds, he founded the famous Literary Club, which Boswell has immortalized for us in detail. His literary productions range from the stupendous *Dictionary* to a lifeless drama in blank verse called *Irene*. His last literary work was his *Lives of the Poets*, written by request for prefaces to a new edition of the English poets published by certain London booksellers. In this there is but little of the ponderousness of the *Rambler* essays.

In the final issue of the *Rambler* Johnson reveals the two objects of his essay writing: to determine the dignity of the English prose essay and to establish genuine and just literary criticism. There can be no doubt that he succeeded in attaining these two objects. His influence on diction is best described by himself: "I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence." Even the ponderous essays of the *Rambler* have some few among them that show Johnson's ability to write in lighter vein, though there is always something in his attempts to be frivolous that hints of elephantine friskiness and of "little fishes talking in the manner of whales" or better, of whales talking as little fishes.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A GARRET[1]

To the Rambler

Sir:—

Nothing has more retarded the advancement of learning than the disposition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend. All industry must be excited by hope; and as the student often proposes no other reward to himself than praise, he is easily discouraged by contempt and insult. He who brings with him into a clamorous multitude the timidity of recluse speculation, and has never hardened his front in public life, or accustomed his passions to the vicissitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of mixed conversation, will blush at the stare of petulant incredulity, and suffer himself to be driven, by a burst of laughter, from the fortresses of demonstration. The mechanist will be afraid to assert before hardy contradictions the possibility of tearing down bulwarks with a silkworm's thread; and the astronomer of relating the rapidity of light, the distance of the fixed stars, and the height of the lunar mountains.

If I could by any efforts have shaken off this cowardice, I had not sheltered myself under a borrowed name, nor applied to you for the means of communicating to the public the theory of a garret; a subject which, except some slight and transient strictures, has been hitherto neglected by those who were best qualified to adorn it, either for want of leisure to prosecute the various researches in which a nice discussion must engage them, or because it requires such diversity of knowledge, and such extent of curiosity, as is scarcely to be found in any single intellect; or perhaps others foresaw the tumults which would be raised against them, and confined their knowledge to their own breasts, and abandoned prejudice and folly to the direction of chance.

That the professors of literature generally reside in the highest stories has been immemorially observed. The wisdom of the Ancients was well acquainted with the intellectual advantages of an elevated situation; why else were the Muses stationed on Olympus, or Parnassus, by those who could with equal right have raised them bowers in the vale of Tempe, or erected their altars among the flexures of Meander? Why was Jove himself nursed upon a mountain or why did the goddesses, when the prize of beauty was contested, try the cause upon the top of Ida? Such were the fictions by which the great masters of the early ages endeavored to inculcate to posterity the importance of a garret, which, though they had been long obscured by the negligence and ignorance of succeeding times, were well enforced by the celebrated symbol of Pythagoras, ἀνεμῶν πνεόντων τὴν ἠχὼ πϱοσϰύνει "when the wind blows, worship its echo." This could not but be understood by his disciples as an inviolable injunction to live in a garret, which I have found frequently visited by the echo and the wind. Nor was the tradition wholly obliterated in the age of Augustus, for Tibullus evidently congratulates himself upon his garret, not without some allusion to the Pythagorean precept:—

Quem juvat immites ventos audire cubantem—
Aut, gelidas hybernus aquas cum fuderit auster,
Securum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi!

How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours,
Lull'd by the beating winds and dashing showers!

And it is impossible not to discover the fondness of Lucretius, an early writer, for a garret, in his description of the lofty towers of serene learning, and of the pleasure with which a wise man looks down upon the confused and erratic state of the world moving below him:—

Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena:
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quaerere vitae.

—'Tis sweet thy laboring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied,
And all the magazines of learning fortified:
From thence to look below on humankind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.
—Dryden.

The institution has, indeed, continued to our own time; the garret is still the usual receptacle of the philosopher and poet; but this, like many ancient customs, is perpetuated only by an accidental imitation, without knowledge of the original reason for which it was established:—

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[1] *Rambler*, No. 161

Causa latet: res est notissima.

The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.
—ADDISON

Conjectures have, indeed, been advanced concerning these habitations of literature, but without much satisfaction to the judicious inquirer. Some have imagined that the garret is generally chosen by the wits as most easily rented; and concluded that no man rejoices in his aerial abode, but on the days of payment. Others suspect that a garret is chiefly convenient, as it is remoter than any other part of the house from the outer door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat, and repeat the same sounds every morning, and sometimes again in the afternoon, without any variation, except that they grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raise their voices in time from mournful murmurs to raging vociferations. This eternal monotony is always detestable to a man whose chief pleasure is to enlarge his knowledge, and vary his ideas. Others talk of freedom from noise, and abstraction from common business or amusement; and some, yet more visionary, tell us that the faculties are enlarged by open prospects, and that the fancy is more at liberty when the eye ranges without confinement.

These conveniences may perhaps all be found in a well-chosen garret; but surely they cannot be supposed sufficiently important to have operated invariably upon different climates, distant ages, and separate nations. Of a universal practice, there must still be presumed a universal cause, which, however recondite and abstruse, may be perhaps reserved to make me illustrious by its discovery, and you by its promulgation.

It is universally known that the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body, and that the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient element. The effects of the air in the production or cure of corporeal maladies have been acknowledged from the time of Hippocrates; but no man has yet sufficiently considered how far it may influence the operations of the genius, though every day affords instances of local understanding, of wits and reasoners, whose faculties are adapted to some single spot, and who, when they are removed to any other place, sink at once into silence and stupidity. I have discovered by a long series of observations that invention and elocution suffer great impediments from dense and impure vapors, and that the tenuity of a defecated air at a proper distance from the surface of the earth accelerates the fancy and sets at liberty those intellectual powers which were before shackled by too strong attraction, and unable to expand themselves under the pressure of a gross atmosphere. I have found dulness to quicken into sentiment in a thin ether, as water, though not very hot, boils in a receiver partly exhausted; and heads, in appearance empty, have teemed with notions upon rising ground, as the flaccid sides of a football would have swelled into stiffness and extension.

For this reason I never think myself qualified to judge decisively of any man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation; but take some opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of rarefaction and condensation, tension and laxity. If he is neither vivacious aloft, nor serious below, I then consider him as hopeless; but as it seldom happens that I do not find the temper to which the texture of his brain is fitted, I accommodate him in time with a tube of mercury, first marking the point most favorable to his intellects, according to rules which I have long studied, and which I may perhaps reveal to mankind in a complete treatise of barometrical pneumatology.

Another cause of the gayety and sprightliness of the dwellers in garrets is probably the increase of that vertiginous motion, with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the spirits is well known; every man has felt his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horse; and nothing is plainer than that he who towers to the fifth story is whirled through more space by every circumrotation than another that grovels upon the ground floor. The nations between the tropics are known to be fiery, inconstant, inventive, and fanciful, because, living at the utmost length of the earth's diameter, they are carried about with more swiftness than those whom nature has placed nearer to the poles; and, therefore, as it becomes a wise man to struggle with the inconveniences of his country, whenever celerity and acuteness are requisite, we must actuate our languor by taking a few turns round the centre in a garret.

If you imagine that I ascribe to air and motion effects which they cannot produce, I desire you to consult your own memory, and consider whether you have never known a man acquire reputation in his garret, which, when fortune or a patron had placed him upon the first floor, he was unable to maintain; and who never recovered his former vigor of understanding till he was restored to his original situation. That a garret will make every man a wit I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would continue blockheads even on the summit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe. But let not any man be considered as unimprovable till this potent remedy has been tried; for perhaps he was formed to be great only in a garret, as the joiner of Aretaeus was rational in no other place but in his own shop.

I think a frequent removal to various distances from the center, so necessary to a just estimate of intellectual abilities, and consequently of so great use in education, that if I hoped that the public could be persuaded to so expensive an experiment, I would propose that there should be a cavern dug, and a tower erected, like those which Bacon describes in Solomon's house, for the expansion and concentration of understanding, according to the exigence of different employments or constitutions. Perhaps some that fume away in meditations upon time and space in the tower might compose tables of interest at a certain depth; and he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might at the height of half a mile ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth with declamation.

Addison observes that we may find the heart of Virgil's climate in some lines of his 'Georgics'; so when I read a composition, I immediately determine the height of the author's habitation. As an elaborate performance is commonly said to smell of the lamp, my commendation of a noble thought, a sprightly sally, or a bold figure, is to pronounce it fresh from the garret; an expression which would break from me upon the perusal of your papers, did I not believe that you sometimes quit the garret, and ascend into the cock loft.

—*Hypertatus.*

WEALTH[1]

As the love of money has been, in all ages, one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topic more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. Those who are acquainted with these authors need not be told how riches excite pity, contempt, or reproach whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated; and how all the powers of reason and eloquence have been exhausted in endeavors to eradicate a desire which seems to have intrenched itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out, and which perhaps had not lost its power even over those who declaimed against it, but would have broken out in the poet or the sage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been indeed so unsuccessful, that I know not whether it can be shown that by all the wit and reason which this favorite cause has called forth, a single convert was ever made; that even one man has refused to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happiness of a narrow fortune; or disburthened himself of wealth when he had tried its inquietudesm merely to enjoy the peace and leisure and security of a mean and unenvied state.

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[1] *Rambler*, No. 58

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honors and to wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune: but however their moderation may be boasted by themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be perhaps seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labor or danger more than others; they are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain in the race of competition, or to stand the shock of contest: but though they therefore decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless wish themselves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity. But even these will not afford many occasions to the philosopher; for they have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themselves unable to hold, and prevented disgrace by resignation; or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconstancy, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every state, and wishes every scene of life to change as soon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low stations equally unable to satisfy the wishes of a distempered mind, and were unable to shelter themselves in the closest retreat from disappointment, solitude, and misery.

Yet though these admonitions have been thus neglected by those who either enjoyed riches or were able to procure them, it is not rashly to be determined that they are altogether without use; for since far the greatest part of mankind must be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in situations from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences placed before them, those writers cannot be thought ill employed that have ministered remedies to discontent almost universal, by shewing that what we cannot reach may very well be forborne, that the inequality of distribution at which we murmur is for the most part less than it seems, and that the greatness which we admire at a distance has much fewer advantages and much less splendor when we are suffered to approach it.

It is the business of moralists to detect the frauds of fortune, and to shew that she imposes upon the careless eye by a quick succession of shadows, which will shrink to nothing in the gripe; that she disguises life in extrinsic ornaments, which serve only for show, and are laid aside in the hours of solitude and of pleasure; and that when greatness aspires either to felicity or wisdom, it shakes off those distinctions which dazzle the gazer and awe the supplicant.

It may be remarked that they whose condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious instruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes and digest them by their own understandings, seem to consider those who are placed in ranks of remote superiority as almost another and higher species of beings. As themselves have known little other misery than the consequences of want, they are with difficulty persuaded that where there is wealth there can be sorrow, or that those who glitter in dignity and glide along in affluence can be acquainted with pains and cares like those which lie heavy upon the rest of mankind.

This prejudice is indeed confined to the lowest meanness and the darkest ignorance; but it is so confined only because others have been shown its folly and its falsehood, because it has been opposed in its progress by history and philosophy, and hindered from spreading its infection by powerful preservatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguish avarice or ambition, or suppress that reluctance with which a man passes his days in a state of inferiority, must at least have made the lower conditions less grating and wearisome, and has consequently contributed to the general security of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention which must have been produced by an unbounded eagerness of wealth, arising from an unshaken conviction that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himself incited, by some

violent impulse of passion, to pursue riches as the chief end of being, must surely be so alarmed by the successive admonitions of those whose experience and sagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to stop and consider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine before he rushes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will seldom fail to repress his ardor and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itself; it is not useful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchase,—which if we suppose it put to its best use by those that possess it, seems not to deserve the desire or envy of a wise man. It is certain that with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure nor block up the passage of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery or laying diligence asleep, confirm error and harden stupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings whose existence has scarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortunes have obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains but little to be sought with solicitude or desired with eagerness.

From LONDON

By numbers here from shame or censure free
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues;
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd:
Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd;
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies.
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little All to flames a prey;
Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

From THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life:
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When Vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws:
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys;
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,—
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign:
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost:
He comes; nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand.
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

1714-1763

What Walden was to Thoreau in the nineteenth century, the Leasowes was to Shenstone in the eighteenth. These two hermits produced writings which are in many ways indicative respectively on the one hand of the extreme artificiality and pretty pathos of the pseudoclassicist and of the tonic and slightly pungent naturalist on the other. Where Shenstone babbled as innocently and sweetly as his waterfalls and his birds, Thoreau laid hands on nature with the intention of forcing her secrets from her.

William Shenstone was born at Leasowes. During ten years he kept his name on the books of Oxford, though he never accomplished enough in his studies to obtain a degree. Gray ridiculed him for his servile love of the great and his pose as a recluse; and yet there is something appealing in this shy proud man in his retirement, hoping that the world he had left would seek him out. He commemorated the deaths of his friends by Grecian urns under weeping willows and by elegies which had the urns for their inspiration.

Shenstone published *Miscellanies* in 1737, *The Judgment of Hercules* in 1740, *The Schoolmistress* in 1742, and *Letters and Essays* in 1750. In 1743 his friend Dodsley edited his *Elegies, Songs, and Pastoral Ballads.* Of these his most important work is *The Schoolmistress*, a prettily descriptive poem in Spenserian stanzas. Johnson found fault with the pastoral ballad because it is not sufficiently selective in portraying the details of country life; and yet Shenstone's verses were rather popular in his day and have a rhythmic quality that even now attracts the reader, however sophisticated he be.

From THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own:
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
No pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honored eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favor did her past deportment claim:
And, if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use and physic not a few,
Of gray renown, within these borders grew,—
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribbed, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amid the labors of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crowned
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear.
O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere!
Simplicity then sought its humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

THOMAS GRAY

1696-1771

The author of "the best known poem in the English language" was a fine and gentle scholar who represents in much of his work the spirit of literary independence that was to bring about the supplanting of classicism by romanticism. Gray's romanticism was not the robustious sort as a rule, though there are verve and fire in *The Bard*; it is rather of that melancholy dreaminess which uses nature as a background for the play of human emotions, a melancholy which found its most exquisite expression in that immortal line of Francis Thompson, "And Heaven's gray cheeks were wet with mortal mine."

The author of the great *Elegy* was born in London and was educated at Cambridge. Thomas Gray was the only one of twelve children of his parents to survive infancy, and he was a weakling physically. The happiest event of his unhappy youth was his meeting with Horace Walpole at Cambridge, because this healthy Englishman became his friend and took him for a three years' tour of the Continent. On Gray's return to England he lived for a time at Stoke Pogis, where he wrote his *Ode on A Distant Prospect of Eton College*, which is a sad bit of moralizing on the happiest drama in life, a group of small boys at play. During Gray's last years he was professor of modern history and languages at Cambridge, a position which gave him sufficient time for study and for writing. He refused the laureateship offered him in 1757.

Gray's *Letters* and his *Journal* show his fineness and literary taste; but his few poems give him his place among the poets. Dipping into Welsh and Norse literatures, he helped to bring an unused mine of mythological wealth to the attention of students of literature. From his works one may gather much of the nature of the intellectual interests of his day, particularly those that had to do with the coming of romanticism.

Read

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
—How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll:
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their glowing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to the throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray:
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettr'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' honour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n (t'was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

AN ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy Shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively cheer of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murth'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain;
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

WILLIAM COLLINS

1721-1759

Among the many waifs of fortune rescued by Dr. Johnson none was more unhappy perhaps than William Collins, and surely none failed more completely to fulfill his own youthful promise. Collins' conceptions always immeasurably outweighed his achievements, a not at all remarkable phenomenon as viewed by Johnson, for "a man doubtful of his dinners or trembling at a creditor, is not disposed to abstract meditations or remote inquiries."

William Collins was born at Chichester and received his education at Winchester College and at Magdalen College, Oxford. When the poet was only seventeen, he published his *Persian Eclogues* and then deserted his studies and betook himself to London with the intention of becoming a great writer. In 1846 he published his *Odes, Descriptive and Allegorical*, which manifests his love of nature and of the supernatural. Hazlitt thus describes the songful quality of the exquisite poem *Ode to Evening:* "The sounds steal slowly over the ear like the gradual coming on of evening itself." Collins began several tragedies which he did not finish, advertised *Proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning*, which he did not attempt to write, and promised a bookseller to translate Aristotle's *Poetics*, without fulfilling his agreement. Besides his improvidence, however, he had to battle against a nervous disorder that brought on months of despondency and final madness, and so there is every reason to condone his unreliability. He ended his wretched days at Chichester in the care of his sister. Often he who had so loved music that it sang itself into his verses could there be heard to sob and moan in distress at the sound of the cathedral organ.

Collins' *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands* introduced into romantic literature a whole new world of fairies and witches. There is likeness to Keats in his eager love for the beautiful, and one is prone to believe that Swinburne did not exaggerate when he declared that the *Odes* do not contain "a single false note."

Read

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaken stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales,

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm vot'ress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY

O thou by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:
Who first, on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe or Pleasure's, nursed the pow'rs of song!

Thou who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall,
But com'st a decent maid
In Attic robe arrayed,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honeyed store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,

By her whose lovelorn woe
In ev'ning musings slow
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wand'rings round thy green retreat,
On whose enameled side
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet:
O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flow'rs that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty culled the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their ordered hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureate band:
But stayed to sing alone
To one distinguished throne,
And turned thy face, and fled her altered land.

No more, in hall or bow'r,
The passions own thy pow'r;
Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine;
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task;
I only seek to find thy temp'rate vale:
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn thy tale.

ODE

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1728-1774

With all the irresponsibility and the erratic absent-mindedness that tradition has come to associate with poetic genius, Oliver Goldsmith, without doubt the most loved writer of his day so far as the opinion of posterity can make him so, represents the transition from classicism to romanticism. The form of his writing was indeed the form of classicism, but the matter was the matter of romanticism.

Oliver Goldsmith was the son of a poor rector of Kilkenny West, Ireland, a rector made memorable for posterity in the rôles of the Man in Black and the Vicar of Wakefield. In spite of innumerable self-made difficulties the young poet somehow managed to obtain a degree from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1749. Because his parents wanted him to enter the ministry, he spent two years in theological studies, only to be rejected as a candidate. At Edinburgh University, at Leyden, Venice, and Padua, he studied law and medicine; and after wandering all over Europe somewhat in the manner of a vagabond, he returned to London for the purpose of practicing medicine. This venture having failed, he tried teaching, only to prove unsuccessful. During several pitiable years he tried to wring a living from a half-dozen unfriendly pursuits, in the meantime developing his gift of writing. His *Citizen of the World*, a series of letter-essays purporting to have been written by a Chinese traveling in Europe, published in 1760, brought him to the attention of Dr. Johnson and won him a place among the literary men of his times. His writings brought him wealth, which he promptly squandered so successfully that he died in debt.

When Johnson wrote the famous epitaph which stated that Goldsmith touched nothing which he did not adorn, he furnished an opinion for almost all critics of Goldsmith from that day to this. Every one loves the *Deserted Village* for the glory of romance which the poet has wrapped round the dear thought of home, whether or not the poem really describes a village in Ireland. And every one admits that Goldsmith has added characters to a list at that time rather short. Of Goldsmith's two comedies, *The Good-Natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, the second has survived innumerable amateur productions and is still sure of a revival on the professional stage in at least every other generation. *The Vicar of Wakefield* gave a decency and refinement to the English novel that had been sadly lacking before its production; it also furnished an immortal person in the character of Dr. Primrose; and it made the idea of human fatherhood a reflection of the divine.

From CITIZEN OF THE WORLD[1]

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND

Friend of my Heart,

May the wings of peace rest upon thy dwelling, and the shield of conscience preserve thee from vice and misery; for all thy favours accept my gratitude and esteem, the only tributes a poor philosophic wanderer can return; sure fortune is resolved to make me unhappy, when she gives others a power of testifying their friendship by actions, and leaves me only words to express the sincerity of mine.

I am perfectly sensible of the delicacy with which you endeavour to lessen your own merit and my obligations. By calling your late instances of friendship only a return for former favours, you would induce me to impute to your justice what I owe to your generosity.

The services I did you at Canton, justice, humanity, and my office bade me perform; those you have done me since my arrival at Amsterdam, no laws obliged you to, no justice required, even half your favours would have been greater than my most sanguine expectations.

The sum of money therefore, which you privately conveyed into my baggage, when I was leaving Holland, and which I was ignorant of till my arrival in London, I must beg leave to return. You have been bred a merchant, and I a scholar; you consequently love money better than I. You can find pleasure in superfluity, I am perfectly content with what is sufficient; take therefore what is yours, it may give you some pleasure, even though you have no occasion to use it; my happiness it cannot improve, for I have already all that I want.

My passage by sea from Rotterdam to England was more painful to me than all the journeys I ever made on land. I have traversed the immeasurable wilds of Mogul Tartary; felt all the rigours of Siberian skies; I have had my repose an hundred times disturbed by invading savages, and have seen without shrinking the desert sands rise like a troubled ocean all around me; against these calamities I was armed with resolution; but in my passage to England, though nothing occurred that gave the mariners any uneasiness, to one who was never at sea before, all was a subject of astonishment and terror. To find the land disappear, to see our ship mount the waves swift as an arrow from the Tartar bow, to hear the wind howling through the cordage, to feel a sickness which depresses even the spirits of the brave; these were unexpected distresses, and consequently assaulted me unprepared to receive them.

You men of Europe think nothing of a voyage by sea. With us of China, a man who has been from sight of land is regarded upon his return with admiration. I have known some provinces where there is not even a name for the ocean. What a strange people therefore am I got amongst, who have founded an empire on this unstable element, who build cities upon billows that rise higher than the mountains of Tipartala, and make the deep more formidable than the wildest tempest.

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[1] Letter XI.

Such accounts as these, I must confess, were my first motives for seeing England. These induced me to undertake a journey of seven hundred painful days, in order to examine its opulence, buildings, arts, sciences, and manufactures on the spot. Judge then my disappointment on entering London to see no signs of that opulence so much talked of abroad; wherever I turn, I am presented with a gloomy solemnity in the houses, the streets, and the inhabitants; none of that beautiful gilding which makes a principal ornament in Chinese architecture. The streets of Nankin are sometimes strewed with gold leaf; very different are those of London: in the midst of their pavements, a great lazy puddle moves muddily along; heavy laden machines with wheels of unwieldy thickness crowd up every passage; so that a stranger, instead of finding time for observation, is often happy if he has time to escape from being crushed to pieces.

The houses borrow very few ornaments from architecture; their chief decoration seems to be a paltry piece of painting, hung out at their doors or windows, at once a proof of their indigence and vanity. Their vanity, in each having one of those pictures exposed to public view; and their indigence, in being unable to get them better painted. In this respect, the fancy of their painters is also deplorable. Could you believe it? I have seen five black lions and three blue boars in less than the circuit of half a mile; and yet you know that animals of these colours are no where to be found except in the wild imaginations of Europe.

From these circumstances in their buildings, and from the dismal looks of the inhabitants, I am induced to conclude that the nation is actually poor; and that like the Persians, they make a splendid figure every where but at home. The proverb of Xixofou is, that a man's riches may be seen in his eyes; if we judge of the English by this rule, there is not a poorer nation under the sun.

I have been here but two days, so will not be hasty in my decisions; such letters as I shall write to Fipsihi in Moscow, I beg you'll endeavour to forward with all diligence; I shall send them open, in order that you may take copies or translations, as you are equally versed in the Dutch and Chinese languages. Dear friend, think of my absence with regret, as I sincerely regret yours; even while I write, I lament our separation. Farewell.

THE CHARACTER OF BEAU TIBBS[1]

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk; I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear Drybone,' cried he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.' During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion; his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt, and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance; 'Psha, psha, Will,' cried the figure, 'no more of that if you love me, you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet to be sure an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet faith I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damn'd honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Muddler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's, my lord was there. "Ned," says he to me, "Ned," says he, "I'll hold gold to silver I can tell you where you were poaching last night." "Poaching, my lord," says I; "faith you have missed already; for I staid at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth".'

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[1] Letter LIV.

'Ah, Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow,' cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity, 'I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?' 'Improved,' replied the other; 'You shall know,—but let it go no further,—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with.—My lord's word of honour for it—His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tete-a-tete dinner in the country; where we talked of nothing else.' 'I fancy you forget, sir,' cried I, 'you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town!' 'Did I say so,' replied he coolly, 'to be sure if I said so it was so—dined in town; egad now I do remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go no further; a secret: well, there happened to be no asafoetida in the sauce to a turkey, upon which, says I, I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that—But, dear Drybone, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—But hearkee, ask me for it next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.'

When he left, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. 'His very dress,' cried my friend, 'is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags, if the next in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, heaven has made him poor, and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion because he understands flattery, and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence, but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all. Condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to frighten the children into obedience.' Adieu.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed:
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.
  Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
  A time there was ere England's grief's began,
When every rood of ground, maintained its man:
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
  But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
  Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds

Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.
O, blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since, 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grace with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!
Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose,
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life have fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn:
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.
New yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild:
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by the fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitable gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
We had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules,[1] the royal game of goose;[2]
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss[3] go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
  Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashions' brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.
  Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joy increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around,
Yet countour gains! This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat,[4] where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed;
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
  Where, then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,

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[1] twelve maxims of conduct attributed to Charles I

[2] game of fox and geese

[3] foaming ale

[4] house

He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama[1] murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepared to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

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[1] river in Georgia

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a floried vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down, they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering her I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's[1] cliffs or Pambamarca's[2] side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that state of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.[3]

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[1] between Russia and Sweden

[2] mountain in Ecuador

[3] The last four lines were added by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

EDMUND BURKE

1729-1797

It may well be considered a tragedy for literary historians that Edmund Burke did not have his Boswell; for he is a writer whose memory is well accustomed to both the pillory and the pedestal. Despite all the hanging, drawing, and quartering that has been done to him, it remains a fact that Burke is not dead; he still stands for certain old English ideals—such as the rights of royalty and of property,—and no one will be so foolish as to believe that these ideals are not alive in England today. What some are pleased to term the hysterics of Burke's orations are easily explained by the fact that these staid English ideals existed side by side in his mind with the realization that certain democratic ideals are equally good, though the French revolutionists' way of establishing them is dangerous. The famous statement that the passions of intemperate men forge their fetters was woven of this conflicting matter of thought by a man with a strange gift for word using.

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin, the son of an Irish barrister. After being graduated from Trinity College he went to London to study law. His essays, *A Vindication of Natural Society* and *The Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful*, published early in his career, brought him recognition. After having had several small offices of political nature he was elected to Parliament at the age of thirty-six; and for thirty years he occupied a prominent and powerful place in that body. That he championed the cause of the American colonies has endeared him to all Americans, especially because he was thoroughly conservative in most of his principles. Throughout his long term of service in England's governing body, he was consistently the champion of humanity; and that fact makes the desolation of his last years all the more pitiable.

Burke was the earliest master of the paragraph. There is in the glow and sweep of his style something that is all his own, and yet he is guilty of obvious artifices of rhetoric in many passages of his essays, a defect perhaps attributable to the fact that they are first of all orations. If he is only the "prose Poet Laureate of Whiggery," he must at least be conceded a masterly one.

ESSAY ON THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL

Part I

I.—NOVELTY

The first and the simplest emotion which we discover in the human mind, is curiosity. By curiosity, I mean whatever desire we have for, or whatever pleasure we take in, novelty. We see children perpetually running from place to place, to hunt out something new: they catch with great eagerness, and with very little choice, at whatever comes before them; their attention is engaged by everything, because everything has, in that stage of life, the charm of novelty to recommend it. But as those things, which engage us merely by their novelty cannot attach us for any length of time, curiosity is the most superficial of all the affections; it changes its object perpetually, it has an appetite which is very sharp, but very easily satisfied; and it has always an appearance of giddiness, restlessness, and anxiety. Curiosity from its nature, is a very active principle; it quickly runs over the greatest part of its objects, and soon exhausts the variety which is commonly to be met with in nature; the same things make frequent returns, and they return with less and less of any agreeable effect. In short, the occurrences of life, by the time we come to know it a little, would be incapable of affecting the mind with any other sensations than those of loathing and weariness, if many things were not adapted to affect the mind by means of other powers besides novelty in them, and of other passions besides curiosity in ourselves. These powers and passions shall be considered in their place. But whatever these powers are, or upon what principle soever they affect the mind, it is absolutely necessary that they should not be exerted in those things which a daily and vulgar use has brought into a stale unaffecting familiarity. Some degree of novelty must be one of the materials in every instrument which works upon the mind; and curiosity blends itself more or less with all our passions.

II.—PAIN AND PLEASURE

It seems then necessary towards moving the passions of people advanced in life to any considerable degree, that the objects designed for that purpose, besides their being in some measure new, should be capable of exciting pain or pleasure from other causes. Pain and pleasure are simple ideas, incapable of definition. People are not liable to be mistaken in their feelings, but they are very frequently wrong in the names they give them, and in their reasonings about them. Many are of opinion, that pain arises necessarily from the removal of some pleasure; as they think pleasure does from the ceasing or diminution of some pain. For my part, I am rather inclined to imagine, that pain and pleasure, in their most simple and natural manner of affecting, are each of a positive nature, and by no means necessarily dependent on each other for their existence. The human mind is often, and I think it is for the most part, in the state neither of pain nor pleasure, which I call a state of indifference. When I am carried from this state into a state of actual pleasure, it does not appear necessary that I should pass through the medium of any sort of pain. If in such a state of indifference, or ease, or tranquillity, or call it what you please, you were to be suddenly entertained with a concert of music; or suppose some object of a fine shape, and bright, lively colors, to be presented before you; or imagine your smell is gratified with the fragrance of a rose; or if without any thirst you were to drink of some pleasant kind of wine, or to taste of some sweetmeat without being hungry. in all the several senses, of hearing, smelling, and tasting, you undoubtedly find a pleasure; yet if I inquire into the state of your mind previous to these gratifications, you will hardly tell me that they found you in a sense of pain; or, having satisfied these several senses with their several pleasures, will you say that any pain has succeeded, though the pleasure is absolutely over? Suppose, on the other hand, a man in the same state of indifference, to receive a violent blow, or to drink of some bitter potion, or to have his ears wounded with some harsh and grating sound; here is no removal of pleasure; and yet here is felt in every sense which is affected, a pain very distinguishable. It may be said, perhaps, that the pain in these cases had its rise from the removal of the pleasure which the man enjoyed before, though that pleasure was of so low a degree as to be perceived only by removal. But this seems to me a subtlety, that is not discoverable in nature. For if, previous to the pain, I do not feel any actual pleasure, I have no reason to judge that any such thing exists; since pleasure is only pleasure as it is felt. The same may be said of pain, and with equal reason. I can never persuade myself that pleasure and pain are mere relations, which can only exist as they are contrasted; but I think I can discern clearly that there are positive pains and pleasures, which do not at all depend upon each other. Nothing is more certain to my own feelings than this. There is nothing which I can distinguish in my mind with more clearness than the three states, of indifference, of pleasure, and of pain. Every one of these I can perceive without any sort of idea of its relation to anything else. Caius is afflicted with a fit of colic; this man is actually in pain; stretch Caius upon the rack, he will feel a much greater pain: but does this pain of the rack arise from the removal of any pleasure? or is the fit of colic a pleasure or a pain, just as we are pleased to consider it?

III.—THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE REMOVAL OF PAIN, AND POSITIVE PLEASURE

We shall carry this proposition yet a step farther. We shall venture to propose, that pain and pleasure are not only not necessarily dependent for their existence on their mutual diminution or removal, but that, in reality, the diminution or ceasing of pleasure does not operate like positive pain; and that the removal or diminution of pain, in its effect, has very little resemblance to positive pleasure. The former of these propositions will, I believe, be much more readily allowed than the latter; because it is very evident that pleasure when it has run its career, sets us down very nearly where it found us. Pleasure of every kind quickly satisfies; and when it is over, we relapse into indifference, or rather we fall into a soft tranquillity, which is tinged with the agreeable colour of the former sensation. I own it is not at first view so apparent, that the removal of a great pain does not resemble positive pleasure; but let us recollect in what state we have found our minds upon escaping some imminent danger, or on being released from the severity of some cruel pain. We have on such occasions found, if I am not much mistaken, the temper of our minds in a tenor very remote from that which attends the presence of positive pleasure; we have found them in a state of much sobriety, impressed with a sense of awe, in a sort of tranquillity shadowed with horror. The fashion of the countenance and the gesture of the body on such occasions is so correspondent to this state of mind, that any person, a stranger to the cause of the appearance, would rather judge us under some consternation, than in the enjoyment of anything like positive pleasure.

> As when a wretch, who, conscious of his crime,
> Pursued for murder from his native clime,
> Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amazed;
> All gaze, all wonder!
>
> —ILIAD

This striking appearance of the man whom Homer supposes to have just escaped an imminent danger, the sort of mixed passion of terror and surprise, with which he affects the spectators, paints very strongly the manner in which we find ourselves affected upon occasions any way similar. For when we have suffered from any violent emotion, the mind naturally continues in something like the same condition, after the cause which first produced it has ceased to operate. The tossing of the sea remains after the storm; and when this remain of horror has entirely subsided, all the passion, which the accident raised, subsides along with it; and the mind returns to its usual state of indifference. In short, pleasure (I mean anything either in the inward sensation, or in the outward appearance, like pleasure from a positive cause) has never, I imagine, its origin from the removal of pain or danger.

IV.—OF DELIGHT AND PLEASURE, AS OPPOSED TO EACH OTHER

But shall we therefore say, that the removal of pain or its diminution is always simply painful? or affirm that the cessation or the lessening of pleasure is always attended itself with a pleasure? By no means. What I advance is no more than this; first, that there are pleasures and pains of a positive and independent nature; and, secondly, that the feeling which results from the ceasing or diminution of pain does not bear a sufficient resemblance to positive pleasure, to have it considered as of the same nature, or to entitle it to be known by the same name; and thirdly, that upon the same principle the removal or qualification of pleasure has no resemblance to positive pain. It is certain that the former feeling (the removal or moderation of pain) has something in it far from distressing or disagreeable, but in all so different from positive pleasure, has no name which I know; but that hinders not itself being a very real one, and very different from all others. It is most certain that every species of satisfaction or pleasure, how different soever in its manner of affecting, is of a positive nature in the mind of him who feels it. The affection is undoubtedly positive; but the cause may be, as in this case it certainly is, a sort of privation. And it is very reasonable that we should distinguish by some term two things so distinct in nature, as a pleasure that is such simply and without any relation, from that pleasure which cannot exist without a relaxation, and that too a relation to pain. Very extraordinary it would be, if these affections, so distinguishable in their causes, so different in their effects, should be confounded with each other, because vulgar use has ranged them under the same general title. Whenever I have occasion to speak of this species of relative pleasure, I call it delight; and I shall take the best care I can to use that word in no other sense. I am satisfied the word is not commonly used in this appropriated signification; but I thought it better to take a word already known, and to limit its signification, than to introduce a new one, which would not perhaps incorporate so well with the language. I should never have presumed the least alteration in our words, if the nature of the language, framed for the purposes of business rather than those of philosophy, and the nature of my subject, that leads me out of the common track of discourse, did not in a manner necessitate me to it. I shall make use of this liberty with all possible caution. As I make use of the word delight to express the sensation which accompanies the removal of pain or danger; so when I speak of positive pleasure, I shall for the most part call it simply pleasure.

V.—JOY AND GRIEF

It must be observed, that the cessation of pleasure affects the mind three ways. If it simply ceases, after having continued a proper time, the effect is indifference; if it be abruptly broken off, there ensues an uneasy sense called disappointment; if the object be so totally lost that there is no chance of enjoying it again, a passion arises in the mind, which is called grief. Now there is none of these, not even grief, which is the most violent, that I think has any resemblance to positive pain. The person who grieves, suffers his passion to grow upon him; he indulges it, he loves it; but this never happens in the case of actual pain, which no man ever willingly endured for any considerable time. That grief should be willingly endured, though far from a simply pleasing sensation, is not so difficult to be understood. It is the nature of grief to keep its object perpetually in its eye, to present it in its most pleasurable views, to repeat all the circumstances that attend it, even to the last minuteness; to go back to every particular enjoyment, to dwell upon each, and to find a thousand new perfections in all, that were not sufficiently understood before: in grief, the pleasure is still uppermost; and the affliction we suffer has no resemblance to absolute pain, which is always odious, and which we endeavour to shake off as soon as possible. The Odyssey of Homer, which abounds with so many natural and affecting images, has none more striking than those which Menelaus raises of the calamitous fate of his friends, and his own manner of feeling it. He owns, indeed, that he often gives himself some intermission from such melancholy reflections; but he observes, too, that, melancholy as they are they give him pleasure.

Still in short intervals of pleasing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear,
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
Homer

On the other hand, when we recover our health, when we escape an imminent danger, is it with joy that we are affected? The sense on these occasions is far from that smooth and voluptuous satisfaction which the assured prospect of pleasure bestows. The delight which arises from the modifications of pain confesses the stock from whence it sprung, in its solid, strong, and severe nature.

VI.—OF THE PASSIONS WHICH BELONG TO SELF-PRESERVATION

Most of the ideas which are capable of making a powerful impression on the mind, whether simply of pain or pleasure, or of the modifications of those, may be reduced very nearly to these two bonds, self-preservation and society; to the ends of one or the other of which all our passions are calculated to answer. The passions which concern self-preservation, turn mostly on pain or danger. The ideas of pain, sickness, and death, fill the mind with strong emotions of horror; but life and health, though they put us in a capacity of being affected with pleasure, make no such impression by the simple enjoyment. The passions therefore which are conversant about the preservation of the individual turn chiefly on pain and danger, and they are the most powerful of the passions.

VII.—OF THE SUBLIME

Whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger, that is to say, whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is a source of the sublime; that is, it is productive of the strongest emotion which the mind is capable of feeling. I say the strongest emotion, because I am satisfied the ideas of pain are much more powerful than those which enter on the part of pleasure. Without all doubt, the torments which we may be made to suffer are much greater in their effect on the body and mind, than any pleasures which the most learned voluptuary could suggest, or than the liveliest imagination, and the most sound and exquisitely sensible body, could enjoy. Nay, I am in great doubt whether any man could be found, who would earn a life of the most perfect satisfaction, at the price of ending it in the torments, which justice inflicted in a few hours on the late unfortunate regicide in France. But as pain is stronger in its operation than pleasure, so death is in general a much more affecting idea than pain; because there are very few pains, however exquisite, which are not preferred to death: nay, what generally makes pain itself, if I may say so, more painful, is, that it is considered as an emissary of this king of terrors. When danger or pain press too nearly, they are incapable of giving any delight, and are simply terrible; but at certain distances, and with certain modifications, they may be, and they are, delightful, as we every day experience. The cause of this I shall endeavour to investigate hereafter.

VIII.—OF THE PASSIONS WHICH BELONG TO SOCIETY

The other head under which I class our passions, is that of society, which may be divided into two sorts. 1. The society of the sexes, which answers the purpose of propagation; and next, that more general society, which we have with men and with other animals, and which we may in some sort be said to have even with the inanimate world. The passions belonging to the preservation of the individual turn wholly on pain and danger: those which belong to generation have their origin in gratifications and pleasures; the pleasure most directly belonging to this purpose is of a lively character, rapturous and violent, and confessedly the highest pleasure of sense; yet the absence of this so great an enjoyment scarce amounts to an uneasiness; and, except at particular times, I do not think it affects at all. When men describe in what manner they are affected by pain and danger, they do not dwell on the pleasure of health and the comfort of security, and then lament the loss of these satisfactions: the whole turns upon the actual pains and horrors which they endure. But if you listen to the complaints of a forsaken lover, you observe that he insists largely on the pleasure which he enjoyed, or hoped to enjoy, and on the perfection of the object of his desires; it is the loss which is always uppermost in his mind. The violent effect produced by love, which has sometimes been even wrought up to madness, is no objection to the rule which we seek to establish. When men have suffered their imaginations to be long affected with any idea, it so wholly engrosses them as to shut out by degrees almost every other, and to break down every partition of the mind which would confine it. Any idea is sufficient for the purpose, as is evident from the infinite variety of causes, which give rise to madness; but this at most can only prove, that the passion of love is capable of producing very extraordinary effects, not that its extraordinary emotions have any connexion with positive pain.

IX.—THE FINAL CAUSE OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE PASSIONS BELONGING TO SELF-PRESERVATION, AND THOSE WHICH REGARD THE SOCIETY OF THE SEXES

The final cause of the difference in character between the passions which regard self-preservation, and those which are directed to the multiplication of the species, will illustrate the foregoing remarks yet further; and it is, I imagine, worthy of observation even upon its own account. As the performance of our duties of every kind depends upon life, and the performing them with vigour and efficacy depends upon health, we are very strongly affected with whatever threatens the destruction of either: but as we were not made to acquiesce in life and health, the simple enjoyment of them is not attended with any real pleasure, lest, satisfied with that we should give ourselves over to indolence and inaction. On the other hand, the generation of mankind is a great purpose, and it is requisite that men should be animated to the pursuit of it by some great incentive. It is therefore attended with a very high pleasure; but as it is by no means designed to be our constant business, it is not fit that the absence of this pleasure should be attended with any considerable pain. The difference between men and brutes, in this point, seems to be remarkable. Men are at all times pretty equally disposed to the pleasures of love, because they are to be guided by reason in the time and manner of indulging them. Had any great pain arisen from the want of this satisfaction, reason, I am afraid, would find great difficulties in the performance of its office. But brutes, who obey laws, in the execution of which their own reason has but little share, have their stated seasons; at such times it is not improbable that the sensation from the want is very troublesome, because the end must be then answered, or be missed in many, perhaps for ever; as the inclination returns only with its season.

X.—OF BEAUTY

The passion which belongs to generation, merely as such, is lust only. This is evident in brutes, whose passions are more unmixed, and which pursue their purposes more directly than ours. The only distinction they observe with regard to their mates, is that of sex. It is true, that they stick severally to their own species in preference to all others. But this preference, I imagine, does not arise from any sense of beauty which they find in their species, as Mr. Addison supposes, but from a law of some other kind, to which they are subject; and this we may fairly conclude, from their apparent want of choice amongst those objects to which the barriers of their species have confined them. But man, who is a creature adapted to a greater variety and intricacy of relation, connects with the general passion the idea of some social qualities, which direct and heighten the appetite which he has in common with all other animals; and as he is not designed like them to live at large, it is fit that he should have something to create a preference, and fix his choice; and this in general should be some sensible quality; as no other can so quickly, so powerfully, or so surely produce its effect. The object therefore of this mixed passion, which we call love, is the beauty of the sex. Men are carried to the sex in general, as it is the sex, and by the common law of nature; but they are attached to particulars by personal beauty. I call beauty a social quality; for where men and women, and not only they, but when other animals give us a sense of joy and pleasure in beholding them, (and there are many that do so), they inspire us with sentiments of tenderness and affection towards their persons; we like to have them near us, and we enter willingly into a kind of relation with them, unless we should have strong reasons to the contrary. But to what end, in many cases, this was designed, I am unable to discover; for I see no greater reason for a connexion between man and several animals who are attired in so engaging a manner, than between him and some others who entirely want this attraction, or possess it in a far weaker degree; but it is probable, that Providence did not make even this distinction, but with a view to some great end; though we cannot perceive distinctly what it is, as His wisdom is not our wisdom, nor our ways His ways.

XI.—SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE

The second branch of the social passions is that which administers to society in general. With regard to this, I observe, that society, merely as society, without any particular heightenings, gives us no positive pleasure in the enjoyment; but absolute and entire solitude, that is, the total and perpetual exclusion from all society, is as great a positive pain as can almost be conceived. Therefore in the balance between the pleasure of general society, and the pain of absolute solitude, pain is the predominant idea. But the pleasure of any particular social enjoyment outweighs very considerably the uneasiness caused by the want of that particular enjoyment; so that the strongest sensations relative to the habitudes of particular society are sensations of pleasure. Good company, lively conversations, and the endearments of friendship, fill the mind with great pleasure; a temporary solitude, on the other hand, is itself agreeable. This may perhaps prove that we are creatures designed for contemplation as well as action; since solitude as well as society has its pleasures; as from the former observation we may discern, that an entire life of solitude contradicts the purposes of our being, since death itself is scarcely an idea of more terror.

XII.—SYMPATHY, IMITATION, AND AMBITION

Under this denomination of society, the passions are of a complicated kind, and branch out into a variety of forms, agreeably to that variety of end they are to serve in the great chain of society. The three principal links in this chain are sympathy, imitation, and ambition.

XIII.—SYMPATHY

It is by the first of these passions that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost anything which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in many respects as he is affected; so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turning upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure; and then whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here. It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects which in reality would shock, are in tragical, and such like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. The satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and, next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils which we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common in inquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I should imagine, that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as it is commonly believed.

XIV.—THE EFFECTS OF SYMPATHY IN THE DISTRESSES OF OTHERS

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects, if on the contrary it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this case I conceive we must have a delight or pleasure of some species or other in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious? The prosperity of no empire, nor the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedon, and the distress of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight, in cases of this kind, is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too closely; and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of some kind, let the subject-matter be what it will, and as our Creator has designed that we should be united by the bond of sympathy, he has strengthened that bond by a proportionable delight; and there most where our sympathy is most wanted,—in the distresses of others. If this passion was simply painful we should shun with the greatest care all persons and places that could excite such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind; there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight. This is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer; and all this antecedent to any reasoning by an instinct that works us to its own purposes without our concurrence.

XV.—OF THE EFFECTS OF TRAGEDY

It is thus in real calamities. In imitated distresses the only difference is the pleasure resulting from the effects of imitation; for it is never so perfect, but we can perceive it is imitation, and on that principle are somewhat pleased with it. And indeed in some cases we derive as much or more pleasure from that source than from the thing itself. But then I imagine we shall be much mistaken, if we attribute any considerable part of our satisfaction in tragedy to the consideration that tragedy is a deceit, and its representations no realities. The nearer it approaches the reality, and the farther it removes us from all idea of fiction, the more perfect is its power. But be its power of what kind it will, it never approaches to what it represents. Choose a day on which to represent the most sublime and affecting tragedy we have; appoint the most favourite actors; spare no cost upon the scenes and decorations, unite the greatest efforts of poetry, painting, and music; and when you have collected your audience, just at the moment when their minds are erect with expectation, let it be reported that a state criminal of high rank is on the point of being executed in the adjoining square; in a moment the emptiness of the theatre would demonstrate the comparative weakness of the imitative arts, and proclaim the triumph of the real sympathy. I believe that this notion of our having a simple pain in the reality, yet a delight in the representation, arises from hence, that we do not sufficiently distinguish what we would by no means choose to do, from what we should be eager enough to see if it was once done. We delight in seeing things, which, so far from doing, our heartiest wishes would be to see redressed. This noble capital, the pride of England and of Europe, I believe no man is so strangely wicked as to desire to see destroyed by a conflagration or an earthquake, though he should be removed himself to the greatest distance from the danger. But suppose such a fatal accident to have happened, what numbers from all parts would crowd to behold the ruins, and amongst many who would have been content never to have seen London in its glory! Nor is it in real or fictitious distresses, our immunity from them which produces our delight; in my mind I can discover nothing like it. I apprehend that this mistake is owing to a sort of sophism, by which we are frequently imposed upon; it arises from our not distinguishing between what is indeed a necessary condition to our doing or suffering anything in general, and what is the cause of some particular act. If a man kills me with a sword, it is a necessary condition to this that we should have been both of us alive before the fact; and yet it would be absurd to say, that our being both living creatures was the cause of his crime and of my death. So it is certain that it is absolutely necessary my life should be out of any imminent hazard, before I can take a delight in the sufferings of others, real or imaginary, or indeed in anything else from thence, that this immunity is the cause of my delight either on these or on any occasions. No one can distinguish such a cause of satisfaction in his own mind, I believe; nay, when we do not suffer any very acute pain, nor are exposed to any imminent danger of our lives, we can feel for others, whilst we suffer ourselves; and often then most when we are softened by affliction; we see with pity even distresses which we would accept in the place of our own.

XVI.—IMITATION

The second passion belonging to society is imitation, or, if you will, a desire of imitating, and consequently a pleasure in it. This passion arises from much the same cause with sympathy. For as sympathy makes us take a concern in whatever men feel, so this affection prompts us to copy whatever they do; and consequently we have a pleasure in imitating, and in whatever belongs to imitation merely as it is such, without any intervention of the reasoning faculty, but solely from our natural constitution, which Providence has framed in such a manner as to find either pleasure or delight, according to the nature of the object, in whatever regards the purposes of our being. It is by imitation far more than by precept, that we learn everything; and what we learn thus, we acquire not only more effectually, but more pleasantly. This forms our manners, our opinions, our lives. It is one of the strongest links of society; it is a species of mutual compliance, which all men yield to each other, without constraint to themselves, and which is extremely flattering to all. Herein it is that painting and many other agreeable arts have laid one of the principal foundations of their power. And since, by its influence on our manners and our passions, it is of such great consequence, I shall here venture to lay down a rule, which may inform us with a good degree of certainty when we are to attribute the power of the arts to imitation, or to our pleasure in the skill of the imitator merely, and when to sympathy, or some other cause in conjunction with it. When the object represented in poetry or painting is such as we could have no desire of seeing in the reality, then I may be sure that its power in poetry or painting is owing to the power of imitation, and to no cause operating in the thing itself. So it is with most of the pieces which the painters call still-life. In these a cottage, a dunghill, the meanest and most ordinary utensils of the kitchen, are capable of giving us pleasure. But when the object of the painting or poem is such as we should run to see if real, let it affect us with what odd sort of sense it will, we may rely upon it, that power of the poem or picture is more owing to the nature of the thing itself than to the mere effect of imitation, or to a consideration of the skill of the imitator, however excellent. Aristotle has spoken so much and so solidly upon the force of imitation in his Poetics, that it makes any further discourse upon this subject the less necessary.

XVII.—AMBITION

Although imitation is one of the great instruments used by Providence in bringing our nature its perfection, yet if men gave themselves up to imitation entirely, and each followed the other, and so on in an eternal circle, it is easy to see that there never could be any improvement amongst them. Men must remain as brutes do, the same at the end that they are at this day, and that they were in the beginning of the world. To prevent this, God has planted in man a sense of ambition, and a satisfaction arising from the contemplation of his excelling his fellows in something deemed valuable amongst them. It is this passion that drives men to all the ways we see in use of signalizing themselves, and that tends to make whatever excites in a man the idea of this distinction so very pleasant. It has been so strong as to make very miserable men take comfort, that they were supreme in misery; and certain it is, that where we cannot distinguish ourselves by something excellent, we begin to take a complacency in some singular infirmities, follies, or defects of one kind or other. It is on this principle that flattery is so prevalent; for flattery is no more than what raises in a man's mind an idea of a preference which he has not. Now, whatever, either on good or upon bad grounds, tends to raise a man in his own opinion, produces a sort of swelling and triumph, that is extremely grateful to the human mind; and this swelling is never more perceived, nor operates with more force, than when without danger we are conversant with terrible objects; the mind always claiming to itself some part of the dignity and importance of the things which it contemplates. Hence proceeds what Longinus has observed of that glorying sense of inward greatness, that always fills the reader of such passages in poets and orators as are sublime; it is what every man must have felt in himself upon such occasions.

XVIII.—THE RECAPITULATION

To draw the whole of what has been said into a few distinct points:—The passions which belong to self-preservation turn on pain and danger; they are simply painful when their causes immediately affect us; they are delightful when we have an idea of pain and danger, without being actually in such circumstances; this delight I have not called pleasure, because it turns on pain, and because it is different enough from any idea of positive pleasure. Whatever excites this delight, I call sublime. The passions belonging to self-preservation are the strongest of all the passions.

The second head to which the passions are referred with relation to their final cause, is society. There are two sorts of societies. The first is, the society of sex. The passion belonging to this is called love, and it contains a mixture of lust; its object is the beauty of women. The other is the great society with man and all other animals. The passion subservient to this is called likewise love, but it has no mixture of lust, and its object is beauty; which is a name I shall apply to all such qualities in things as induce in us a sense of affection and tenderness, or some other passion the most nearly resembling these. The passion of love has its rise in positive pleasure; it is, like all things which grow out of pleasure, capable of being mixed with a mode of uneasiness, that is, when an idea of its object is excited in the mind with an idea at the same time of having irretrievably lost it. This mixed sense of pleasure I have not called pain, because it turns upon actual pleasure, and because it is, both in its cause and in most of its effects, of a nature altogether different.

Next to the general passion we have for society, to a choice in which we are directed by the pleasure we have in the object, the particular passion under this head called sympathy has the greatest extent. The nature of this passion is, to put us in the place of another in whatever circumstance he is in, and to affect us in a like manner; so that this passion may as the occasion requires, turn either on pain or pleasure; but with the modifications mentioned in some cases in section II. As to imitation and preference, nothing more need be said.

XIX.—THE CONCLUSION

I believed that an attempt to range and methodize some of our most leading passions would be a good preparative to such an inquiry as we are going to make in the ensuing discourse. The passions I have mentioned are almost the only ones which it can be necessary to consider in our present design; though the variety of the passions is great, and worthy, in every branch of that variety, of an attentive investigation. The more accurately we search into the human mind, the stronger traces we everywhere find of His wisdom who made it. If a discourse on the use of the parts of body may be considered as an hymn to the Creator; the use of the passions, which are the organs of the mind, cannot be barren of praise to Him, nor unproductive to ourselves of that noble and uncommon union of science and admiration, which a contemplation of the works of infinite wisdom alone can afford to a rational mind: whilst referring to him whatever we find of right or good or fair in ourselves, discovering his strength and wisdom even in our own weakness and imperfection, honouring them where we discover them clearly, and adoring their profoundity where we are lost in our search, we may be inquisitive without impertinence, and elevated without pride; we may be admitted, if I may dare to say so, into the counsels of the Almighty by a consideration of His works. The elevation of the mind ought to be the principal end of all our studies; which if they do not in some measure effect, they are of very little service to us. But, beside this great purpose, a consideration of the rationale of our passions seems to me very necessary for all who would affect them upon solid and sure principles. It is not enough to know them in general: to affect them after a delicate manner, or to judge properly of any work designed to affect them, we should know the exact boundaries of their several jurisdictions; we should pursue them through all their variety of operations, and pierce into the inmost, and what might appear inaccessible, parts of our nature, *Quod Latet Arcana non Enarrabile Fibrâ.*[1]

Without all this it is possible for a man, after a confused manner, sometimes to satisfy his own mind of the truth of his work; but he can never have a certain determinate rule to go by, nor can he ever make his propositions sufficiently clear to others. Poets, and orators, and painters, and those who cultivate other branches of the liberal arts, have, without this critical knowledge, succeeded well in their several provinces, and will succeed: as among artificers there are many machines made and even invented without any exact knowledge of the principles they are governed by. It is, I own, not uncommon to be wrong in theory, and right in practice; and we are happy that it is so. Men often act right from their feelings, who afterwards reason but ill on them from principle: but as it is impossible to avoid an attempt at such reasoning, and equally impossible to prevent its having some influence on our practice, surely it is worth taking some pains to have it just, and founded on the basis of sure experience. We might expect that the artists themselves would have been our surest guides; but the artists have been too much occupied in the practice: the philosophers have done little; and what they have done, was mostly with a view to their own schemes and systems: and as for those called critics, they have generally sought the rule of the arts in the wrong place; they sought it among poems, pictures, engravings, statues, and buildings. But art can never give the rules that make an art. This is, I believe, the reason why artists in general, and poets principally, have been confined in so narrow a circle: they have been rather imitators of one another than of nature; and this with so faithful an uniformity, and to so remote an antiquity, that it is hard to say who gave the first model. Critics follow them, and therefore can do little as guides. I can judge but poorly of anything, whilst I measure it by no other standard than itself. The true standard of the arts is in every man's power; and an easy observation of the most common, sometimes of the meanest, things in nature, will give the truest lights, where the greatest sagacity and industry, that slights such observation, must leave us in the dark, or, what is worse, amuse and mislead us by false lights. In an inquiry it is almost everything to be once in a right road. I am satisfied I have done but little by these observations considered in themselves; and I never should have taken the pains to digest them, much less should I have ever ventured to publish them, if I was not convinced that nothing tends more to the corruption of science than to suffer it to stagnate. These waters must be troubled, before they can exert their virtues. A man who works beyond the surface of things, though he may be wrong himself, yet he clears the way for others, and may chance to make even his errors subservient to the cause of truth. In the following parts I shall inquire what things they are that cause in us the affections of the sublime and beautiful, as in this I have considered the affections themselves. I only desire one favour,—that no part of this discourse may be judged of by itself, and independently of the rest; for I am sensible I have not disposed my materials to abide the test of a captious controversy, but of a sober and even forgiving examination, that they are not armed at all points for battle, but dressed to visit those who are willing to give a peaceful entrance to truth.

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[1] That my words may render up all the love that lies deep and unutterable in my inmost soul.

From the SPEECH ON CONCILIATION WITH THE AMERICAN COLONIES

In this character of the Americans a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole: and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force or shuffle from them by chicane what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies, probably, than in any other people of the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes, which, to understand the true temper of their minds and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, Sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, Sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised, the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the

English Constitution to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments and blind usages to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much farther: they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of the House of Commons as an immediate representative of the people, whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist. The colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe or might be endangered in twenty other particulars without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own case. It is not easy, indeed, to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries. The fact is that they did thus apply those general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular in an high degree; some are merely popular; in all the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in the ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants, and of that kind which is the most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favorable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, Sir, that the reason of this averseness in the dissenting churches from all that looks like absolute government is so much to be sought in their religious tenets as in their history. Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favor and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England too was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world, and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance: it is the dissidence of dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the northern provinces, where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a sort of private sect, not composing most probably the tenth of the people. The colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emigrants was the highest of all; and even that stream of foreigners which has been constantly flowing into these colonies has, for the greatest part, been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, and have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

Sir, I can perceive by their manner that some gentlemen object to the latitude of this description, because in the southern colonies the Church of England forms a large body and has a regular establishment.

It is certainly true. There is, however, a circumstance attending these colonies which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is, that in Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks amongst them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, Sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and these people of the southern colonies are much more strongly and with a higher and more stubborn spirit attached to liberty than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible.

Permit me, Sir, to add another circumstance in our colonies, which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit: I mean their education. In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful, and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to the Congress were lawyers. But all who read (and most do read) endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's *Commentaries* in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on your table. He states that all the people in his government are lawyers or smatterers in law, and that in Boston they have been enabled by successful chicane wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. The smartness of debate will say that this knowledge ought to teach them more clearly the rights of legislature, their obligations to obedience and the penalties of rebellion. All this is mighty well. But my honorable and learned friend on the floor, who condescends to mark what I say for animadversion, will disdain that ground. He has heard, as well as I, that when great honors and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the state, it is a formidable adversary to government. If the spirit be not tamed and broken by these happy methods, it is stubborn and litigious. *Abeunt studia in mores.*[1] This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries the people, more simple and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll and months pass between the order and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, 'So far shalt thou go, and no farther.' Who are you, that you should fret and rage, and bite the chains of Nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt and Arabia and Kurdistan as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose reign, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigor of his authority in his centre is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain in her provinces is perhaps not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies, too; she submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

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[1] Custom dulls enthusiasm.

WILLIAM COWPER

1731-1800

God made the country & man [illegible] The Task by Cowper

When Lady Austen told her melancholy friend, William Cowper, the yarn of John Gilpin's ride and then rejoiced to hear chuckles issuing from his room all the night long, she could not have realized the joy which was to come from her kindness to young and old through generation after generation. That immortal ballad, *John Gilpin*, shows what a delightful humorist Cowper might have been if he had not been forced to constant battle against insanity.

William Cowper was born at Great Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, the son of a clergyman. As the mother died when the boy was but six years of age, he was sent to a boys' school where he suffered so much from his shyness at the hands of his companions that he afterward wrote an invective against such institutions called *Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools.* He studied law, but at the approach of his examinations was so terrified that he became insane and had to be confined in an asylum at St. Albans for two years. When released he lived with the Unwins at Huntington. On the death of the Reverend William Unwin, Cowper and Mrs. Unwin moved to Olney. This good woman, the "Mary" of his poems, gave the poet a mother's care till her death, four years before his. At Olney he wrote most of his poems. His life after the death of Mrs. Unwin was one of almost unrelieved gloom.

Long before Wordsworth preached his gospel of common things, Cowper was immortalizing dogs and hares and household furniture in poetry simple and often platitudinous but always human. The three hares, Puss, Tiny, and Bess, are as well known to us as is Theodora, the "Delia" of his poems, whom he loved hopelessly because of his insanity. Cowper's most laborious work was the translation of Homer in blank verse, and it is a translation which is in certain respects superior even to Chapman's. Southey considers Cowper's *Letters* the most delightful collection in any language. Whether or not this estimate be true, they make the reader feel very friendly toward their author and his flowering pinks, birds singing in apple trees, mischievous pets, and nodding grasses "fledged with icy feathers." Sainte-Beuve called Cowper "the bark of domestic life," a characterization those who read his most famous poem *The Task* are disposed to accept.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

Showing How He Went Farther Than He Intended, and Came Safe Home Again.

John Gilpin was a citizen
  Of credit and renown,
A trainbound captain eke was he
  Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
  'Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
  No holiday have seen.

'To-morrow is our wedding day,
  And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
  All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.'

He soon replied,—'I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

'I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin,—'That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
'The wine is left behind!'

'Good lack!' quoth he, 'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So 'Fair and softly,' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
  Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
  Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
  Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
  At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
  The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
  As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
  Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, 'Well done!'
  As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
  His fame soon spread around;
'He carries weight!' 'He rides a race!'
  ' 'Tis for a thousand pound!'

And still as fast as he drew near,
  'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
  Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
  His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
  Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
  Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
  As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
  With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
  Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,
  These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
  Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about,
  On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
  Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
  From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
  To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!'
  They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired':—
  Said Gilpin—'So am I!'

But yet his horse was not a whit
  Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
  Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
  Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
  The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
  And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's,
  His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
  His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
  And thus accosted him:

'What news? what news? your tidings tell,
  Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
  Or why you come at all?'

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
  And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender,
  In merry guise, he spoke:

'I came because your horse would come;
  And, if I well forebode,
My hat and my wig will soon be here,—
  They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find
  His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
  But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
'My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John,—'It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.'

So turning to his horse, he said,
'I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.'

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
'This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

'Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

From TABLE TALK

Pity religion has so seldom found
A skilful guide into poetic ground!
The flowers would spring where'er she deigned to stray,
And every Muse attend her in her way.
Virtue indeed meets many a rhyming friend,
And many a compliment politely penned;
But, unattired in that becoming vest
Religion weaves for her, and half undressed,
Stands in the desert, shivering and forlorn,
A wintry figure, like a withered thorn.
The shelves are full, all other themes are sped,

Hackneyed and worn to the last flimsy thread:
Satire has long since done his best, and cursed
And loathesome ribaldry has done his worst;
Fancy has sported all her powers away
In tales, in trifles, and in children's play;
And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.
'Twere new indeed, to see a bard all fire,
Touched with a coal from Heaven, assume the lyre
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
With more than mortal music on his tongue,
That he, who dies below, and reigns above,
Inspires the song, and that his name is Love.

From OLNEY HYMNS

WALKING WITH GOD

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected, here!
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long?
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
  My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—'Yes'.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jassamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar.'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretentions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies!
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;

To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left. 121

JAMES MACPHERSON

1738-1796

One of the classic examples in the history of literary forgery is this Scottish schoolmaster whose imagination ran away with his conscience. The poems attributed to Ossian, or Oisin, were founded in part on Gaelic traditional poetry. Their enthusiastic reception, however, was not all due to the fact that the critics believed this learned schoolmaster had unearthed a rich mine of old wealth; the poems caught the popular fancy also because they reproduced certain living tendencies of thought. There is about them the sentimental gloom then fashionable.

James Macpherson was a well-educated Scotch schoolmaster who left the hills of his country for the narrow streets and the uncertain politics of London. In 1760 he startled the coffee-house habitués by the publication of his *Fragments of Ancient Poetry Collected in the Highlands*, a work supposedly but a translation of Gaelic manuscripts. All London was so pleased with his discovery that he was furnished the means by subscription to journey through the Highlands in the hope of collecting some more manuscripts. The Londoners were rewarded by the epic *Fingal* in 1762 and by the epic *Temora* in 1763. Everybody was delighted, till Dr. Johnson decided that he simply must see the original manuscripts. Even after the truth came out, Macpherson was still honored as an explorer and received an office that gave him a comfortable salary and at his death was allowed to rest in Westminster Abbey.

The forgery is not nearly so important after the passing of years as is the product of this genius, in many ways original. There is an air of elemental greatness in the setting and the characters of his epics. His prose is admirable for its melodious rhythm. The shadowiness and the mystery of the narrative savor of *Beowulf*.

FROM OSSIAN

"OINA-MORUL"

As flies the inconstant sun, over Larmon's grassy hill, so pass the tales of old, along my soul by night! When bards are removed to their place: when harps are hung in Selma's hall; then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes his soul! It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me, with all their deeds! I seize the tales as they pass, and. pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled stream is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from Lutha of the strings. Lutha of many strings, not silent are they dreamy rocks, when the white hands of Melvina move upon the harp! Light of the shadowy thoughts, that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the song? We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away.

It was in the days of the king, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin, on high, from ocean's nightly wave. My course was toward the isle of Fuarfed, woody dweller of seas! Fingal had sent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuarfed wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met at the feast.

In Col-coiled, I bound my sails; I sent my sword to Mal-orchol of shells. He knew the signal of Albion, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. 'Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He saw and loved my daughter, white-bosomed Oina-morul. He sought; I denied the maid! for our fathers had been foes. He came, with battle, to Fuarfed; my people are rolled away. Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king?'

'I come not,' I said, 'to look, like a boy, on the strife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for strangers. From his waves, the warrior descended on thy woody isle. Thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feast was spread with songs. For this my sword shall rise; and thy foes perhaps may fail. Our friends are not forgot in their danger, though distant is our land.'

'Descendant of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-loda, when he speaks, from his parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky! Many have rejoiced at my feast; but they have all forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked towards all the winds; but no white sails were seen. But steel resounds in my hall; and not the joyful shells. Come to my dwelling, race of heroes! dark-skirted night is near. Hear the voice of songs, from the maid of Fuarfed wild.'

We went. On the harp arose the white hands of Oina-morul. She waked her own sad tale, from every trembling string. I stood in silence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many isles! Her eyes were two stars, looking forward through a rushing shower. The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams. With morning we rushed to battle, to Tormul's resounding stream: the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's bossy shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed. I met Ton-thormod in flight. Wide flew his broken steel. I seized the king in war. I gave his hand, bound fast with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of shells. Joy rose at the feast of Fuarfed, for the foe had failed. Ton-thormod turned his face away, from Oina-morul of isles!

'Son of Fingal,' began Mal-orchol, 'not forgot shalt thou pass from me. A light shall dwell in thy ship, Oina-morul of slow-rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness, along thy mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move in Selma, through the dwelling of kings!'

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half-closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ears: it was like the rising breeze, that whirls, at first, the thistle's beard; then flies, dark-shadowy, over the grass. It was the maid of Fuarfed wild! she raised the nightly song; she knew that my soul was a stream, that flowed at pleasant sounds. 'Who looks,' she said, 'from his rock on ocean's closing mist? His long locks, like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blast. Stately are his steps in grief! The tears are in his eyes! His manly breast is heaving over his bursting soul! Retire, I am distant far; a wanderer in lands unknown. Though the race of kings are around me, yet my soul is dark. Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod, love of maids?'

'Soft voice of the streamy isle,' I said, 'why dost thou mourn by night? The race of daring Trenmor are not the dark in soul. Thou shalt not wander, by streams unknown, blue-eyed Oina-morul! Within this bosom is a voice; it comes not to other ears: it bids Ossian hear the hapless, in their hour of woe. Retire, soft singer by night! Ton-thormod shall not mourn on his rock!'

With morning I loosed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol heard my words, in the midst of his echoing halls. 'King of Fuarfed wild, why should Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their hands of mist to the same shell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors! it was the cloud of other years.'

Such were the deeds of Ossian, while yet his locks were young: though loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many isles. We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

ADDRESS TO THE SUN

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy means no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth: Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

JAMES BOSWELL

1740-1795

There is something about Boswell which makes one think of him as a possible kingmaker in a Shakespearean drama. Content to shiver on a doorstep while he waited for his idol dining in splendor within some house or tavern that would not admit the little Scotch barrister, thrusting his way into the Literary Club that had no welcome for him, submitting to ridicule and abuse on the part of the man he shadowed tirelessly, Boswell gathered in his soul all the sayings of Johnson and wrote them down with painstaking detail. The cynical world may well laugh at him for his devotion, but it must thank him for the greatest biography ever written.

James Boswell was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, of good family, was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and was admitted to the Scottish bar. On one of his numerous visits to London he met the great Johnson after many futile endeavors, and from that auspicious year of 1763 till the dictator's death Boswell's purpose of immortalizing his friend was unwavering. The little Scotchman had another hero, however, the patriot Pascal Paoli, who freed the island of Corsica from the Genoese and whom Boswell met on a visit there. In 1768 Boswell published *An Account of Corsica, Memoirs of Pascal Paoli*, and *A Journal of a Tour of the Island*. In 1773 Boswell became a member of the famous Literary Club and shortly afterward induced Johnson to go with him on a tour of the Hebrides. His journal of this tour was published in 1776. In Croker's edition this journal was amalgamated with the great *Life*, which was first published in 1791.

Boswell's reputation depends on his greatness as interviewer, observer, and reporter. He never changed or embellished the utterances of Johnson; and he was absolutely frank, even when the truth made himself appear a fool. Setting standards of biographical writing for all times, Boswell raised the work of the reporter into the domain of high art.

From THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

JOHNSON AT SCHOOL

He was first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a school for young children at Lichfield. He told me she could read the black letter, and asked him to borrow for her, from his father, a Bible in that character. When he was going to Oxford, she came to take leave of him, brought him, in the simplicity of her kindness, a present of gingerbread, and said he was the best scholar she ever had. He delighted in mentioning this early compliment: adding with a smile, that 'this was as high a proof of his merit as he could conceive.' His next instructor in English was a master whom, when he spoke of him to me, he familiarly called Tom Brown, who, said he, 'published a spelling book, and dedicated it to the Universe; but I fear no copy of it can now be had.'

He began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher, or undermaster, of Lichfield school—'a man' (said he) 'very skilful in his little way.' With whom he continued two years, and then rose to be under the care of Mr. Hunter, the head master, who, according to his account, was very severe and wrongheadedly severe. He used (said he) 'to beat us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing, as for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question, and if he did not answer it, he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it. For instance, he would call up a boy and ask him Latin for a candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, Sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him.'

However, . . . Johnson was very sensible how much he owed to Mr. Hunter. Mr. Langton one day asked him how he had acquired so accurate a knowledge of Latin, in which I believe he was exceeded by no man of his time; he said, 'My master whipt me very well. Without that, sir, I should have done nothing.' He told Mr. Langton that while Hunter was flogging his boys unmercifully, he used to say, 'And this I do to save you from the gallows.' Johnson, upon all occasions, expressed his approbation of enforcing instruction by means of the rod. 'I would rather' (said he) 'have the rod be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if you do thus, or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't: whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other. . . .'

That superiority over his fellows, which he maintained with so much dignity in his march through life, was not assumed through vanity and ostentation, but was the natural and constant effect of those extraordinary powers of mind, of which he could not but be conscious by comparison; the intellectual difference, which in other cases of comparison of characters, is often a matter of undecided contest, being as clear in his case as the superiority of stature in some men above others. Johnson did not strut or stand on tiptoe; he only did not stoop. From his earliest years, his superiority was perceived and acknowledged. He was from the beginning a king of men. His schoolfellow, Mr. Hector, has obligingly furnished me with many particulars of his boyish days; and assured me that he never knew him corrected at school but for talking and diverting other boys from their business. He seemed to learn by intuition; for though indolence and procrastination were inherent in his constitution, whenever he made an exertion he did more than any one else. In short, he is a memorable instance of what has been often observed, that the boy is the man in miniature; and that the distinguishing characteristics of each individual are the same through the whole course of life. His favorites used to receive very liberal assistance from him; and such was the submission and deference with which he was treated, such the desire to obtain his regard, that three of the boys, of whom Mr. Hector was sometimes one, used to come in the mornings as his humble attendants, and carry him to school. One in the middle stooped while he sat upon his back, and one on each side supported him, and thus he was borne triumphant. Such a proof of the early predominance of intellectual vigor is very remarkable, and does honour to human nature.

JOHNSON'S FRIENDS, 1732-1753

His acquaintance with Bennet Langton, Esq., of Langton, in Lincolnshire, another much valued friend, commenced soon after the conclusion of his *Rambler;* which that gentleman, then a youth, had read with so much admiration, that he came to London chiefly with the view of endeavoring to be introduced to its author. By fortunate chance he happened to take lodgings in a house where Mr. Levet frequently visited; and having mentioned his wish to his landlady, she introduced him to Mr. Levet, who readily obtained Johnson's permission to bring Mr. Langton to him; as, indeed, Johnson, during the whole course of his life, had no shyness, real or affected, but was easy of access to all who were properly recommended, and even wished to see numbers at his levee, as his morning circle might, with strict propriety, be called. Mr. Langton was exceedingly surprised when the sage first appeared. He had not received the smallest intimation of his figure, dress, or manner. From perusing his writings, he fancied he should see a decent, well-drest, in short, a remarkably decorous philosopher. Instead of which, down from his bedchamber, about noon, came, as newly risen, a huge uncouth figure, with a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and his clothes hanging loose about him. But his conversation was so rich, so animated, and so forcible, and his religious and political notions so congenial with those in which Langton had been educated, that he conceived for him that veneration and attachment which he ever preserved. . . .

One night when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently on the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a nightcap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humour agreed to their proposal: 'What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.' He was soon dressed and they sallied forth together into Covent-Garden, where the greengrocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them; but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighboring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called Bishop, which Johnson had always liked: while, in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the festive lines,

'Short, O short, then be thy reign,
And give us to the world again!'

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so well pleased with their amusement that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day: but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Jonnson scolded him for 'leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched un-idea'd girls.' Garrick being told of this ramble, said to him smartly, 'I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in the Chronicle.' Upon which Johnson afterward observed, 'He durst not do such a thing; his wife would not let him.'

He entered upon this year, 1753, with his usual piety, as appears from the following prayer, which I transcribed from that part of his diary which he burned a few days before his death:

'Jan. 1 1753, N. S., which I shall use for the future.

'Almighty God, who hast continued my life to this day, grant that by the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, I may improve the time which thou shalt grant me, to my eternal salvation. Make me remember, to thy glory, thy judgment and thy mercies. Make me so consider the loss of my wife whom thou hast taken from me, that it may dispose me by thy grace to lead the residue of my life in thy fear. Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'

JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH, 1773

He and Mr. Langton and I went together to The Club, where we found Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, and some other members, and amongst them our friend Goldsmith, who sat silently brooding over Johnson's reprimand to him after dinner. Johnson perceived this, and said aside to some of us, 'I'll make Goldsmith forgive me'; and then called to him in a loud voice, 'Dr. Goldsmith —something passed to-day where you and I dined: I ask your pardon.' Goldsmith answered placidly, 'It must be much from you, Sir, that I take ill.' And so at once the difference was over and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith rattled away as usual.

In our way to The Club to-night, when I regretted that Goldsmith would, upon every occasion, endeavor to shine, by which he often exposed himself, Mr. Langton observed that he was not like Addison, who was content with the fame of his writings, and did not aim also at excellency in conversation, for which he found himself unfit: and that he said to a lady who complained of his having talked little in company, 'Madam, I have but nine-pence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds.' I observed that Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but not content with that, was always taking out his purse. Johnson, 'Yes, Sir, and that so often an empty purse!'

Goldsmith's incessant desire of being conspicuous in company was the occasion of his sometimes appearing to such disadvantage as one should hardly have supposed possible in a man of his genius. When his literary reputation had risen deservedly high, and his society was courted, he became very jealous of the extraordinary attention which was everywhere paid to Johnson. One evening, in a circle of wits, he found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honour of unquestionable superiority. 'Sir,' (said he) 'you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic.'

He was still more mortified, when talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all who were present; a German who sat next him, and perceived Johnson rolling himself as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, saying, 'Stay, stay—Toctor Shonson is going to say something.' This was, no doubt, very provoking, especially to one so irritable as Goldsmith, who frequently mentioned it with strong expressions of indignation.

It may also be observed that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions would be consequential and important. An instance of this occurred in a small particular. Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends: as Beauclerk, Beau; Boswell, Bozzy; Langton, Lanky; Murphy, Mur; Sheridan, Sherry. I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said, 'We are all in labour for a name to Goldy's play,' Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, 'I have often desired him not to call me Goldy.' Tom was remarkably attentive to the most minute circumstance about Johnson. I recollect his telling me once, on my arrival in London, 'Sir, our great friend has made an improvement on his appellation of old Mr. Sheridan. He calls him now Sherry derry.'

CRITICAL OPINIONS

1775. Johnson was in high spirits this evening at The Club, and talked with great animation and success. He attacked Swift, as he used to do upon all occasions. 'The "Tale of a Tub" is so much superior to his other writings, that one can hardly believe he was the author of it: there is in it such a vigour of mind, such a swarm of thoughts, so much of nature, and art, and life.' I wondered to hear him say of 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'When once you have thought of big men and little men, it is easy to do all the rest.' I endeavoured to make a stand for Swift, and tried to rouse those who were much more able to defend him; but in vain. Johnson at last, of his own accord, allowed very great merit to the inventory of articles found in the pocket of the Man Mountain, particularly the description of his watch, which it was conjectured was his GOD, as he consulted it upon all occasions. He observed that 'Swift put his name to but two things (after he had a name to put), "The Plan for the Improvement of the English Language," and the last "Drapier's Letter." '

1775. Next day I dined with Johnson at Mr. Thrale's. He attacked Gray, calling him 'a dull fellow.' BOSWELL. 'I understand he was reserved, and might appear dull in company; but surely he was not dull in poetry.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him GREAT. He was a mechanical poet.' He then repeated some ludicrous lines, which have escaped my memory, and said, 'Is not that GREAT, like his Odes?' Mrs. Thrale maintained that his Odes were melodious; upon which he exclaimed,

' "Weave the warp, and weave the woof." '

I added, in a solemn tone,

' "The winding-sheet of Edward's race."

There is a good line.'—'Ay,' (said he) 'and the next line is a good one (pronouncing it contemptuously),

‘ “Give ample verge and room enough.”

No, Sir, there are but two good stanzas in Gray's poetry, which are in his “Elegy in a Country Churchyard.” ’ He then repeated the stanza,

‘For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,’
etc.,

mistaking one word; for instead of *precincts* he said *confines*. He added ‘The other stanza I forget.’

1776. Talking of the *Spectator*, he said ‘It is wonderful that there is such a proportion of bad papers in the half of the work which is not written by Addison; for there was all the world to write that half, yet not a half of that half is good.’

TALK AT THE CLUB, 1778

On Friday, April 3, I dined with him in London, in a company where were present several eminent men, whom I shall not name, but distinguish their parts in the conversation by different letters.

F. ‘I have been looking at this famous antique marble dog of Mr. Jennings, valued at a thousand guineas, said to be Alcibiades's dog.’ Johnson. ‘His tail then must be docked. That was the mark of Alcibiades's dog.’ E. ‘A thousand guineas! The representation of no animal whatever is worth so much. At this rate a dead dog would indeed be better than a living lion.’ Johnson. ‘Sir, it is not the worth of the thing, but of the skill in forming it, which is so highly estimated. Everything that enlarges the sphere of human powers, that shows man he can do what he thought he could not do, is valuable. The first man who balanced a straw upon his nose; Johnson who rode upon three horses at a time; in short, all such men deserved the applause of mankind, not on account of the use of what they did, but the dexterity which they exhibited.’ Boswell. ‘Yet a misapplication of time and assiduity is not to be encouraged. Addison, in one of his *Spectators*, commends the judgment of a King, who as a suitable reward to a man that by long perseverance had attained to the art of throwing a barley-corn through the eye of a needle, gave him a bushel of barley.’ Johnson. ‘He must have been a King of Scotland, where barley is scarce.’ F. ‘One of the most remarkable antique figures of an animal is the boar at Florence.’ Johnson. ‘The first boar that is well made in marble, should be preserved as a wonder. When men arrive at a facility of making boars well, then the workmanship is not of such value, but they should however be preserved as examples, and as greater security for the restoration of the art, should it be lost.’

E. ‘From the experience which I have had—and I have had a great deal—I have learnt to think better of mankind.’ Johnson. ‘From my experience, I have found them worse in commercial dealings, more disposed to cheat than I had any notion of; but more disposed to do another good than I had conceived.’ J. ‘Less just and more beneficent.’ Johnson. ‘And really it is wonderful, considering how much attention is necessary for men to take care of themselves, and ward off immediate evils which press upon them, it is wonderful how much they do for others. As it is said of the greatest liar, that he tells more truth than falsehood; so it may be said of the worst man, that he does more good than evil.’ Boswell. ‘Perhaps from experience men may be found happier than we suppose.’ Johnson. ‘So, Sir; the more we enquire we shall find men the less happy.’ P. ‘As to thinking better or worse of mankind from experience, some cunning people will not be satisfied unless they have put men to the test, as they think. There is a very good story told of Sir Godfrey Kneller in his character of a justice of the peace. A gentleman brought his servant before him, upon an accusation of having stolen some money from him; but it having come out that he had laid it purposely in the servant's way in order to try his honesty, Sir Godfrey sent the master to prison.’ Johnson. ‘To resist temptation once is not sufficient proof of honesty. If a servant, indeed, were to resist the continued temptation of silver lying in a window, as some people let it lie, when he is sure his master does not know how much there is of it, he would give a strong proof of honesty. But this is proof to which you have no right to put a man. You know, humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury; and, if he is overcome, you share his guilt.'

JOHNSON'S CHARACTER

The character of Samuel Johnson has, I trust, been so developed in the course of this work, that they who have honoured it with a perusal may be considered as well acquainted with him. As, however, it may be expected that I should collect into one view the capital and distinguishing features of this extraordinary man, I shall endeavour to acquit myself of that part of my biographical undertaking, however difficult it may be to do that which many of my readers will do better for themselves.

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange, and somewhat uncouth, by convulsive cramps, by the scars of distempers, which it was once imagined the royal touch would cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs: when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservation of the human frame.

Man is, in general, made up of contradictory qualities; and these will ever show themselves in strange succession where a consistency, in appearance at least, if not in reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigour of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult to be adjusted; and, therefore, we are not to wonder that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark which I have made upon human nature. At different times he seemed a different man, in some respects; not, however, in any great or essential article upon which he had fully employed his mind and settled certain principles of duty, but only in his manners, and in the display of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of high Church-of-England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; and had, perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavourable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied that he had many prejudices; which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that rather show a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality; both from a regard for the order of society, and from a veneration for the GREAT SOURCE of all order; correct, nay, stern in his taste; hard to please and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but a most humane and benevolent heart, which showed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease, which made him often restless and fretful; and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking: we, therefore, ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time; especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance, or presuming petulance; and allowance must be made for his uttering hasty and satirical sallies even against his best friends. And, surely, when it is considered that 'amidst sickness and sorrow,' he exerted his faculties in so many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable Dictionary of our language, we must be astonished at his resolution. The solemn text, 'Of him to whom much is given much will be required,' seems to have been ever present to his mind, in a rigorous sense, and to have made him dissatisfied with his labours and acts of goodness, however comparatively great; so that the unavoidable consciousness of his superiority was, in that respect, a cause of disquiet. He suffered so much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him and made solitude frightful, that it may be said of him, 'If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men most miserable.'

He loved praise, when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible to flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind; a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was, in him, true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical; for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction: for they are founded on the basis of common sense and a very attentive and minute survey of real life. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet; yet it is remarkable that however rich his prose is in this respect, his poetical pieces, in general, have not much of that splendour, but are rather distinguished by strong sentiment, and acute observation, conveyed in harmonious and energetic verse, particularly in heroic couplets.

Though usually grave, and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that, as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation, that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow, deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing: for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and, from a spirit of contradiction, and a delight in showing his powers, he would maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness; but he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious by deliberately writing it; and, in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was Samuel Johnson, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

1752-1770

There are critics who do not hesitate to name the "marvelous boy" to whom Keats dedicated his *Endymion* the father of the new romantic school of the eighteenth century.

Thomas Chatterton was born in historic Bristol. His father was "a musical genius, somewhat of a poet, an antiquary and dabbler in occult arts," who took charge of the free schools of Bristol. The young poet's maternal uncle held the office that had been in the family for two hundred years, that of sexton to the church of St. Mary Redcliffe. The father died before the son's birth, and the lad, supported by his mother, spent much time with his uncle in the church. He learned to spell by the illuminated capitals of an old music folio and a *Bible*. This church had many altar tombs with carved figures and inscriptions. The boy amused himself with these and also with some old parchments he found in an oaken chest. From his eighth to his fourteenth year the poet attended Colston's charity school, where he read everything available. Before he was twelve he had dreamed out the Rowley romance. In 1767 he was bound as apprentice to John Lambert, an attorney. His duties gave him time for writing; and during the next two years he produced a number of dramatic, descriptive, and lyric poems, and some fragments of history, supposed to have been transcribed from old manuscripts. In 1770 he went to London, where he contributed to various magazines. The financial returns were not sufficient to support him; and in August of that year, discouraged and dismayed at the prospect of being forced to beg for food, he locked himself into his room, destroyed his manuscripts, and took poison.

Though Chatterton's poems are not what he maintained they were, they are interesting because they have some genuine merit and because they show his amazing precocity. The dramatic poem *Ælla* is original and rather powerful; the *Ballad of Charity* is a real ballad; and the *Ode to Liberty* is finely martial. It was no small achievement for a boy of seventeen to aid so greatly the revival of mediæval literature.

FROM ÆLLA: A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE

MYNSTRELLES SONGE

O! synge untoe mie roundelais,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynunge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! he lyes bie the wyllowe tree;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie;
Whyterre yanne the enenyge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

From THE BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE

THE FAREWELL OF SIR CHARLES BALDWIN TO HIS WIFE

As nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses' feete
A-prauncing onne the grounde:

And just before the officers
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeignéd teeres of woe,
Withe loude and dysmalle dynne.

'Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
May looke on dethe as I.

'Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

''Tis butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
Receive thys holie kysse.'

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke:—
'Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
My herte ys welle nyghe broke:

'Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mie lyfe.'

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnnéd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie:—

'I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

'Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne:
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
Yee officers, leade onne.'

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydde her tresses tere;
'Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!'
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loude,
She fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted all hys myghte,
And march'd fromme oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

GEORGE CRABBE

1754-1832

It was the part of George Crabbe to furnish the element of realism to English poetry in its transition from classicism to romanticism during the second half of the eighteenth century. The sordid and the unhappy, the passions of men dwarfed in the shadow of great poverty, the complete photography of the unbeautiful facts of country life, all have their place in his verses and rank him rather among modern realists than among those of the eighteenth and the nineteenth century. Robert Burns was a realist, indeed, but one who saw the human tenderness that may dwell in sordid surroundings and who could lift a field mouse into a poem. With him Crabbe has but little in common except his honesty in picturing what he saw. That he saw mostly unhappy things makes his honesty somewhat appalling, but only in the sense that the history of human beings is oftentimes appalling.

George Crabbe was born at Aldborough in Suffolk. The son of a customs officer, he received a fair education. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a country surgeon. In 1778 he went to London, with the determination of devoting himself to literary pursuits. He applied to Edmund Burke, who received him kindly and furnished him contacts with men of influence. In 1782 he became a clergyman and was shortly after appointed chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. Subsequently he served in several country parishes and ended his days as rector of Trowbridge.

Crabbe's poem *The Village*, published in 1783, established his reputation eventually though it was not at first successful. His later poems, *The Parish Register*, *The Borough*, *Tales in Verse*, and *Tales of the Hall*, are much like the first one in their pictures of nature and country life and of men and women just as they are without any of the idealizing of romanticism.

From THE PARISH REGISTER

ISAAC ASHFORD

Next to these ladies, but in naught allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died,
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene;
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed;
Shame knew he not; he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face:
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.

Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed;
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favor which their neighbors find.)
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbor for offense was tried:

The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
Who in their base contempt the great deride;
Nor pride in learning: though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained:

Pride in that power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied—

In fact a noble passion, misnamed Pride.
He had no party's rage, no sectary's whim;
Christian and countryman was all with him:
True to his church he came; no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
By the strong glare of their new light direct;
'On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it, in your blaze.'

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride. . . .
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there:
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honored head;
No more the awful glance on playful wight,
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till Mr. Ashford softened to a smile:
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force), are there;—
But he is blest, and I lament no more
A wise, good man, contented to be poor.

FROM THE VILLAGE

BOOK I

The Village Life, and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains;
What labor yields, and what, that labor past,
Age in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What form the real Picture of the Poor,
Demand a song—the Muse can give no more,
Fled are those times, when, in harmonious strains,
The rustic poet praised his native plains:
No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,
Their country's beauty or their nymphs rehearse;
Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,
Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,
The only pains, alas! they never feel.
On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the Golden Fleece again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
Where Virgil, not the Fancy, leads the way?
Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy swains,
Because the Muses never knew their pains:
They boast their peasant's pipes; but peasants now
Resign their pipes and plod behind the plough:
And few, amid the rural tribe, have time
To number syllables, and play with rhyme;
Save honest Duck, what son of verse could share
The poet's rapture and the peasant's care?
Or the great labors of the field degrade,
With the new peril of a poorer trade?
From this chief cause these idle praises spring,
That themes so easy few forbear to sing:
For no deep thought the trifling subjects ask;
To sing of shepherds is an easy task;
The happy youth assumes the common strain,
A nymph his mistress, and himself a swain;
With no sad scene he clouds his tuneful prayer,
But all, to look like her, is painted fair.
I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms
For him that gazes or for him that farms;
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
While some, with feebler heads, and fainter hearts
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts—
Then shall I dare these real ills to hide,
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?
No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast;
Where other cares than those the Muse relates,

And other shepherds dwell with other mates;
By such examples taught, I paint the Cot,
As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not:
Nor you, ye poor, of lettered scorn complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;
O'ercome by labor, and bowed down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruined shed?
Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?
Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighboring poor
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears.
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye;
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil,
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendor vainly shines around.
So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose:
Whose outward splendor is but folly's dress,
Exposing most when most it gilds distress.

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757-1827

If ever in literary history there was an example of "poetic frenzy" embodied, that example is William Blake. Living in an imaginary world in which he saw God and the angels looking at him through windows, in which he received poems dictated by the spirits of Moses, Socrates, Milton, and other great ones of the past, and in which he prepared blithely for death by singing, this poet-artist makes madness "north-northwest" a state to be envied in many ways. No one has ever attempted to understand fully this modest, kindly little man, who lived sanely and cheerfully in the midst of poverty, forced to publish most of his works by curious inventive processes of his own, the while he was dreaming out verses that have confused and confounded the most learned of critics.

William Blake was born in London, the son of a hosier. After a most unsatisfactory grade schooling, in spite of which he showed himself "an artist at ten and a poet at twelve," the boy was apprenticed at the age of fourteen to an engraver, James Basire, whose prestige drew many of the notable men of the day to his shop. After two years' study under his master, Blake was sent to make drawings of the buildings and monuments of Westminster Abbey and of other old churches. At the end of his apprenticeship, the poet became a student at the Royal Academy and made valuable acquaintances. Soon his pictures were put on exhibition and thus won him recognition. He married Catherine Boucher, who could not even sign her name, and educated her till she became so accomplished in engraving that her work almost rivals his. They were most happy together in spite of poverty, and his last recorded work was a picture of her.

Blake's best works are *Poetical Sketches*, *Songs of Innocence*, and *Songs of Experience*, each of which contains poetry of uneven character, much that is crude and worthless, and much that is exquisitely beautiful in content and expression. Of his prophetic works such as *Marriage of*

Heaven and Hell, *America*, and *The French Revolution*, little can be said except that they are too difficult and obscure for casual readers. His latest works, the *Milton* and the *Jerusalem*, are usually beyond the comprehension even of the most painstaking poetic scholar. There is nothing else like his outpourings in any literature.

FROM SONGS OF INNOCENCE

CRADLE SONG

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head;
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep, Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight;
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,
All creation slept and smil'd;
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy Image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee,
Thy Maker lay and wept for me.

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee.

Smiles on thee, on me, on all;
Who became an infant small.
Infant smiles are His own smiles:
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

THE TIGER

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE PIPER

Piping down the valleys wild,
  Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
  And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
  So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again';
  So I piped: he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
  Sing thy songs of happy cheer';
So I sang the same again,
  While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
  In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanished from my sight,
  And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
  And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
  Every child may joy to hear.

ROBERT BURNS

1759-1796

There is scarcely a book of songs that has not somewhere within it a song by the Scottish poet whose life is such sorry reading, even though knowledge of it is necessary to secure the full meaning of some of his loveliest poems. "Poor Bobbie Burns" is an epithet almost universally his by virtue of the fact that he always insisted no more that "to step aside is human" than that one having stepped aside is bound to rue it. And while he pathetically bids his readers remember the "what's resisted" as well as the what's committed, he has so endeared himself to them that he has become a sort of prodigal son for whom all men are glad to kill the fatted calf of established fame and to furnish the garments that hide the dust and wounds of his soul in their understanding charity.

Robert Burns was born in a little clay cottage in Ayrshire, Scotland, into an honest peasant family which knew the rigors of fasting from necessity and of cold without warm clothing and sufficient fire. The lad received the beginnings of an education in a small school about a mile from his father's cottage; but as the teacher found a better position and the school was closed, the poet's father educated him as well as he could. When Robert was but sixteen, he was the chief laborer on his father's farm, which was in every way a most unfertile and unwilling one. When the poet was seventeen, he left the farm and went to Kirkoswald to study surveying. Here he formed those dissipated habits which were to make the rest of his life unhappy for himself and for others. In 1786 he published the famous Kilmarnock poems, to secure money for passage to Jamaica. Having changed his mind in regard to this journey, Burns went to Edinburgh and became immediately the center of attraction. His riotous living shocked his friends, however, and on his second visit to this city he found that it had no welcome for him. He then bought a farm in Dumfriesshire, married the forgiving Jean Armour, and was appointed exciseman. During his last years of alternate dissipation and repentant toil, he continued to produce those poems that have made the Scottish dialect widely known and loved.

Burns represents the flowering of the romantic movement in English poetry. His elevation of the simple human emotions into the domain of high poetry came as a perfect antithesis to most of the classic ideals. He has the power of making his readers live his poems while they are reading them and be unable to forget them after they have laid them aside. The best of his longer poems are *The Cotter's Saturday Night* and *Tam o' Shanter,* the one a sort of pæan to poverty and the other full of ridiculous fun.

VERSES

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF THE RUINS OF LINCLUDEN ABBEY

Ye holy walls, that, still sublime,
Resist the crumbling touch of time;
How strongly still your form displays
The piety of ancient days!
As through your ruins, hoar and gray—
Ruins yet beauteous in decay—
The silvery moonbeams trembling fly:
The forms of ages long gone by
Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,
And wake the soul to musings high.
Even now, as lost in thought profound,
I view the solemn scene around,
And, pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,
The past returns, the present flies;
Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof and arches wide,
That, knit with curious tracery,
Each Gothic ornament display.
The high-arched windows, painted fair,
Show many a saint and martyr there.
As on their slender forms I gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze!
With noiseless step and taper bright,
What are yon forms that meet my sight?
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.
'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,
That seek in prayer the midnight-fane.
And, hark! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around?
'Tis the soft-chanted choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong;
Till, thence returned, they softly stray
O'er Cluden's wave, with fond delay;

Now on the rising gale swell high,
And now in fainting murmurs die;
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens in the pale moonbeam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem, loud and clear;
Each worldly thought a while forbear
And mutter forth a half-formed prayer.
But, as I gaze, the vision fails,
Like frost-work touched by southern gales;
The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
And all the splendid scene's decayed.
In window fair the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain,
But through the broken glass the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale;
The bird of eve flits sullen by,
Her home these aisles and arches high!
The choral hymn, that erst so clear
Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
Is drowned amid the mournful scream
That breaks the magic of my dream!
Roused by the sound, I start and see
The ruined sad reality.

O THOU DREAD POWER

O Thou dread Power, who reign'st above,
  I know Thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
  I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
  Long, long be pleas'd to spare:
To bless his little filial flock,
  And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
  With tender hopes and fears—
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
  But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
  In manhood's dawning blush,
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
  Up to a parent's wish.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band—
  With earnest tears I pray—
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,
  Guide Thou their steps alway.

When, soon or late, they reach that coast,
  O'er Life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
  A family in Heaven!

Nod

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stoure
  Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
  Thou bonie gem.

Alas, it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
  Wi' spreckl'd breast!
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
  The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
  Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
  Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
  O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
  Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
  In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
  And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
  And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
  Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
  Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
  And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink;
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate,
Full of thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!

November chill braws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes—
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an agéd tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmer roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame; perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet.
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The parents partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' si' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
'And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray.
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel-pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy.
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found:
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:—
'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling, smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That, 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell;
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The chearfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride.
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or, how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishéd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,

The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art;
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart.
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole:
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the soul,
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with Grace Divine preside.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God';
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

Once or twice in a century there appears a poet—or it may be a book of poems—destined to mark a turning-point in literary history, and whose importance must therefore be gauged not only by the weight of actual achievement but also by that of innovation and of influence. Such a poet was William Wordsworth, and such a volume was the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798. To be sure, there had been portents that English literature was about to swing back from the pole of classicism—which may be roughly defined as a love of the familiar, traditional form—toward that of romanticism—or love of the unfamiliar, adventurous experiment: in a word, from the stressing of "sense" toward the stressing of emotion or sensibility. Blake was one of those portents, and Burns another, the "star-crossed" Chatterton a third, and Bishop Percy of the *Reliques* a fourth.

But the thing did not actually come to pass until two young men named Wordsworth and Coleridge, in the course of a walking tour through the English lake district, planned a slender book of poems which was to treat on one hand "incidents and situations from common life," interpreted so far as possible "in a selection of language really used by men"—and on the other hand, of poems in which "the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural."

All this sounds conservative enough to us; in fact, it is only a few years since another group of young poets calling themselves "imagists" came, once again insisting upon "the language of common speech" and "absolute freedom in choice of subject." But it seemed an enormous and radical innovation to readers who still considered Pope the model of English verse and Dr. Johnson or Addison the model of English prose; and it was not accomplished without much abuse and ridicule thrown at the heads of the daring experimentalists. Fortunately they were authentic poets, and their innovations were actually needed for the liberation of British verse. As Professor Dowden has remarked of *Lyrical Ballads:* "A volume which opens with *The Ancient Mariner* and closes with the *Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey* may well be considered one of the most remarkable in the whole range of English poetry."

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth in the Cumberland Hills and spent nearly all his life in the English lake country. He took a degree without much distinction at St. John's College, Cambridge; and during 1791-1792 visited France, where he found his first emotional awakening and became fired with enthusiasm for revolutionary ideas. The declaration of war between France and England cut off his intercourse with the former country and plunged him for a while into brooding despondency. But work, the understanding devotion of his sister Dorothy, and the peace of the lake district, where together they swore allegiance to "plain living and high thinking" brought tranquillity again. The rest of Wordsworth's life, except for brief visits to Scotland and the Continent, was passed in devout communion with Nature and in literary industry. Gradually, after the Napoleonic débâcle, he modified his revolutionary views; in 1830 he married his friend Mary Hutchinson; and in 1843 he was appointed poet laureate.

To the poetry of his fatherland he contributed monumentally, of course, both in quality and quantity. And while his insistence upon the "very language of men," particularly "rural and uneducated men" grew less with time—in much of his greatest poetry, indeed, it is scarcely noticeable—he never forswore his chosen rôle as high priest of Nature to man. "I wish to be considered as a teacher or as nothing," he declared: and the world will not soon forget his definition of poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity."

WE ARE SEVEN

——A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
——Her beauty made me glad.

'Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?'
'How many? Seven in all,' she said
And wondering looked at me.

'And where are they? I pray you tell.'
She answered, 'Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

'Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.'

'You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell
Sweet Maid, how this may be.'

Then did the little Maid reply,
'Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.'

'You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;

If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.'

'Their graves are green, they may be seen,'
The little Maid replied,
'Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

'My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit
And sing a song to them.

'And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

'The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

'So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

'And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.'

'How many are you, then,' said I,
'If they two are in heaven?'
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
'O Master! we are seven.'

'But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!'
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven!'

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

'Why, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

'Where are your books?—that light bequeathed
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

'You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!'

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

'The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

'Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

'Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

'—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away.'

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798.

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view

These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration;—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened;—that serene and blesséd mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleading thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all,—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay;
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee; and in after years,
When these wild ecstacies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Shall be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service; rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves, and for thy sake!

LUCY

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

'MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD'

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

'I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD'

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

'SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT'

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth;
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not;
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought;
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee; I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong;
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

Ye blesséd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm;—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat;
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dreams of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song;
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.
Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet doth keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet, Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom the Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast;—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence; truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway,
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won,
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

'IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE'

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea;
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine;
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air,
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

'THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US'

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not,—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

THE VIRGIN

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772-1834

Charles Lamb's description of his friend Coleridge as "an archangel, a little damaged," is an impressionistic summing up of the poet's whole life. Born the thirteenth child of an Anglican clergyman in Devonshire, he passed his studious, visionary, and impecunious youth between Christ's Hospital in London and Jesus College, Cambridge. Early possessed by the French ideals of "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," which were influencing so many of his contemporaries, he had dreams of founding with Robert Southey a utopian community in the United States. Instead, he founded with Wordsworth the modern romantic revival in English poetry.

As Walter Pater has pointed out, nearly all of Coleridge's vitally creative work was either planned or accomplished during that golden year, 1797-1798; and his great poem, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, was the "one really finished thing in a life of many beginnings." This life, so far as obvious material responsibilities were concerned, was thoroughly unsatisfactory, the man's natural tendency toward impracticality being increased by the speculations of current German philosophy and the alternate inebriation and depression of morphia. Neither as journalist, lecturer, nor Unitarian preacher could he contrive a living without the charity of sympathetic friends. But in the large body of his prose and the small but inspired body of his poetry one finds genius enough to give thanks for, even if that genius was never wholly fulfilled. He was a man of immense learning and luminous enthusiasms: if Wordsworth is remembered as "teacher," Coleridge takes his own place as dreamer of dreams and seer of visions.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

'The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set;
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he,
'Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!'
Eftsoons[1] his hand dropt he.

---

[1] immediately

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child;
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

'The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

'The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

'Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—'
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast
For he heard the loud bassoon.[1]

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

'And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

'With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who[2] pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

'And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

'And through the drifts, the snowy clifts[3]
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—[4]
The ice was all between.

'The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound![5]

'At length did cross an Albatross;
Thorough[6] the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

'It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew,
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

'And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

'In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,[7]
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.'

'God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?'—'With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross!'

PART II

'The Sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

'And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

'And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow,
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!

---

[1] wind musical instrument
[2] one who
[3] cliffs
[4] see
[5] swoon
[6] through
[7] rope

'Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist;[1]
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

'The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

'Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

'All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

'Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

'Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere
Nor any drop to drink.

'The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

'About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires[2] danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

'And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us,
From the land of mist and snow.
'And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

'Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.'

PART III

'There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye,
A weary time! A weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

'At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

'A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

'With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, "A sail! a sail!"

'With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

' "See! see (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!" '

'The western wave was all aflame;
The day was well nigh done;
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange ship drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

'And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)

---

[1] uprose

[2] electrical discharges which at times appear in the rigging; sailors think them warnings of disaster

As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

'Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?[1]

'Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

'Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

'The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

'The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.

'We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till climb[2] above the eastern bar
The hornéd moon with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

'One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

'The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whiz of my cross-bow.'

PART IV

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.
I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown'—
'Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

'Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

'The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

'I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

'I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

'I closed my lids and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

'The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

'An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

---

[1] cobwebs

[2] climbed

'The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up
And a star or two beside—

'Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charméd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

'Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

'Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

'O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

'The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.'

PART V

'Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

'The silly[1] buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I woke, it rained.

'My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

'I moved, and could not feel my limbs;
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blesséd ghost.

'And soon I heard a roaring wind;
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

'The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags[2] sheen,[3]
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

'And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

'The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag
A river steep and wide.

'The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

'They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake nor moved their eyes;
It had been[4] strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

'The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

'The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee;
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.'

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!'
'Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!

---

[1] empty

[2] northern lights

[3] beautiful

[4] would have been

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

'For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

'Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

'Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning![1]

'And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

'It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

'Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

'Under the keel nine fathoms deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

'The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

'Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

'How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
I heard, and in my soul discern'd
Two voices in the air.

' "Is it he?" quoth one, "is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

' "The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

'The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.". . .

'O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea;
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemėd there to be.

'O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'T is sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

'To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

'Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well,
Both men and bird and beast.

'He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

---

[1] chirping

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the Bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;[1]
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 't would win me
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

EPITAPH

Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he.—
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He asked, and hoped, through Christ.
Do thou the same!

---

[1] bereft

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771-1832

It is rather comforting to find, in a generation of "rebel poets," a figure of such peaceful dignity and magnanimity as Sir Walter Scott. Born in Edinburgh of an old Border family, he grew up among traditions of a living and adventurous past. And after studying at the university of his native city and being (like his father) admitted to the bar, he turned to literature; first by way of translations from the German, next by collating the old *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The first of his own long ballads, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, was published in 1805, proving so successful that it was followed a few years later by *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*. These were delightfully romantic tales, set to graceful and good if not always great verse.

From them it was but a step to the historical romance in prose with which Scott's name was to be inseparably associated. *Waverley* inaugurated the series in 1814 and was followed within the next twenty years by more than that number of romantic novels, dealing in the main with old days of Scotch or English history. Sir Walter loved the virility and pageantry of the Catholic Middle Ages and revealed them to his reading contemporaries with a charm and sympathy more effective than mere scholarship could have been. It would be interesting to know to what extent he may have read the work of Father Lingard (who was born the same year), and also to what extent he may unconsciously have paved the way for the great Catholic renaissance so soon to follow in England. At all events, one remembers him as a knight and paladin of letters; and one cannot too much regret that the expenses of his beloved estate at Abbotsford, together with the failure of the Ballantyne publishing firm—of which he so chivalrously shouldered the responsibility—should have thrown across his final years a burden crushing to brain and body.

From MARMION

Blout and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill,
On which—for far the day was spent—
The western sunbeams now were bent;
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view;
Sadly to Blout did Eustace say,
'Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day,—
But see! Look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come,
Scarce could they hear or see their foes
Until at weapon point they close.—
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air:
Oh! life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And first the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears,
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white seamew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And pluméd crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide ranged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scenes of tumult high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly;

And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight,
Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly and with Home.—

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle,
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'T was vain.—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
'By heaven and all its saints! I swear
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host.'
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made for a space an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,–
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground
It sank among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too,—yet stayed,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by:
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone;
Perchance her reason stoops or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scattered van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, 'Is Wilton there?'—
They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die,—'Is Wilton there?'
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand.
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said, 'By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion.'—
'Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes,' said Eustace; 'peace!'

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around gan Marmion wildly stare:
'Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry, "Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His lifeblood stains the spotless shield;
Edmund is down; my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,

Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets fly!—
Leave Marmion here alone—to die.'
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, 'Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessèd water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!'

O Woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When with the baron's casque the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,

Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sibyl. Grey.
Who. built. this. cross. and. well.

She filled the helm and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'
Then, as remembrance rose,—
'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!'
'Alas!' she said, 'the while.—
Oh! think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal!
She—died at Holy Isle.'—
Lord Marmion started from the ground
As light as if he felt no wound,
Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents from his wounded side.
'Then it was truth,' he said—'I knew
That the dark presage must be true,—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'
Then fainting down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labor Clara bound
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The monk with unavailing cares
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear;
For that she ever sung,
'In the lost battle borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!'
So the notes rung.—
'Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
Oh! look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
Oh! think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this.'
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And 'Stanley!' was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted 'Victory!'—
'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion.

JOHN LINGARD

1771-1851

Father Lingard was born at Winchester, but educated at Douai, where he stayed on as professor until the French Revolution closed the doors of the university, driving him back to England to minister for awhile to its refugees. He was also one of the founders of Ushaw College, but it was not until he was relieved of these responsibilities and assigned to quiet parish duties at Hornby that he was able to give himself to his life work. This was to be a monumental *History of England*, from the first invasion by the Normans; and although he devoted forty years to its preparation, it extended only to the Revolution of 1688 when death called him, after a life filled with delicate and honorable service to the Catholic Church in England.

In more than one sense, Father Lingard was a pioneer in the modern method of writing history —that method which demands science in its devotion to original sources, insistence upon impartiality, and art in the charm of its presentation.

FROM A HISTORY OF ENGLAND

The piety of the age attributed this destructive visitation to the anger of the Almighty; but in speculating on the causes which provoked that anger, every writer seems to have been swayed by personal prejudices, or local considerations. All, however, embrace the opportunity to inveigh against the prevailing extravagance of dress, the silk hoods and party coloured coats of the men, their deep sleeves and narrow confined waists, the indecent shortness of their hose, and the ridiculous length of their pointed shoes, the bushy beard before, and the tail of hair behind. Some had even the temerity to extend their censure to the females, whom they affected to describe as having renounced the native modesty of the sex, to ape the manners, and adopt in a great measure the dress of the men. No lady of distinction, if we may believe them, could now ride on a palfrey; she must be mounted on a spirited charger. Her head was encircled with a turban, or covered with a species of mitre of enormous height, from the summit of which ribands floated in the air like the streamers from the head of a mast. Her tunic was half of one colour and half of another; a zone deeply embroidered, and richly ornamented with gold, confined her waist, and from it were suspended in front two daggers in their respective pouches. Thus attired she rode in the company of her knights to jousts and tournaments, partook of the different diversions of the men, and by her levity and indiscretion afforded food to the lovers and retailers of scandal. . . . There is one discovery I must not omit, that of the fanatics denominated flagellants, or whippers. It was their peculiar felicity not only to know, that the mortality had been sent in punishment of sin, but to be in possession of the only means by which the remission of sin could be effected. Divided into companies of male and female devotees, under a leader and two masters, they stripped themselves naked to the waist, and publicly scourged themselves or each other, till their shoulders were covered with blood. This expiatory ceremony was repeated every morning and afternoon for thirty-three days, equal in number to the years which Christ is thought to have lived upon earth; after which they returned to their former employments, cleansed from sin by the 'baptism of blood.' The flagellants appeared first in Hungary; but missionary societies were soon formed, and they hastened to impart the knowledge of this new gospel to foreign nations. They spread with rapidity over Poland, Germany and the Low Countries. From France they were excluded at the request of the pope, who had issued a severe constitution against them: but a colony reached England, and landed in London to the amount of one hundred and twenty men and women. Each day at the appointed hour they assembled, ranged themselves in two lines, and moved slowly through the streets, scourging their naked shoulders, and chanting a sacred hymn. At a known signal all, with the exception of the last, threw themselves flat on the ground. He, as he passed by his companions, gave each a lash, and then also lay down. The others followed in succession, till every individual in his turn had received a stroke from the whole brotherhood. The citizens gazed and marvelled, pitied and commended: but they ventured no farther. Their faith was too weak; or their feelings were too acute: and they allowed the strangers to monopolize to themselves this novel and extraordinary grace. The missionaries made not a single proselyte, and were compelled to return home with the barren satisfaction of having done their duty in the face of an unbelieving generation.

CHARLES LAMB

1775-1834

Lamb was a true if wistful child of London Town; he was born in the old Temple, was educated at Christ's Hospital, served as clerk for some thirty years at the East India House, and was never outside England. Yet his mind and heart wandered so delectably among familiar scenes and people, and sometimes among unfamiliar books, that his *Essays of Elia* are ranked among the classics of our literature. He was also responsible for a few poems and, with his unfortunate sister Mary, for the admirable series of *Tales from Shakespeare.*

DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'that would be foolish, indeed.' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm'; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, —and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out —and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after-life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages, before we have existence and a name'—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

1778-1830

The nineteenth century was a great time for the familiar and the literary essay in English; and the same years saw Lamb, De Quincey, and Hazlitt stamping upon it the seal of their very different personalities. Like Lamb, Hazlitt early came under the idealistic and revolutionary influence of Coleridge, and like him he knew little enough happiness; but unlike him, he was given to contentions with his friends and family, and his stimulating criticism of life and literature is marked by clarity and force rather than by fancy or tenderness.

From ON THE CONVERSATION OF AUTHORS

Books are a world in themselves, it is true; but they are not the only world. The world itself is a volume larger than all the libraries in it. Learning is a sacred deposit from the experience of ages; but it has not put all future experience on the shelf, or debarred the common herd of mankind from the use of their hands, tongues, eyes, ears or understandings. . . .

The conversation of authors is not so good as might be imagined; but, such as it is (and with rare exceptions) it is better than any other. The proof of which is, that, when you are used to it, you cannot put up with any other. . . . It is not easy to keep up a conversation with women in company. It is thought a piece of rudeness to differ from them: it is not quite fair to ask them a reason for what they say. You are afraid of pressing too hard upon them. . . . It is not so in France. There the women talk of things in general, and reason better than the men in this country. They are mistresses of the intellectual foils. They are adepts in all the topics. They know what is to be said for and against all sorts of questions, and are lively and full of mischief into the bargain. They are very subtle. They put you to your trumps immediately. Your logic is more in requisition even than your gallantry. You must argue as well as bow yourself into the good graces of these modern Amazons. What a situation for an Englishman to be placed in!

Argument, then, is the death of conversation, if carried on in a spirit of hostility: but discussion is a pleasant and profitable thing, where you advance and defend your opinions as far as you can, and admit the truth of what is objected against them with equal impartiality: in short, where you do not pretend to set up for an oracle, but freely declare what you really know about any question, or suggest what has struck you as throwing a new light upon it, and let it pass for what it is worth . . . The soul of conversation is sympathy. Authors should converse chiefly with authors, and their talk should be of books. . . . There is a freemasonry in all things.

THOMAS MOORE

1779-1852

"Tom" Moore was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College, to which Catholics were just beginning to be admitted; and while he never deserted his inherited Faith, most of his life was passed among alien friends and surroundings. In London he gained an early and immense vogue for his satires, as for the romantic facility and richness which culminated in *Lalla Rookh;* and he was the genial and generous friend of the poets of his time. But in spite of large financial earnings and a government appointment in Bermuda, he was often in difficulties; and in spite of a charmingly cheerful nature, he was destined to know much sorrow.

Irish poetry, silenced in its own tongue by the long domination of English, did not begin to seek expression in the imposed language of England until the middle of the eighteenth century, so that Moore could say with truth that he found his country's harp "in darkness." His series of *Irish Melodies*, composed intermittently through a quarter-century and often joined to the traditional Irish airs, won a firm place in the hearts of music lovers and lovers of poetry; and while it would be easy to show that these delightful ballads have little enough of what we now know as Celtic magic, it is upon them rather than upon any of his other work in verse or prose that the poet's literary immortality has come to rest.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

The harp that once through Tara's halls
  The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
  As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
  So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
  Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
  The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
  Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
  The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
  To show that still she lives.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Oft, in the stilly night,
  Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me;
    The smiles, the tears,
    Of boyhood's years,
  The words of love then spoken;
    The eyes that shone,
    Now dimmed and gone,
  The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
  Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

When I remember all
  The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
  Like leaves in wintry weather;
    I feel like one
    Who treads alone
  Some banquet-hall deserted,
    Whose lights are fled,
    Whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
  Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;
  And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
  To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear!
When our voices commingling breathed, like one, on the ear;
  And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
  I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
  The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
  And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
  Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft has thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
  That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
  This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
  Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine;

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON

1788-1824

Lord Byron was a child of storm and contrast—and so, indeed, he liked to think of himself. Born the son of a spendthrift English earl and a neurotic Scottish heiress, he came into a bankrupt title at ten years of age. He was educated, after a fashion, at Harrow and Cambridge; and before reaching maturity had published those *Hours of Idleness* which, having drawn upon him one of the periodical diatribes of the *Edinburgh Review*, became the occasion of his boyish but brilliant invective, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Already, too, he had plunged or drifted into the profligacy which was to stain his life and his work—and which was perhaps the cloak he imagined could cover "heart's hunger and soul's thirst," even as his cynical bravado sought to mask a natural shyness and sensitiveness.

The first cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, issued in 1811 after a visit to Italy, Greece, and the Orient, brought Byron instant and extravagant fame at home, just as his young wife's mysterious desertion five years later brought instant and extravagant obloquy. In point of fact, all his best work was accomplished after this affair had driven him into self-banishment on the Continent, and incidentally into intimacy with Shelley: the remainder of *Childe Harold*, the *Prisoner of Chillon*, the long, riotous, and romanesque adventures of *Don Juan*, such serio-comic satires as the *Vision of Judgment*, and the dramas of *Cain* and *Manfred*. Byron may be said to have been his own hero always; for he dramatized his loves and sorrows, his faults and virtues, his rebellion against real and imaginary tyranny. And he was only thirty-six when he died of a fever at Missolonghi, whither he had gone to aid the Greeks in throwing off the Turkish yoke.

In Byron's story, as in his work, there is a strain of the melodramatic forever attractive to the young enthusiast, forever repulsive to the sober critic. If, as John Addington Symonds has pointed out, "he veneered the true and noble self which gave life to his poetry with a layer of imperfectly comprehended cynicism and weak misanthropy," he none the less died in the cause of an utterly unselfish enthusiasm. His poetry, being largely objective and largely rhetorical, has scarcely survived its contemporary popularity; although those very qualities, being easily translatable, have aided its vogue in Continental Europe.

From CHILDE HAROLD

Oh Rome! my country! City of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchers lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress. . . .

Oh, Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled;
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defer—

Time, the avenger! onto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift:

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate,
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
Ruins of years, though few, yet full of fate:
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn
This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn? . . .

And if my voice break forth, 't is not that now
I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!
That curse shall be Forgiveness,—Have I not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey. . . .

SONNET ON CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine,
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny,—
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore,—
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen,
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd

The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away;
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me—or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to bear,)
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I think I could see
Some living thing to love—but none like thee. . . .

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.
And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless,—for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings further.—Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around,
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

From DON JUAN

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, 'Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!'
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

* * *

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse:
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much worse:
His strain displayed some feeling—right or wrong;
And feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,

And take all colors—like the hands of dyers.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
'T is strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his! . . .

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792-1822

Young Shelley was the incorrigibly radical son of an incorrigibly conservative father; and the growing rebellion, fostered by a misunderstood childhood, gathered momentum at Eton and exploded at Oxford—from which university the boy was expelled for perpetrating a tract upon the "Necessity of Atheism." Before reaching twenty he got himself disinherited by chivalrously marrying the daughter of a London innkeeper, Harriet Westbrook, who, broken-hearted by his subsequent elopement with Mary, daughter of the impractical and "emancipated" philosopher, Godwin, was later to commit suicide.

Then Shelley, ardently seeking liberty for himself and every one else (and if we remember the somewhat mad raptures of *Queen Mab*, we must also recall his early sympathy with Catholic emancipation!) set about the perilous adventures of a thoroughly "free" life—in which, naturally enough, he was soon joined by young Lord Byron. About 1820 he pursued his ideal spirit of Love and Beauty to Italy—and the two rather irregular households were finally installed at Pisa. But while the lyric genius was soaring high as his own skylark, the fragile body was sucked down in a sudden squall while he was sailing upon the Bay of Lerici during July of 1822.

If Byron's errors were those of a too willful flesh, Shelley's were the more ethereal but not less painful ones of a too willful spirit. All his life he was, in Stevenson's phrase, "trying wrongly to do right," and the outcome was like one of his own luminous lines, "beautiful as a wreck of Paradise." But in his poetry, declares Francis Thompson's immortal essay, "we peep over the wild mask of metaphysics, and see the winsome face of the child"—the "enchanted child," who sings through the shorter lyrics, storms through the glory of *Prometheus*, and weeps through *Adonais*, his dirge for the death of Keats—the child who was never to reach maturity in this world.

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers,
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine;

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be—
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound—
Better than all treasures
That in books are found—
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O, wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O hear!

III

Thou, who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

TO NIGHT

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star in-wrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thy opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovéd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

JOHN KEATS

1795-1821

Of all the young and "star-crossed" poets of his century, Keats is at once the saddest and the most glorious. He was born over a livery stable at Finsbury, London—a stable owned by his mother's father and soon to be passed on to his own father. When, near the end, he wished that "something fortunate" might even once have happened to himself or his brothers, he probably forgot the happy episode of his schooling at Mr. Clarke's and the friendship with Charles Cowden Clarke which grew out of it. But at fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon; and curiously enough, he was beginning to show no little physical aptitude for surgery, along with strong spiritual disgust for it, when, drifting into the literary circles of London, he determined to give himself to the poetry he adored.

Endymion, published in 1818, was greeted by the reviewers with a scorn which brought immortal obloquy not to the poet but to themselves. For he, persisting in his chosen consecration, worked on and produced *Hyperion* two years later. But the end of his pilgrimage was already in sight. A predisposition toward consumption, aggravated doubtless by an unfulfilled and hectic love affair with Fanny Brawne, drove him to Rome in the autumn of 1820; and there in the following February he died, not quite four months after his twenty-fifth birthday.

Matthew Arnold, while remarking that Keats' poetry is "abundantly and enchantingly sensuous," insists that his "yearning passion for the Beautiful" is also an "intellectual and spiritual passion." But it scarcely matters. His entire poetic message is a meditation upon beauty—the *beauty* which should also mean *truth* and *joy*—and upon the brevity of life; and these are the things one feels delicately and passionately, rather than the things one thinks about very clearly.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme;
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone;
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unweariéd,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens over wrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity; Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
Alone and palely loitering!
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long.
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true.'

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulléd me asleep,
And there I dreamed—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—'La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapéd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-piléd books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the Faery power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

THOMAS HOOD

1799-1845

Hood lived out his brief life in London, putting up a brave and cheerful fight against poverty and consumption. Dowered with a robust sense of the humorous and grotesque, he won his public by such serio-comic satires as are found in *Whims and Oddities:* but one is certain of finding the essential poet, even the essential man, rather in his fairylike lyrics, or in those later poems in which he interpreted the down-trodden and submerged of city life.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

One more Unfortunate,
  Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
  Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
  Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
  Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
  Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
  Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
  Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
  Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
  One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
  Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
  Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
  Where was her home?

Who was her father?
  Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
  Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
  Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
  Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
  Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
  Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
  Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
  With many a light
From window to casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
  Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
  Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
  Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
  Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
  Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
  The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
  Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
  Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
  Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;

And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

1803-1849

Mangan was born in Dublin. His great lyric gift had all along to fight against ill health, poverty, eccentricity, and misfortune; he was essentially one of those whom Louise Guiney has tenderly described as Apollo's Might-Have-Beens—"poets bred in melancholy places, under disabilities, with thwarted growth and thinned voices." But his was a fire of genius which gathered into itself the white heat of Irish passion and patriotism—the tragic and magic note of the Gael, which was scarcely recognized in English literature until the Celtic Renaissance of the 1890's. His *Dark Rosaleen* is, of course, a rendering of Red Hugh O'Donnell's allegorical apostrophe to Ireland.

His work comprises three kinds: translations from the German and the Irish, somewhat grotesque critical articles and informal essays, and poetry. In all he is thought to have composed more than eight hundred poems, many of which, however, have become lost. Although much of what he wrote is valueless as literature, some of it is permeated with the spirit of romantic Ireland; English poetry would be less luminous without it.

DARK ROSALEEN

O My Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!

* * *

All day long in unrest,
To and fro do I move,
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dew, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;

Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
O, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames warp hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY

1804-1866

Father Mahony was an Irish priest, born in Cork, who spent many years engaged in literary work in London and Paris. From his most celebrated work, a curious volume in prose and verse entitled *The Reliques of Father Prout*, came the pseudonym by which he is best known. His verse may be said to have continued the Irish tradition of Moore rather than that of Mangan; and *The Bells of Shandon* achieved much popularity, in spite of what we should now consider many barbarous rhymes.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells—
Of this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke nought to thine;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells tolling 'old Adrian's mole' in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
With cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and Kiosko,
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me,
It's the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

THOMAS CARLYLE

1795-1881

Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, Scotland, the son of a village stone mason, but secured by heroic effort an education at the University of Edinburgh. His original intention of becoming a minister was given up when his faith in Calvinism was early shaken, but it is quite evident that he remained the preacher through all his literary work. *Sartor Resartus,* a highly original discussion of the philosophy of clothes, was his first ambitious work, and its curious style and cutting satire promptly antagonized the public. His *History of the French Revolution* proved more successful; and the published lectures *On Heroes, Hero Worship and the Heroic in History,* like *Chartism* and *Past and Present,* convinced his contemporaries that beneath the powerful if seemingly uncouth style of the Scotch prophet was a message of inspiration—the message, in brief, that "all human things do require to have an Ideal in them; to have some Soul in them . . . were it only to keep the body unputrefied."

His long and stormy life came to a close in the Chelsea home where he had lived and worked for almost half a century; and the posthumous publication of his own remorseful story of the married years with Jane Welsh handed down one more unhappy literary controversy to future students.

From PAST AND PRESENT

LABOR

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. 'Know thyself': long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in Work'; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving,* grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezechiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enameling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint - cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enameled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is Life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge' and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. 'Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.'

* * *

Work is of a religious nature:—work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. 'It is so,' says Gœthe, 'with all things that man undertakes in this world.'

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

1800-1859

Few scholars have had so peaceful and prosperous a career as Lord Macaulay, and he seems to have taken full advantage of his opportunities. From a pleasant and studious home in Leicestershire he passed to distinction at Cambridge, then to the study of law and the writing of essays on literary and historical subjects. And his later duties as member of the House of Commons and the cabinet did not prevent the composition of that *History of England from the Accession of James II*, which won an immense success, but which failing health at the last prevented his continuing beyond the fourth volume. It was an admirable if uninspired work, not untouched by his personal prejudices and scarcely a court of last resort today, but written with a brilliance which outstripped Lingard's scholarly and graceful prose. Style was, in fact, Macaulay's unfailing virtue in essay, verse, and history—a clear, regal English which was to influence his successors so powerfully that George N. Shuster could well declare him "the great model of modern journalistic writing." While the essential conservatism and materialism of Lord Macaulay's outlook shied off, at least officially, from Catholicism, its attraction for him is evident in more than one passage of appreciation if not always of understanding.

FROM RANKE'S HISTORY OF THE POPES

There is not, and there never was, on this earth a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique; but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the furthest ends of the world, missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her community are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united, amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments, that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple at Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. . . .

Four times since the authority of the Church of Rome was established in Western Christendom, has the human intellect risen up against her yoke. Twice she remained completely victorious. Twice she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults which she has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

1801-1890

Cardinal Newman was one of the men who, like Dante and in another sense like Shakespeare, have been called to live in what Wilde calls "symbolic relations" with their age. He was the symbol of the whole nineteenth-century revolt from materialism carried into the religious enthusiasm of the Oxford Movement; for many years he seemed the symbol of the devout conservatism and compromise—in his own phrase, the *Via Media*—of the Anglican Church; finally, by discarding that compromise and devoting his royal intellect, deep spirituality, and tender heart to the service of Truth, as he believed he had discovered it in Rome, he became a symbol of the entire Catholic Revival in England.

John Henry Newman was born in London, his father being of Dutch descent, his mother of French Huguenot extraction. As a silent, studious boy he delighted in Scott and the English

Bible, and experienced "conversion" according to the Calvinistic tenets of his family. It was with the intention of eventually studying law that he matriculated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1817; but he later became a fellow, then a tutor, at Oriel College, and was ordained into the Anglican ministry. With a few chosen friends such as Keble, Pusey, and Hurrell Froude, he threw himself into the task of revivifying the English Church, largely by restoring familiarity and communion with the Christian past; and as vicar of St. Mary's, the university church, his influence was enormous.

By a study of the whole *Church idea* and the lives of the earlier saints, as well as by personal fervor, Oxford became the center of a real apostolate; and in 1833 Newman and his group began the famous series of *Tracts for the Times* which were, as Dr. Barry puts it, to spread abroad this whole work of enabling "the English people to recover their Christian pedigree." Neither he nor those with whom he worked realized that the inevitable end of such a quest was closer and closer union with the Mother Church of Rome; and after the formal condemnation of *Tract 90* by his own bishops, Newman resigned from St. Mary's and retired to Littlemore for prayer and study, and also for the composition of his illuminating work on the *Development of Christian Doctrine*. When, in 1845, he finally and definitely entered the Catholic Church, a very storm of abuse was hurled at the "traitor" by Protestant England; and it was not until 1864, when Kingsley's bitter attack drew from him the noble *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, a complete and passionately sincere history of his religious opinions, that his countrymen once again consented to listen to him.

In the meantime, he had been ordained priest, had established the Congregation of the Oratory in England, and had served for a while as rector of the new Catholic University of Ireland—an unhappy experiment which, however, gave us his inspiring and much-quoted lectures on *The Idea of a University*. But for many years Newman was doomed to fight his good fight with little appreciation save from a small group of devoted friends, and it remained for Pope Leo XIII, in 1879, to raise him to the cardinalate. Gradually England and the world grew to realize how much of the scholar, the genius, and the saint were mingled in this great convert, whose life had from first to last been dedicated to that Conscience which he declared "the aboriginal Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its preëmptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas."

Newman, whom Matthew Arnold described as "a miracle of intellectual delicacy," used to insist that he had never written "for writing's sake"; but in seeking clearness, all other graces seem to have been added to him. Over history, biography, apologetics, and poetry he shed a mastery of English style which stamped the seal of literature upon the whole Catholic Revival in England. Misconstrued and discounted as this was at the time, it has meant incalculable things for the cause of religion among modern students, who, turning back to this defender of the faith for the manner of his defense, find its matter, too, inescapable.

The Dream of Gerontius, written by Newman in 1865, shortly after the *Apologia*, in memory of his beloved friend Father John Joseph Gordon, is one of the most piercingly beautiful of all Christian poems dealing with the august subject of the passing of the soul from mortality through death, and so into the presence of God and His judgment. We quote but a few stanzas from the final dialogue between the Soul and its Guardian Angel—which, in the poem, is interrupted by prayers of the Angel of the Agony and the Souls in Purgatory.

FROM THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Angel: Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the veilèd presence of our God.
Soul: I hear the voices that I left on earth.
Angel: It is the voice of friends around thy bed,
Who say the *Subvenite* with the priest.
Hither the echoes come; before the Throne
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,
The same who strengthened Him, what time He knelt
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.
That Angel best can plead with Him for all
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead. . . .

Soul: I go before my Judge. Ah! . . .
Angel: Praise to His Name!
The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.
Soul: Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possest
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

Angel: Now let the golden prison ope its gates,
Making sweet music, as each fold revolves
Upon its ready hinge. And ye great Powers,
Angels of Purgatory, receive from me
My charge, a precious soul, until the day,
When, from all bond and forfeiture released
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light. . . .

Softly and gently, dearly ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;
And Masses on the earth, and Prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrows;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

From THE APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

I do not know when I first learnt to consider that antiquity was the true exponent of the doctrines of Christianity and the basis of the Church of England. . . . What principally attracted me in the ante-Nicene period was the great Church of Alexandria, the historical centre of teaching in those times. Of Rome for some centuries comparatively little is known. The battle of Arianism was first fought in Alexandria; Athanasius, the champion of the truth, was Bishop of Alexandria; and in his writings he refers to the great religious names of an earlier date, to Origen, Dionysius, and others who were the glory of its see, or of its school. The broad philosophy of Clement and Origen carried me away; the philosophy, not the theological doctrine; and I have drawn out some features of it in my volume with the zeal and freshness, but with the partiality of a neophyte. Some portions of their teaching, magnificent in themselves, came like music to my inward ear, as if the response to ideas, which, with little external to encourage them, I had cherished so long. These were based on the mystical or sacramental principle, and spoke of the various economies or dispensations of the eternal. I understood them to mean that the exterior world, physical and historical, was but the outward manifestation of realities greater than itself. Nature was a parable; Scripture was an allegory; pagan literature, philosophy and mythology, properly understood, were but a preparation for the Gospel. The Greek poets and sages were in a certain sense prophets; for 'thoughts beyond their thought to those high bards were given.' There had been a divine dispensation granted to the Jews; there had been in some sense a dispensation carried on in favour of the Gentiles. He who had taken the seed of Jacob for His elect people, had not therefore cast the rest of mankind out of His sight. In the fullness of time both Judaism and Paganism had come to nought; the outward framework, which concealed yet suggested the living truth, had never been intended to last, and it was dissolving under the beams of the sun of justice behind it and through it. The process of change had been slow; it had been done not rashly, but by rule, and measure, 'at sundry times and divers manners,' first one disclosure and then another, till the whole was brought into full manifestation. And thus room was made for the anticipation of further and deeper disclosures, of truths still under the veil of the letter, and in their season to be revealed. The visible world still remains without its divine interpretation; Holy Church in her sacraments and her hierarchical appointments, will remain even to the end of the world, only a symbol of those heavenly facts which fill eternity. Her mysteries are but the expressions in human language of truths to which the human mind is unequal. . . .

From a boy I had been led to consider that my Maker and I, His creature, were the two beings; certainly such, *in rerum natura.* I will not here speculate, however, about my own feelings. Only this I know full well now, and did not know then, that the Catholic Church allows no image of any sort, material or immaterial, no dogmatic symbol, no rite, no sacrament, no saint, not even the Blessed Virgin herself, to come between the soul and its Creator. It is face to face, '*solus cum solo*,' in all matters between man and his God. He alone creates; He alone has redeemed; before His awful eyes we go in death; in the vision of Him is our eternal beatitude. . . .

The idea of the Blessed Virgin was as it were *magnified* in the Church of Rome, as time went on,—but so were all the Christian ideas; as that of the Blessed Eucharist. The whole scene of pale, faint, distant Apostolic Christianity is seen in Rome, as through a telescope or magnifier. The harmony of the whole, however, is of course what it was. . . .

And thus I was led on to a further consideration. I saw that the principle of development not only accounted for certain facts, but was in itself a remarkable philosophical phenomenon, giving a character to the whole course of Christian thought. It was discernible from the first years of the Catholic teaching up to the present day, and gave to that teaching a unity and individuality. It served as a sort of test, which the Anglican could not exhibit, that modern Rome was in truth ancient Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople, just as a mathematical curve has its own law and expression.

And thus again I was led on to examine more attentively what I doubt not was in my thoughts long before, viz: the concatenation of argument by which the mind ascends from its first to its final religious idea; and I came to the conclusion that there was no medium, in true philosophy, between

Atheism and Catholicity, and that a perfectly consistent mind, under those circumstances in which it finds itself here below, must embrace either the one or the other. And I hold this still; I am a Catholic by virtue of my believing in a God; and if I am asked why I believe in a God, I answer that it is because I believe in myself, for I feel it impossible to believe in my own existence (and of that fact I am quite sure) without believing also in the existence of Him, who lives as a Personal, All-seeing, All-judging being in my conscience. . . .

Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate. . . .

People say that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is difficult to believe; I did not believe the doctrine till I was a Catholic. I had no difficulty in believing it as soon as I believed that the Catholic Roman Church was the oracle of God, and that she had declared this doctrine to be part of the original revelation. It is difficult, impossible to imagine, I grant—but how is it difficult to believe? . . .

Why should it not be? What's to hinder it? What do I know of substance or matter? Just as much as the greatest philosophers, and that is nothing at all;—so much is this the case, that there is a rising school of philosophy now, which considers phenomena to constitute the whole of our knowledge in physics. The Catholic doctrine leaves phenomena alone. It does not say that the phenomena go; on the contrary, it says that they remain; nor does it say that the same phenomena are in several places at once. It deals with what no one on earth knows anything about, the material substances themselves. And, in like manner, of that majestic article of the Anglican as well as of the Catholic Creed—the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. What do I know of the essence of the Divine Being? I know that my abstract idea of three is simply incompatible with my idea of one; but when I come to the question of concrete fact, I have no means of proving that there is not a sense in which one and three can equally be predicated of the Incommunicable God.

From LOSS AND GAIN

The idea of worship is different in the Catholic Church from the idea of it in your Church; for, in truth, the *religions* are different. . . . It is not that ours is your religion carried a little farther—a little too far, as you would say. No, they differ in kind, not in degree; ours is one religion, yours is another. And when the time comes, and come it will, for you, alien as you are now, to submit yourself to the gracious yoke of Christ, then it will be *faith* which will enable you to bear the ways and usages of Catholics, which else might perhaps startle you. Else, the habits of years, the associations in your mind of a certain outward behaviour with real inward acts of devotion, might embarrass you, when you had to conform yourself to other habits, and to create for yourself other associations. But this faith of which I speak, the great gift of God, will enable you in that day to overcome yourself, and to submit, as your judgment, your will, your reason, your affections, so your tastes and likings, to the rule and usage of the Church. Ah, that faith should be necessary in such a matter, and that what is so natural and becoming under the circumstances should have need of an explanation! I declare, to me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend masses forever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the end, and is the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick; for they are all part of one integral action. Quickly they go; for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon; as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass; for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass; for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in a cloud, calling on the name of the Lord as he passed by, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we too 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth, and adore.' So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the water.' Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intention, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation;—not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple labourers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving; there are innocent maidens, and there are penitents; but out of these many minds rises one eucharistic hymn, and the great Action is the measure and the scope of it. . . . You ask me whether this is not a formal unreasonable service. It is wonderful! . . . quite wonderful. . . . *O Sapientia, fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia!*

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

NICHOLAS PATRICK WISEMAN

1802-1865

Wiseman, Manning, and Newman were the three great cardinals of the Catholic Revival in England; and while the greatest of these was Newman, there is glory enough for all in Churchmanship and in literature, too.

It was in Seville that Nicholas Wiseman was born—his Irish father being engaged in business there, but he was educated at Waterford, Ushaw, and the English College at Rome. Here he achieved scholastic distinction, especially in oriental studies, and was ordained in 1825; staying on as very youthful rector of the English College and, as the *Catholic Encyclopedia* remarks, as "official representative of the English Catholics in Rome."

Returning to England a few years after Catholic emancipation, he tried zealously to stir up his co-religionists to the possibilities of the new era; and as vicar apostolic and president of Oscott College, he threw himself into the work of definitely "bringing over" the Tractarians to Rome. It was Bishop Wiseman who confirmed Newman after his reception into the Catholic Church, and who persistently urged the restoration of the English hierarchy, discontinued since the break of the sixteenth century; and he, naturally enough, was named by Pius IX in 1850 as Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

During the bitter national antagonism which followed this step, Wiseman officiated with tact as well as force; his *Appeal to the Reason and Good Feeling of the English People* helped to reverse public opinion, as did Newman's lectures on the *Present Position of Catholics* the next year.

Fabiola, designed by the cardinal as the first of a series of novels interpreting Catholic life in different ages, was published in 1854. But the difficulties of his ecclesiastical administration prevented the fulfillment of this plan, although Wiseman's literary and spiritual activities continued to within a few weeks of his widely mourned death in 1865.

FROM FABIOLA; OR THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS

Fabiola and Orontius looked at one another in silence . . . when they were aroused by a shriek from the woman. They were horrified at seeing an arrow quivering in her bosom. As Fabiola supported her, Orontius, looking behind him, caught a glimpse of a black face grinning hideously through the fence. In the next moment a Numidian was seen flying away on his horse, with his bow bent, Parthian-wise over his shoulder, ready for any pursuer. The arrow had passed, unobserved, between Orontius and the lady.

'Jububa,' asked Fabiola, 'dost thou wish to die a Christian?'

'Most earnestly,' she replied.

'Dost thou believe in One God in Three Persons?'

'I firmly believe in all the Christian Church teaches.'

'And in Jesus Christ, who was born and died for our sins?'

'Yes, in all that you believe.' The reply was more faint.

'Make haste, make haste, Orontius,' cried Fabiola, pointing to the fountain.

He was already at its basin, filling full his two hands, and coming instantly, poured their contents on the head of the poor African, pronouncing the words of baptism; and, as she expired, the water of regeneration mingled with her blood of expiation.

After this distressing, yet consoling scene, they entered the house and instructed Torquatus about the burial to be given to this doubly-baptised convert.

Orontius was struck with the simple neatness of the house, so strongly contrasting with the luxurious splendor of Fabiola's former dwelling. But suddenly his attention was arrested, in a small inner room, by a splendid shrine or casket, set with jewels, but with an embroidered curtain before it. . . . Approaching nearer, he read inscribed on it,

'The blood of the blessed Miriam, shed by cruel hands!'

Orontius turned deadly pale; then changed to a deep crimson; and almost staggered.

Fabiola saw this, and going up to him kindly and frankly, placed her hand upon his arm, and gently said to him: 'Orontius, there is that within, which may well make us both blush deeply, but not therefor despond.'

So saying she drew aside the curtain, and Orontius saw within a crystal plate, the embroidered scarf so much connected with his own, and his sister's history. Upon it were lying two sharp weapons, the points of both which were rusted with blood. In one he recognized his own dagger; the other appeared to him like one of those instruments of female vengeance, with which he knew heathen ladies punished their attendant slaves.

'We have both,' said Fabiola, 'unintentionally inflicted a wound, and shed the blood of her, whom now we honour as a sister in heaven. But for my part, from the day when I did so, and gave her occasion to display her virtue, I date the dawn of grace upon my soul. What say you, Orontius?'

'That I, likewise, from the instant that I so misused her, and led to her exhibition of such Christian heroism, began to feel the hand of God upon me, that has led me to repentance and forgiveness.'

'It is thus ever,' concluded Fabiola. 'The example of our Lord has made the martyrs; and the example of the martyrs leads us upwards to Him. Their blood softens our hearts; His alone cleanses our souls. Theirs pleads for mercy; His obtains it. May the Church, in her days of peace and victories, never forget what she owes to the age of her martyrs. As for us two, we are indebted to it for our spiritual lives. May many, who will only read of it, draw from it the same mercy and grace.'

They knelt down, and prayed long together silently before the shrine.

They then parted to meet no more.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING

1808-1892

Manning, the son of a distinguished banker and member of Parliament, was born at the family estate in Herts, England, and educated at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford. He was early attracted to political science and served for a while in the colonial office. Later he returned to Oxford and took orders in the Anglican Church in 1832. For seventeen years he presided over a parish in Sussex, where also he married Caroline Sargeant, whose family was to be so strongly influenced by the Oxford Movement. But it was not until after her death that Manning, feeling more and more powerfully drawn toward Rome, submitted to the Catholic Church in 1851. Two months later he was, by special dispensation, ordained priest; and having continued his studies in Rome, he returned to England and founded there the Oblates of St. Charles.

In 1865 Manning succeeded Wiseman as Archbishop of Westminster and undertook the building of its great cathedral as memorial to his predecessor. His services in mediating the London dock strike in 1889 were also notable; and he died, full of years and of labors for the poor and for Catholic literature, in 1892.

FROM THE INTERNAL MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST

Now Saint Paul says to the Galations, that because we are sons by adoption in Baptism, therefore 'God has sent forth the Spirit of His Son into our hearts.' In these words he speaks to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, the Three Persons of the ever-blessed Trinity. They are all engaged simultaneously in our sanctification. And it has always seemed to me to be both strange and wonderful that whereas we worship the ever-blessed Trinity—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost—in consubstantial unity; and whereas we worship the Person of the Father with a special and daily adoration every time we say the Lord's Prayer, and whereas we worship the Person of the Son by concluding all our prayers through His Name, and by adoring Him in the ever-blessed Sacrament; nevertheless we rarely worship and adore with a distinct and special adoration the Person of God the Holy Ghost. Why is this? I believe it to be for this reason. The conception of the fatherhood of God and of our sonship to Him is a conception altogether natural to our hearts. We learn it in our home from our earliest consciousness in the relation we bear to our earthly father. The Incarnation of the Son of God brings Him also within the sphere and range of our intelligence and of our heart; so that we conceive of Him as Man incarnate, visible upon earth and invested with all our sympathies, and with the love of His Sacred Heart full of compassion for us. These two conceptions are, I may say, within the range of nature. They come to us at once. But the Holy Ghost, a Spirit that has never been seen, has never been incarnate, inscrutable, present everywhere, never manifest except by the operations of His power—this is a reality, like the motion of the earth, which we know in our reason, but cannot detect by any sense; or it is like the circulation of the blood, which we know as a fact, but never perceive all the day long. So the indwelling and the work of the Holy Ghost in the soul is a divine truth, so altogether inscrutable, so impalpable, so insensible, that we pass it by. Therefore we do not so often adore the Author and Giver of all grace with a special worship. . . . Make up your mind now that not a day shall pass from this day to your last without some act of adoration to the Person of the Holy Ghost. . . . to obtain His seven gifts; . . . raise up your hearts to God, and make, each of you, some short act of reparation and adoration out of the fullness of your soul; or say day by day: 'O God the Holy Ghost, Whom I have slighted, grieved, resisted from my childhood unto this day, reveal unto me Thy Personality, Thy Presence, Thy Power. Make me to know Thy sevenfold gifts: the spirit of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and fortitude, of knowledge and piety, and of the fear of the Lord. . . . O Thou Who art the Spirit of the Father and the Son, O Thou Who baptizest with fire, and sheddest abroad the love of God in our hearts, shed abroad Thy love in my heart. One thing have I desired of the Lord: that will I seek after: not wealth, rank, power, worldly home, worldly happiness, or any worldly good, but one drop of that holy flame, one drop of that heavenly fire, to kindle me and set me all on fire with the love of my God. Let that holy flame burn up and consume in me every spot and soil of the flesh and of the spirit. Purify me sevenfold with the fire of Thy love. Consume me as a holy sacrifice acceptable unto Thee. Kindle me with zeal, melt me with sorrow, that I may live the life and die the death of a fervent penitent.'

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

1814-1863

The future Father Faber was born at Calverley, Yorkshire, and educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford, becoming later on a fellow of University College. At Oxford he came under the powerful and luminous influence of the young Newman and joined him in the momentous Tractarian Movement. He was ordained an Anglican clergyman and served for awhile as rector at Elton, before giving his allegiance to the Catholic Church in 1845. Shortly afterward, Faber established the religious community of the Brothers of the Will of God; but when Father Newman returned from Rome with his plans for an English Congregation of the Oratory, he wisely and unselfishly merged his own foundation with it.

Throughout the rest of his life, Father Faber worked as a devout Oratorian, accomplishing untold good for the Church by his zealous sermons, his hymns, and the long series of his devotional works—*The Lives of Modern Saints, Growth in Holiness, Creator and Creature, The Blessed Sacrament, Spiritual Conferences*, etc., in which a devout and sympathetic spirituality was joined to a persuasive literary style.

From SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES

ON KINDNESS IN GENERAL

. . . The worst kinds of unhappiness, as well as the greatest amount of it, come from our conduct to each other. If our conduct therefore were under the control of kindness, it would be nearly the opposite of what it is, and so the state of the world would be almost reversed. We are for the most part unhappy, because the world is an unkind world. But the world is only unkind for the lack of kindness in us units who compose it. Now, if all this is but so much as half true, it is plainly worth our while to take some trouble to gain clear and definite notions of kindness. We practice more easily what we already know clearly.

We must first ask ourselves what kindness is. Words which we are using constantly soon cease to have much distinct meaning in our minds. They become symbols and figures rather than words, and we content ourselves with the general impression they make upon us. Now, let us be a little particular about kindness, and describe it as accurately as we can. Kindness is the overflowing of self upon others. We put others in the place of self. We treat them as we should wish to be treated ourselves. We change places with them. For the time self is another, and others are self. Our self-love takes the shape of complacence in unselfishness. We cannot speak of the virtues without thinking of God. What would the overflow of self upon others be in him the Ever-blessed and Eternal? It was the act of creation. Creation was divine kindness. From it, as from a fountain, flow the possibilities, the powers, the blessings of all created kindness. This is an honorable genealogy for kindness. Then, again, kindness is the coming to the rescue of others, when they need it; and this is the work of the Attributes of God toward his creatures. His omnipotence is forever making up our deficiency of power. His justice is continually correcting our erroneous judgments. His mercy is always consoling our fellow creatures under our hard-heartedness. His truth is perpetually hindering the consequences of our falsehood. His omniscience makes our ignorance succeed as if it were knowledge. His perfections are incessantly coming to the rescue of our imperfections. This is the definition of Providence; and kindness is our imitation of this divine action.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

1809-1861

Elizabeth Barrett was born in Herefordshire and even in girlhood was an earnest student and a writer of verse, publishing a translation of *Prometheus Bound* as well as several original volumes before she was twenty-one. Unhappily the bursting of a blood vessel in the lungs, and soon afterward the drowning of her beloved brother, plunged her into an invalidism which was believed permanent—which she sought to lighten by devotion to her work and to a few chosen friends. From this world of seclusion she was roused by the determined courtship of young Robert Browning; and her marriage to him in 1846 brought fifteen years of happiness, which was reflected in new vitality of body and of art.

During her own lifetime Mrs. Browning's poetic reputation eclipsed that of her illustrious husband. In the inevitable reaction of criticism her sometimes sentimental excesses have been stressed at the expense of much very real sentiment and a very real poetic gift. Her brief lyrics, especially some of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, have weathered the years better than, for instance, the long and lachrymose verse-novel of *Aurora Leigh.*

From SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every days'
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

From THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
  Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
  And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
  The young birds are chirping in the nest;

The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly.
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

* * *

'For oh!' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them, and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping;
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow;
For all day we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, underground;
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

* * *

'Two words, indeed, of praying we remember;
And at midnight's hour of harm,
"Our Father," looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words except "Our Father";
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand, which is strong.
"Our Father!" If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
"Come and rest with Me, my child." '

* * *

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.'

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809-1892

The future Lord Tennyson was born at Somersby, Lancashire, the son and grandson of Anglican clergymen. His first experiments in verse, gathered with those of his brothers, were published as early as 1827; two years later, at Cambridge, he captured the Newdigate Prize for poetry. But as all of these youthful efforts were severely and not unjustly criticized, Alfred Tennyson determined to submit himself to a stern apprenticeship in study and practice before publishing the really important volumes of 1842. Thus he had already become one of the greatest and most popular of English singers when, upon the death of Wordsworth, he was appointed poet laureate in 1850 — the same year which had seen his marriage and the publication of *In Memoriam*. *Maud*, the noble series of *The Idylls of the King*, the less successful poetic dramas, and many consummately successful lyrics lay ahead; indeed, full forty years of calm poetic fruitfulness were still in store for the poet and the England which venerated him almost as much in life as when he was borne to Westminster Abbey in 1892.

Tennyson's muse reflected and glorified every phase of Victorian England; its doubts, its faith, its scholarship, its romanticism, its military zeal, its essential conservatism. It even reflected, in the Arthurian poems, that Catholic revival by which the poet was swayed, as he was also swayed by the scepticism of Arnold and the scientific rationalism of Darwin and Huxley. But the very serenity of those eternal English compromises which so greatly endeared him to his own age have served to antagonize our more direct and impatient era, so that for the past few decades Tennyson has received somewhat less than just appreciation. The balance will probably be restored when we are content to seek, not the prophet he could never be, but the artist and scholar he was, turning from the sometimes saccharine singer of a cultured mediocrity to the creator of a huge body of lyric and narrative verse memorable for dignity of thought, depth of feeling, and the felicity and finality of its music.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
Skimming down to Camelot;
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers ' 'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot;
And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot;
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down at Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly
And her eyes were darkened wholly
Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight, and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot;
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ST. AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapour goes:
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark:
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail
Ah, blesséd vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blesséd forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
'O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near.'
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
What seemed my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

LIV

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But though I seem in star and flower,
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Though mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee though I die.

CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears.
A cry above the conquered years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul. . . .

From MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word.'
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'
So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
'Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
For surer sign had followed, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:
'And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The king is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the lake;
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence;
But now much honor and much fame were lost.'
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded king.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
'What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widowed of the power in his eye
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence;
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,
And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur;
But ere he dipped the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the king.
Then spoke King Arthur; drawing thicker breath:
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
'My end draws nigh; 't is time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.
But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the king,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmured Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'
And to the barge they came. There those three queens
Put forth their hands, and took the king, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,

When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole *Round Table* is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me!
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1811-1863

Thackeray was born in India, where his father was employed in the British civil service; but after his father's early death, he was sent back to England and attended the Charterhouse School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He did not, however, achieve much distinction at college, nor, for that matter, when he tried art in Paris or law in London. In fact, it was not until both his marriage and his patrimony had miscarried that the sharp spur of necessity woke his gifts into activity. Then the witty dilettante of the *Yellowplush Papers*, 1837, developed into the masterly artist and philosophic observer of *Vanity Fair*, 1847.

After this, Thackeray was established as the sophisticated novelist of his age. To his own contemporaries, a "novel without a hero" seemed the height of cynicism; but if its author was disenchanted, he was not hopeless of the humanity whose stupidity, meanness, and hypocrisy he exposed with pitying contempt. One knows that he had cordial sympathy with old Colonel Newcome and young Henry Esmond; and being wise himself, he suffered more than one fool gladly, particularly if the fool were feminine. Dickens with the eye of the heart saw life as a tragedy, with hilarious intervals; Thackeray with the eye of the mind saw it as a more or less ironic comedy.

From VANITY FAIR

If Miss Rebecca Sharp had determined in her heart upon making the conquest of this big beau, I don't think, ladies, we have any right to blame her; for though the task of husband-hunting is generally, and with becoming modesty, entrusted by young persons to their mammas, recollect that Miss Sharp had no kind parent to arrange these delicate matters for her, and that if she did not get a husband for herself, there was no one else in the wide world who would take the trouble off her hands. What causes young people to *'come out,'* but the noble ambition of matrimony? What sends them trooping to watering-places? What keeps them dancing till five o'clock in the morning through a whole mortal season? What causes them to labour at pianoforte sonatas and to learn four songs from a fashionable master at a guinea a lesson, and to play the harp if they have handsome arms and neat elbows, and to wear Lincoln Green toxophilite hats and feathers, but that they may bring down some 'desirable' young man with those killing bows and arrows of theirs? What causes respectable parents to take up their carpets, set their houses topsy-turvy, and spend a fifth of their year's income in ball suppers and iced champagne? Is it sheer love of their species, and an unadulterated wish to see young people happy and dancing? Psha! they want to marry their daughters; and, as honest Mrs. Sedley has, in the depths of her kind heart, already arranged a score of little schemes for the settlement of her Amelia, so also had our beloved but unprotected Rebecca determined to do her very best to secure the husband, who was even more necessary for her than for her friend. She had a vivid imagination; she had, besides, read the *Arabian Nights* and *Guthrie's Geography*: and it is a fact, that while she was dressing for dinner, and after she had asked Amelia whether her brother was very rich, she had built for herself a most magnificent castle in the air, of which she was mistress, with a husband somewhere in the background (she had not seen him as yet, and his figure would not therefore be very distinct); she had arrayed herself in an infinity of shawls, turbans, and diamond necklaces, and had mounted upon an elephant to the sound of the march in Bluebeard, in order to pay a visit of ceremony to the Grand Mogul. Charming Alnaschar visions! it is the happy privilege of youth to construct you, and many a fanciful young creature besides Rebecca Sharp has indulged in these delightful day-dreams ere now! . . . And this I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry *whom she likes*. Only let us be thankful that the darlings are like the beasts of the field, and don't know their own power. They would overcome us entirely if they did.

ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1889

It is inevitable to think of Browning and Tennyson as the towering representatives of Victorian poetry, speaking from the opposite poles of strength and sweetness. Also they illustrate Lowell's observation upon the two kinds of genius—of which the first speaks "out of the eternal to the present, and must compel its age to understand *it*," while the second "understands its age and tells it what it wishes to be told."

Robert Browning was born in the London suburb of Camberwell and was deprived of university education, because his family happened to be Dissenters; yet he was richly surrounded by books and sympathy and relieved all his life from the financial struggle of so many aspiring poets. His earliest work was unimportant; but when *Paracelsus* was published in 1835, Macready recognized its powerful dramatic quality and urged the young author to write plays—in which, however, he was never to attain great success. In fact, his supreme achievement proved to be the dramatic soliloquy or monologue, of which he has left many examples, each one a page of vivid and subtle soul-revelation.

Browning's love for Elizabeth Barrett and the devout companionship of their wedded years in Italy were reflected in the increased richness and delicacy of his poetry, as well as in its often poignant understanding of feminine psychology. And it was to her

> "lyric love, half angel and half bird,
> And all a wonder and a wild delight,"

that he dedicated his monumental work *The Ring and the Book*—that interpretation of an old Roman murder trial in which he gives us a Catholic priest for hero, a woman close to Catholic sainthood for heroine, and the Pope as spokesman of the ultimate wisdom.

But as a rule, the poet was content to stress courage, sympathy with the strugglers upon earth, the perpetual warfare between matter and spirit, and faith in man's final union with God —a simple but brave philosophy of optimism and a tonic to the multitudinous questionings of his time and our own. The occasional obscurity and ellipticism of Browning's style are due far less to abstruse thought than to the complexities of feeling he tries to interpret, and his own impetuous and highly individual manner of interpretation. But one feels *reality* beneath the shortest lyric, the most grotesque fancy, the longest drama or epic—and in all his best work a heart-shaking vigor of word and beauty of thought.

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said
'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, 'Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat': such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er

She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 't was all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark'—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping: and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretense
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.
Just as perhaps he mused 'My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,—'
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through);
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!' The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
'You're wounded!' 'Nay,' the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
'I'm killed, Sire!' And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!

Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And, though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

RABBI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!'

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed 'Which rose make ours
Which lily leave and then as best recall?'
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned 'Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!'

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once 'How good to live and learn?'

Not once beat 'Praise be Thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do!'

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest:
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best!

Let us not always say,
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!'
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!'

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

For, note when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—'Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies another day.'

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
'This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.'

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedest age: wait death nor be afraid!

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work,' must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account:
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped:
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound
When the wine makes its round,
'Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!'

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Scull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips a-glow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst:

So, take and use thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

CHARLES DICKENS

1812-1870

Dickens had just the sort of adventurous life—passing among all kinds of people and most kinds of hardships and friendships—which best fitted him for his work in fiction. He was the son of a clerk in the British naval pay office, who was sent to the debtors' prison in London while his son was still a boy, so that his formal education was a good deal distracted and interrupted. But with some knowledge of law and much of shorthand, he soon became a valuable reporter on the London papers. The early *Sketches by Boz* were followed by the imperishable *Pickwick Papers* in 1834; and through the long series of novels which began with *Oliver Twist* and ended with the unfinished *Edwin Drood*, the tragedy and comedy of everyday life followed upon each other's heels, impersonated by a whole gallery of characters conceived in highly romantic love or hate, but described with a wealth of realistic detail.

In more senses than one, Dickens remained from first to last a journalist (did not his sincere admirer, Joyce Kilmer, once describe poetry as "glorified reporting"?); but he was also an apostle of democracy. If the revelations of *Oliver Twist*, *David Copperfield*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and other impassioned idyls of the poor brought about much-needed social reforms in England, and if the *Christmas Carol* is still a solvent for hard hearts, it is because their author appealed not so much to the intellect as (like his great French contemporary, Victor Hugo) to the emotional nature by whose pity or enthusiasm men are awakened to sympathy and action.

Dickens was a superb humorist as well as a master of tears; a great dramatist, if at times also a melodramatist; and undubitably one of the prose glories of the Victorian era.

FROM A TALE OF TWO CITIES

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs, stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

'Thérèse!' she cries, in her shrill tones. 'Who has seen her? Thérèse Defarge!'

'She never missed before,' says a knitting-woman of the sisterhood.

'No; nor will she miss now,' cries The Vengeance, petulantly. 'Thérèse.'

'Louder,' the woman recommends.

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet it will hardly bring her. Send other women up and down to seek her, lingering somewhere; and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!

'Bad Fortune!' cries The Vengeance, stamping her foot in the chair, 'and here are the tumbrils! And Evrémonde will be despatched in a wink, and she not here! See her knitting in my hand, and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!'

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation to do it, the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls and she looks into his face and thanks him.

'But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven.'

'Or you to me,' says Sydney Carton. 'Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object.'

'I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid.'

'They will be rapid. Fear not!'

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together and to rest in her bosom.

'Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little.'

'Tell me what it is.'

'I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate—for I cannot write—and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is.'

'Yes, yes: better as it is.'

'What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this:—If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time: she may even live to be old.'

'What then, my gentle sister?'

'Do you think:' the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble: 'that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?'

'It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there.'

'You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?'

'Yes.'

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers, they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

'I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.'

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

* * *

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

'I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long, long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

'I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

'I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honoured and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both.

'I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man, winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

'It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.'

AUBREY DE VERE

1814-1902

A son of the Irish poet, Sir Aubrey De Vere, the younger Aubrey was born at Curragh Chase and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, at Oxford, and at Rome. In 1857 he joined the august march of the converts by becoming a Catholic. Long before this he had joined the march of the poets—the half-century lying between *The Search After Proserpine*, 1843, and *Mediæval Records and Sonnets*, 1898, being filled with achievements in lyric, dramatic, and narrative verse, very largely interpretations of our Christian past. De Vere's calm and noble activities extended also into prose criticism, into various constructive works for Ireland, and into friendships with many of the greatest men and women of his time.

A YEAR OF SORROW

Fall snow, and cease not! Flake by flake
The decent winding sheet compose;
Thy task is just and pious; make
An end of blasphemies and woes.

Fall, flake by flake! by thee alone
Last friend, the sleeping draught is given;
Kind nurse, by thee the couch is strewn,
The couch whose covering is from Heaven.

Descend, and clasp the mountain's crest;
Inherit plain and valley deep;
This night on thy maternal breast
A vanquished nation dies in sleep.

Lo! from the starry Temple Gates
Death rides, and bears the flag of peace;
The combatants he separates;
He bids the wrath of ages cease.

* * *

Fall, snow! in stillness fall like dew
On church's roof and cedar's fan;
And mould thyself on pine and yew,
And on the awful face of man.

* * *

On quaking moor and mountain moss,
With eyes upstaring at the sky;
And arms extended like a cross,
The long-expectant sufferers lie.
Bend o'er them, white-robed acolyte!
Put forth thine hand from cloud and mist;
And minister the last sad Rite,
Where altar there is none, nor priest.

THE SACRAMENTS OF NATURE

For we the mighty mountain plains have trod
Both in the glow of sunset and sunrise,
And lighted by the moon of southern skies.
The snow-white torrent of the thundering flood
We two have watched together. In the wood
We two have felt the warm tears dim our eyes,
While zephyrs softer than an infant's sighs
Ruffled the light air of our solitude.
O Earth, maternal Earth, and thou, O Heaven,
And Night, first born, who now, e'en now, dost waken
The host of stars, thy constellated train,
Tell me if these can ever be forgiven,
Those abject, who together have partaken
These Sacraments of Nature—and in vain.

GEORGE ELIOT

1819-1880

The growing importance of women in the making of modern English fiction was evident in the satirically observant realism of Jane Austen (1775-1817) and in the more romantic realism of Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855)—not to mention the fantastic romanticism of her sister Emily, —but it reached "full flower time" in the work of George Eliot. Mary Ann Evans, to quote her actual name, was born in the Shakespeare county of a middle-class Methodist family, and her slight schooling was brought to an end when her mother's death placed the burden of domestic responsibility on her shoulders in girlhood. Her keen mind, however, always interested in human problems, sought nourishment in omnivorous if not very systematic reading; and by early womanhood she had traveled far enough from parental tradition to accept the philosophy of "free thought," later mellowed into a vague "determinism." In 1854 she contracted what is now called a "free union" with the English scholar and editor, George Henry Lewes; and it was by his advice that she began, when forty years old, that series of novels which readers are likely to remember less for their philosophy than for the passionate sincerity and sympathy of their characterization. *The Mill on the Floss*, one of the earliest, is largely autobiographical. And of her fiction as a whole, Lionel Johnson could well write: "The modern novel of today, in all its phases and developments, seems in my judgment to begin with the work of George Eliot: the more ancient novel, to end with the work of Thackeray"; adding that this modern novel differs from its predecessors mainly in that "it is concerned not with the storm and stress of great, clear passions and emotions, but with the complication of them. . . . There is a sense of entanglement: right and wrong, courage and cowardice, duty and desire, are presented to us in confused conflict."

From ROMOLA

The next instant the pulpit was no longer empty. A figure covered from head to foot in black cowl and mantle had entered it, and was kneeling with bent head and with face turned away. It seemed a weary time to the eager people while the black figure knelt and the monks chanted. But the stillness was not broken, for the Frate's audiences with Heaven were yet charged with electric awe for that mixed multitude, so that those who had already the will to stone him felt their arms unnerved.

At last there was a vibration among the multitude, each seeming to give his neighbor a momentary aspen-like touch, as when men who have been watching for something in the heavens see the expected presence silently disclosing itself. The Frate had risen, turned towards the people, and partly pushed back his cowl. The monotonous wail of psalmody had ceased, and to those who stood near the pulpit, it was as if the sounds which had just been filling their ears had suddenly merged themselves in the force of Savonarola's flashing glance, as he looked round him in silence. Then he stretched out his hands, which in their exquisite delicacy, seemed transfigured from an animal organ for grasping into vehicles of sensibility too acute to need any gross contact; hands that came like an appealing speech from that part of his soul which was masked by his strong passionate face, written on now with deeper lines about the mouth and brow than are made by forty-four years of ordinary life.

At the first stretching out of the hands some of the crowd in the front ranks fell on their knees, and here and there a devout disciple farther off; but the great majority stood firm, some resisting the impulse to kneel before this excommunicated man (might not a great judgment fall upon him even in this act of blessing?)—others jarred with scorn and hatred of the ambitious deceiver who was getting up this new comedy, before which, nevertheless, they felt themselves impotent, as before the triumph of a fashion.

But then came the voice, clear and low at first, uttering the words of absolution—'*Misereatur vestri*'—and more fell on their knees; and as it rose higher and yet clearer, the erect heads became fewer and fewer, till at the words, '*Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus,*' it rose to a masculine cry, as if protesting its power to bless under the clutch of a demon that wanted to stifle it; it rang like a trumpet to the extremities of the Piazza, and under it every head was bowed.

After the utterance of that blessing, Savonarola himself fell on his knees and hid his face in temporary exhaustion. Those great jets of emotion were a necessary part of his life; he himself had said to the people long ago, 'Without preaching I cannot live.' But it was a life that shattered him.

In a few minutes more, some had risen to their feet, but a large number remained kneeling, and all faces were intently watching him. He had taken into his hands a crystal vessel, containing the consecrated Host, and was about to address the people.

'You remember, my children, three days ago I besought you, when I should hold this Sacrament in my hand in the face of you all, to pray fervently to the Most High that if this work of mine does not come from Him, He will send a fire and consume me, that I may vanish into the eternal darkness away from His light which I have hidden with my falsity. Again I beseech you to make that prayer, and to make it now.'

It was a breathless moment; perhaps no man really prayed, if some in a spirit of devout obedience made the effort to pray. Every consciousness was chiefly possessed by the sense that Savonarola was praying, in a voice not loud, but distinctly audible in the wide stillness.

'Lord, if I have not wrought in sincerity of soul, if my word cometh not from Thee, strike me in this moment with thy thunder, and let the fires of Thy wrath enclose me.'

He ceased to speak, and stood motionless, with the consecrated Mystery in his hand, with eyes uplifted and a quivering excitement in his whole aspect. Every one else was motionless and silent too, while the sunlight, which for the last quarter of an hour had here and there been piercing the grayness, made fitful streaks across the convent wall, causing some awe-stricken spectators to start timidly. But soon there was a wider parting, and with a gentle quickness, like a smile, a stream of brightness poured itself on the crystal vase, and then spread itself over Savonarola's face with mild glorification.

An instantaneous shout rang through the Piazza, 'Behold the answer!'

The warm radiance thrilled through Savonarola's frame, and so did the shout. It was his last moment of untroubled triumph, and in its rapturous confidence he felt carried to a grander scene yet to come, before an audience that would represent all Christendom, in whose presence he should again be sealed as the messenger of the supreme righteousness, and feel himself full charged with Divine strength. It was but a moment that expanded itself in that prevision. While the shout was still ringing in his ears he turned away within the church, feeling the strain too great for him to bear it longer.

JOHN RUSKIN

1819-1900

Ruskin was born in London of a prosperous Nonconformist family and brought up in a curious mingling of Puritan rigidity and freedom for the reading and drawing he loved. At Oxford he won the Newdigate Prize for a rather indifferent poem, but uncertain health interrupted his studies there and discouraged his plan of entering the ministry. So after traveling on the Continent, he came by way of art criticism to that predestined vocation for literature and lecturing in which he reached and long held so noble an eminence.

The series of *Modern Painters* was, as every one knows, undertaken mainly for the sake of justifying Turner's paintings in the eyes of his countrymen. But after the mediæval and Renaissance studies necessary for such works as the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*—which he characteristically declared to be Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory and Obedience—and *Stones of Venice*, Ruskin's enthusiasm remained rather with the past than the present. At least, his technical appreciation remained there, because of the supreme artistic achievements of the ages when he perceived religion as an integral part of daily life. But more and more intensely, Ruskin's preoccupations became social and ethical. He longed to reach not only the Oxford students but the working men of England—to bring back beauty, faith, happiness to an age of money and machines. And while he gradually outgrew the anti-Catholic prejudice of his youth (giving us *St. Mark's Rest* in reparation for the injustices of the earlier Venetian studies), he retained an invincible ignorance of the vivifying source of Catholic activities—the source which so many of his literary contemporaries were claiming for their own.

Ruskin's prose is rich, impassioned, musical, and prophetic. And while much of his artistic and ethical experimentation, which reached out one hand to the doctrines of Carlyle and another to those of the Pre-Raphaelites, seems now conservative enough, his immense sincerity and love of humanity are eternal virtues which can never be outmoded.

FROM SESAME AND LILIES

It is now long since the women of England arrogated universally a title which once belonged to nobility only, and, having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of 'Lady,' which properly corresponds only to the title of 'Lord.'

I do not blame them for this; but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim, not merely the title, but the office and duty signified by it. Lady means 'bread-giver' or 'loaf-giver,' and Lord means 'maintainer of laws,' and both titles have reference, not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household; but to law maintained for the multitude, and to bread broken amog the multitude. So that a Lord has legal claim only to his title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the Lord of lords; and a Lady has legal claim to her title, only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to Him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master himself; and when she is known, as He Himself once was, in breaking of bread. . . .

And this, which is true of the lower or household dominion, is equally true of the queenly dominion;—that highest dignity is open to you, if you will also accept that highest duty. Rex et Regina—Roi et Reine —*'Right doers'*; they differ but from the Lady and Lord, in that their power is supreme over the mind as over the person—that they not only feed and clothe, but direct and teach. And whether consciously or not, you must be, in many a heart, enthroned: there is no putting by that crown; queens you must always be; queens to your lovers; queens to your husbands and your sons; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown, and the stainless sceptre of womanhood. But, alas! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest; and leaving misrule and violence to work their will among men, in defiance of the power, which, holding straight in gift from the Prince of all Peace, the wicked among you betray, and the good forget.

FROM THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE

Permit me, therefore, to fortify this old dogma of mine somewhat. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality—it is the ONLY morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, 'What do you like?' Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their 'taste' is, and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul. 'You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do *you* like?' 'A pipe and a quartern of gin.' I know you. 'You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?' 'A swept hearth and a clean tea-table, and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast.' Good, I know you also. 'You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?' 'My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths.' 'You, little boy with the dirty hands and the low forehead, what do you like?' 'A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch farthing.' Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask?

'Nay,' perhaps you answer: 'we need rather to ask what these people and children do, than what they like. If they *do* right, it is no matter that they like what is wrong; and if they *do* wrong, it is no matter that they like what is right. Doing is the great thing; and it does not matter that the man likes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor that the little girl likes to be kind to her canary, if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the little boy likes throwing stones at the sparrows, if he goes to the Sunday School.' Indeed, for a short time, and in a provisional sense, this is true. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it. But they only are in a right moral state when they *have* come to like doing it; and as long as they don't like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body who is always thinking of the bottle in the cupboard, though he bravely bears his thirst; but the man who heartily enjoys water in the morning and wine in the evening, each in its proper quantity and time. And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

But you may answer or think, 'Is the liking for outside ornaments,—for pictures, or statues, or furniture, or architecture,—a moral quality?' Yes, most surely, if a rightly set liking. Taste for *any* pictures or statues is not a moral quality, but taste for good ones is. Only here again we have to define the word 'good.' I don't mean by 'good,' clever—or learned—or difficult in the doing. Take a picture by Teniers, of sots quarreling over their dice: it is an entirely clever picture; so clever that nothing in its kind has ever been done equal to it; but it is also an entirely base and evil picture. It is an expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing, and delight in that is an 'unmannered,' or 'immoral' quality. It is 'bad taste' in the profoundest sense—it is the taste of the devils. On the other hand, a picture of Titian's, or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner landscape, expresses delight in the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing. That is an entirely moral quality—it is the taste of the angels. And all delight in fine art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love. That deserving is the quality which we call 'loveliness'—(we ought to have an opposite word, 'hateliness', to be said of the things which deserve to be hated); and it is not an indifferent nor optional thing whether we love this or that; but it is just the vital function of all our being. What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822-1888

Matthew Arnold, the son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, had both in his father's famous school and at Oxford every advantage of traditional English education, and it was not surprising that he developed into an apostle and critic of modern culture. His life was, in fact, spent in its service—as government inspector of schools, as professor of poetry for ten years at Oxford, and as author of gravely beautiful verse and fastidious and illuminating lectures and essays.

Having lived through a severe upheaval in English religious thought, Arnold decided that the reign of revealed religion was tottering and that man must increasingly seek his "sweetness and light" in literature, particularly in poetry. Hence he approached these arts—and insisted that others should approach them—with "high seriousness" and a deep regard for spiritual values. Appreciation of the mediæval message, as summed up in St. Francis of Assisi, of the Celtic heritage in British literature, and of the intelligent standards of French criticism, were parts of his valuable message. But personally he held a preference for the best models of Greek thought, and remained, like his friend Arthur Hugh Clough, a reverent agnostic to the end.

From THE FUNCTION OF CRITICISM AT THE PRESENT TIME

The critical power is of lower rank than the creative. True; but in assenting to this proposition, one or two things are to be kept in mind. It is undeniable that the exercise of a creative power, that a free creative activity, is the highest function of man; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true happiness. But it is undeniable also, that men may have the sense of exercising this free creative activity in other ways than in producing great works of literature or art; if it were not so, all but a very few men would be shut out from the true happiness of all men. They may have it in well-doing, they may have it in learning, they may have it even in criticising. This is one thing to be kept in mind. Another is, that the exercise of the creative power in the production of great works of literature or art, however high this exercise of it may rank, is not at all epochs and under all conditions possible; and that therefore labour may be vainly spent in attempting it, which might with more fruit be used in preparing for it, in rendering it possible. This creative power works with elements, with materials; what if it has not those materials, those elements ready for its use? In that case it must surely wait till they are ready. Now, in literature . . . the elements with which the creative power works are ideas; the best ideas on every matter which literature touches, current at the time. . . . I say *current* at the time, not merely accessible at the time; for creative literary genius does not principally show itself in discovering new ideas, that is rather the business of the philosopher. The grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them; of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations,—making beautiful works with them, in short. But it must have the atmosphere, it must find itself amidst the order of ideas, in order to work freely; and these it is not so easy to command. This is why great creative epochs in literature are so rare, this is why there is so much that is unsatisfactory in the productions of many men of real genius; because, for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control. . . .

They are more within the control of the critical power. . . . Its business is, as I have said, simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas.

SHAKSPERE

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality:
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at. Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE

1823-1896

It is self-evident now that the Catholic Revival was responsible not only for a great spiritual awakening in England but also for a varied and vigorous flowering of poetry. And no poet is more essentially its spokesman, in spite of his intense individualism, than Coventry Patmore. His education was rather desultory; but he was encouraged by a companionable if erratic father in omnivorous reading, in private scientific experiments, and in the writing of verse. His first poems owed something to the Pre-Raphaelites and something to Tennyson, with whom the young man was for a while on terms of intimacy. But after his ideal marriage with Emily Augusta Andrews, her influence was paramount; and in *The Angel in the House* Patmore sang not only her praises but the classic praise of married love. The work became enormously popular—although it is questionable whether its admirers divined the poet's implications when he declared the sacrament of matrimony:

All else utterly beyond
In power of love to actualise
The soul's bond which it signifies.

Perhaps, indeed, it was not until the wife's death had broken in upon this marriage in 1862 that Patmore himself realized whither he was traveling. Broken by illness and grief, he left his five young children in care of their oldest sister, Emily Honoria (the future Holy Child nun) and wandered pilgrimwise to Rome, where he was soon received into the Catholic Church. Subsequently he married another devout convert, and after long study of Catholic mystical writers he produced the *Odes* of 1868. Again, and infinitely higher, the praise of human love was carried up into visions of Love Divine: but the public liked neither Patmore's transcendental theme nor the dramatic but uneven meter which we now see as a precursor of the *free verse* movement.

With characteristic impetuosity the poet destroyed the volume, although with characteristic fidelity to his theme, he gathered its contents, with other verses pouring scorn upon the modern Philistines, into the *Unknown Eros* of 1877. It was a superb and challenging volume, pregnantly human, persistently mystical, and it contained one of the most exquisite Marian poems in our language—*The Child's Purchase.* To the end, in his poetry and the prose of his searching little essays, Patmore remained prophet and seer as well as artist. Imperious and often autocratic in his reasoning, he was an apostle of the "corollaries" of Catholic faith, the esoteric meanings forever hidden from the careless crowd. His work will repay deep study: and modern life is the richer for his spiritual interpretation of sex, and his insistence that "Virtues are nothing but ordered passions, and vices nothing but passions in disorder."

FROM THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE

UNTHRIFT

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
  On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing man cannot choose but pay,
  How has she cheapen'd paradise;
How given for nought her priceless gift,
  How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
  Had made brutes men, and men divine.

THE TOYS

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells

And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
"Ah, when at last we lie with trancéd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

From THE CHILD'S PURCHASE

A PROLOGUE

As a young Child, whose Mother, for a jest,
To his own use a golden coin flings down,
Devises blythe how he may spend it best,
Or on a horse, a bride-cake, or a crown,
Till, wearied with his quest,
Nor liking altogether that nor this,
He gives it back for nothing but a kiss,
Endow'd so I
With golden speech, my choice of toys to buy,
And scanning power and pleasure and renown,
Till each in turn, with looking at, looks vain,
For her mouth's bliss,
To her who gave it give I it again.
Ah, Lady elect,
Whom the Time's scorn has saved from its respect,
Would I had art
For uttering this which sings within my heart!
But, lo,
Thee to admire is all the art I know.
My Mother and God's; Fountain of miracle!
Give me thereby some praise of thee to tell
In such a Song
As may my Guide severe and glad not wrong
Who never spake till thou'dst on him conferr'd
The right, convincing word!
Grant me the steady heat
Of thought wise, splendid, sweet,
Urged by the great, rejoicing wind that rings
With draught of unseen wings,
Making each phrase, for love and for delight,
Twinkle like Sirius on a frosty night!
Aid thou thine own dear fame, thou only Fair,
At whose petition meek
The Heavens themselves decree that, as it were,
They will be weak!
Thou Speaker of all wisdom in a Word,
Thy Lord!
Speaker who thus could'st well afford
Thence to be silent;—ah, what silence that
Which had for prologue thy 'Magnificat?'—
O, Silence full of wonders
More than Moses in the Mount were heard,
More than were utter'd by the Seven Thunders;
Silence that crowns, unnoted, like the voiceless blue
The loud world's varying view,
And in its holy heart the sense of all things ponders!
That acceptably I may speak of thee,
Ora pro me!

* * *

Life's cradle and death's tomb!
To lie within whose womb,
There, with divine self-will infatuate,
Love-captive to the thing He did create,
Thy God did not abhor,
No more
Than Man, in Youth's high spousal-tide,
Abhors at last to touch
The strange lips of his long-procrastinating Bride;
Nay, not the least imagined part as much!
Ora pro me!
My Lady, yea, the Lady of my Lord,
Who didst the first descry
The burning secret of virginity,
We know with what reward!
Prism whereby
Alone we see
Heav'n's light in its triplicity;
Rainbow complex
In bright distinction of all beams of sex,
Shining for aye
In the simultaneous sky,
To One, thy Husband, Father, Son, and Brother,

Spouse, blissful Daughter, Sister, milk-sweet Mother;
Ora pro me!

* * *

Sweet girlhood without guile,
The extreme of God's creative energy;
Sunshiny Peak of human personality;
The world's sad aspirations' one Success;
Bright Blush, that sav'st our shame from shamelessness;
Chief Stone of stumbling; Sign built in the way
To set the foolish everywhere a-bray;
Hem of God's robe, which all who touch are heal'd;
To which the outside Many honour yield
With a reward and grace
Unguess'd by the unwash'd door that hails Him to His face,
Spurning the safe, ingratiant courtesy
Of suing Him by thee,
Ora pro me!
Creature of God rather the sole than first;
Knot of the cord
Which binds together all and all unto their Lord;
Suppliant Omnipotence; best to the worst;
Our only Saviour from an abstract Christ,
And Egypt's brick kilns, where the lost crowd plods,
Blaspheming its false Gods;
Peace-beaming Star, by which shall come enticed,
Though nought thereof as yet they weet,
Unto thy Babe's small feet,
The Mighty, wand'ring disemparadised,
Like Lucifer, because to thee
They will not bend the knee;
Ora pro me!

* * *

In season due, on His sweet-fearful bed,
Rock'd by an earthquake, curtain'd with eclipse,
Thou shar'd'st the rapture of the sharp spear's head,
And thy bliss pale
Wrought for our boon what Eve's did for our bale;
Thereafter, holding a little thy soft breath,
Thou underwent'st the ceremony of death;
And, now, Queen-Wife,
Sitt'st at the right hand of the Lord of Life,
Who, of all bounty, craves for fee
The glory of hearing it besought with smiles by thee!
Ora pro me!
Mother, who lead'st me still by unknown ways,
Giving the gifts I know not how to ask,
Bless thou the work
Which, done, redeems my many wasted days,
Makes white the murk,
And crowns the few which thou wilt not dispraise,
When clear my Songs of Lady's graces rang,
And little guess'd I 'twas of thee I sang!
Vainly, till now, my pray'rs would thee compel
To fire my verse with thy shy fame, too long
Shunning world-blazon of well-ponder'd song;
But doubtful smiles, at last, 'mid thy denials lurk;
From which I spell,
'Humility and greatness grace the task
Which he who does it deems impossible!'

ADELAIDE ANN PROCTER

1825-1864

Adelaide Procter was born in London, a daughter of the poet known as Barry Cornwall. She came into the Church as a convert in 1851; and the rest of her brief life was spent in ministering to less fortunate women and in writing verse, much of which was so strong in devotional and melodic qualities that, like *The Lost Chord* and the hymns, it was popularly set to musical accompaniment.

GIVE ME THY HEART

With echoing step the worshippers
Departed one by one;
The organ's pealing voice was stilled,
The vesper hymn was done;
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,
One lamp alone with trembling ray
Told of the Presence there!

In the dark church she knelt alone;
Her tears were falling fast;
'Help, Lord,' she cried, 'the shades of death
Upon my soul are cast!
Have I not shunned the path of sin
And chosen the better part?'
What voice came through the sacred air?
'My child, give Me thy heart!'

'For I have loved thee with a love
No mortal heart can show;
A love so deep, My saints in Heaven
Its depths can never know:
When pierced and wounded on the Cross,
Man's sin and doom were Mine,
I loved thee with undying love;
Immortal and divine.'

In awe she listened, and the shade
Passed from her soul away;
In low and trembling voice she cried,
'Lord, help me to obey!
Break Thou the chains of earth, O Lord,
That bind and hold my heart;
Let it be Thine and Thine alone,
Let none with Thee have part!'

GEORGE MEREDITH

1828-1909

Meredith was born in England and passed most of his life there, but one may question whether an education in Germany may not have lent color to some characteristics of his style and philosophy. In any case, from a life which knew much quiet unhappiness and some quiet happiness, he created a memorable series of highly sophisticated novels, including the unforgetable romance of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* and the classic study of *The Egoist*—also some memorable verse, including the partly autobiographical study of disenchantment, *Modern Love*. As George N. Shuster has well said, "With George Meredith the modern man of culture undertook the writing of fiction. His books presuppose readers who are willing to follow a style which scintillates and is almost fantastically personal; who are interested in characters super-refined by civilization; and whose mental alertness is always ready to seize upon an odd allusion or a polished epigram."

From THE EGOIST[1]

Comedy is a game played to throw reflections upon social life, and it deals with human nature in the drawing room of civilized men and women, where we have no dust of the struggling outer world, no mire, no violent crashes, to make the correctness of the representation convincing. Credulity is not wooed through the impressionable senses; nor have we recourse to the small circular glow of the watchmaker's eye to raise in bright relief minutest grains of evidence for the routing of incredulity. The Comic Spirit conceives a definite situation for a number of characters, and rejects all accessories in the exclusive pursuit of them and their speech. For, being a spirit, he hunts the spirit in men; vision and ardour constitute his merit: he has not a thought of persuading you to believe in him. Follow and you will see. But there is a question of the value of a run at his heels.

Now the world is possessed of a certain big book, the biggest book on earth; that might indeed be called the Book of Earth; whose title is the Book of Egoism, and it is a book full of the world's wisdom. So full of it, and of such dimensions is this book, in which the generations have written ever since they took to writing, that to be profitable to us the Book needs a powerful compression. . . .

The realistic method of a conscientious

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[1] Reprinted with the kind permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

transcription of all the visible, and a repetition of all the audible, is mainly accountable for our present branfulness, and for that prolongation of the vasty and the noisy, out of which, as from an undrained fen, streams the malady of sameness, our modern malady. We have the malady, whatever may be the cure or the cause. We drove in a body to Science the other day for an antidote; which was as if tired pedestrians should mount the engine-box of headlong trains; and Science introduced us to our o'er-hoary ancestry—them in the Oriental posture; whereupon we set up a primeval chattering to rival the Amazon forest nigh nightfall, cured, we fancied. And before daybreak our disease was hanging on to us again, with the extension of a tail. We had it fore and aft. We were the same, and animals into the bargain. That is all we got from Science.

Art is the specific. We have little to learn of apes, and they may be left. The chief consideration for us is, what particular practice of Art in letters is the best for the perusal of the Book of our common wisdom; so that with clearer mind and livelier manners we may escape, as it were, into daylight and song from a land of fog-horns. . . .

For verily, say they, we must read what we can of it, at least the page before us, if we would be men. One, with an index on the Book, cries out, in a style pardonable to his fervency; The remedy of your frightful affliction is here, through the stillatory of Comedy, and not in Science, nor yet in Speed, whose name is but another for voracity. Why, to be alive, to be quick in the soul, there should be diversity in the companion throbs of your pulses. Interrogate them. They lump along like the old lob-legs of Dobbin the horse; or do their business like cudgels of carpet-thwackers expelling dust, or the cottage-clock pendulum teaching the infant hour over midnight simple arithmetic. This too in spite of Bacchus. And let them gallop; let them gallop with the God bestriding them, gallop to Hymen, gallop to Hades, they strike the same note. Monstrous monotonousness has enfolded us as with the arms of Amphitrite! We hear a shout of war for a diversion—Comedy he pronounces to be our means of reading swiftly and comprehensively. She it is who proposes the correcting of pretentiousness, of inflation, of dulness, and of the vestiges of rawness and grossness to be found among us. She is the ultimate civilizer, the polisher, a sweet cook. If, he says, she watches over sentimentalism with a birch-rod, she is not opposed to romance. You may love, and warmly love so long as you are honest. Do not offend reason. A lover pretending too much by one foot's length of pretence, will have that foot caught in her trap. In Comedy is the singular scene of charity issuing of disdain under the stroke of honourable laughter: an Ariel released by Prospero's wand from the fetters of the damned witch Sycorax.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

1828-1882

The Pre-Raphaelite Movement, that curious attempt to recapture for nineteenth-century England something of the imaginative sincerity and naïve realism of mediæval Italy, may in one sense trace partial lineage to the Oxford Movement or Catholic Revival; but its influence was felt chiefly in a highly romantic school of painting and of poetry—while of course extending, as in the work of that all-round enthusiast for beauty, William Morris, to a revival of the crafts, decorative printing, etc.

In many ways Dante Gabriel Rossetti was the quintessence of Pre-Raphaelitism. Born in England, the son of an Italian professor and political exile, he may be said to have written poems with his brush and to have painted pictures with his pen. His characteristic verse was first published in *The Germ*, that memorable but ephemeral organ of his enthusiastic group; and most of this earlier poetry, including *The Blessèd Damozel*, he buried in the grave of his beautiful young wife in 1862.

Some years later he was persuaded to exhume and publish these poems, which, while rousing somewhat bitter controversy among the critics, were immensely influential among his contemporary writers. When *Ballads and Sonnets* appeared in 1881, Rossetti was already recognized as the leader of an æsthetic cult, but he died, without realizing its full importance to the two arts he had loved.

During the last years Rossetti's mind was often clouded by drugs, and his emotion, as Patmore complained, may be oftener "tense" than "intense." But it is impossible not to feel the fascination of his unique blending of mystical revery with sensuous imagism, and in much of his best work the Muse not only wears a Catholic vesture but speaks with a Catholic voice.

THE BLESSÉD DAMOZEL

The blesséd damozel leaned out
  From the golden bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
  Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
  And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
  No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
  For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
  Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
  One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
  From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
  Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
  . . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
  Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn-fall of leaves.
  The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
  That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
  The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
  She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
  Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
  With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
  Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
  'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
  Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
  Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
  Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
  The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
  Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
  Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove,
  Within the gulf to pierce
Its path: and now she spoke as when
  The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
  Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
  She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
  Had when they sang together.

(Ah, sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
  Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
  Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
  Down all the echoing stair?)

'I wish that he were come to me,
  For he will come,' she said.
'Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
  Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
  And shall I feel afraid?

'When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

'We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

'We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that his plumes touch
Saith his name audibly.

'And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know.'

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

'We two,' she said, 'will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

'Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

'He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak;
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

'Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

'There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
With love, only to be,
As then awhile, forever now
Together, I and he.'

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
'All this is when he comes.' She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, filled
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

LOVE-LILY

Between the hands, between the brows,
Between the lips of Love-Lily,
A spirit is born whose birth endows
My blood with fire to burn through me;
Who breathes upon my gazing eyes,
Who laughs and murmurs in mine ear,
At whose least touch my colour flies,
And whom my life grows faint to hear.

Within the voice, within the heart,
Within the mind of Love-Lily,
A spirit is born who lifts apart
His tremulous wings and looks at me;
Who on my mouth his finger lays,
And shows, while whispering lutes confer,
That Eden of Love's watered ways
Whose winds and spirits worship her.

Brows, hands, and lips, heart, mind, and voice,

Kisses and words of Love-Lily,—
Oh! bid me with your joy rejoice
Till riotous longing rest in me!
Ah! let not hope be still distraught,
But find in her its gracious goal,
Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought
Nor Love her body from her soul.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

1830-1894

It has been convenient to speak of Arthur Hugh Clough as the poet of doubt, which he was not entirely, and of Christina Rossetti as the poet of faith, which she was not entirely, either. Rather was she the poet of sublimated wistfulness. Growing up in the exotic and creative atmosphere of the Rossetti household in London, she could scarcely have escaped being a poet. It is inevitable to wish she might have had the complete fulfillment of becoming a Catholic nun, for her life seems to have passed in religious meditation and self-sacrificing service to others.

A BIRTHDAY

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a daïs of silk and down,
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranites
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

TRUST

If I could trust mine own self with your fate,
Shall I not rather trust it in God's hand?
Without whose will one lily doth not stand,
Nor sparrow fall at his appointed date;
Who numbereth the innumerable sand,
Who weighs the wind and water with a weight,
To whom the world is neither small nor great,
Whose knowledge foreknew every plan we planned.
Searching my heart for all that touches you
I find there only love and love's good-will
Helpless to help and impotent to do,
Of understanding dull, of sight most dim;
And therefore I commend you back to him
Whose love your love's capacity can fill.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

1837-1909

Swinburne, the son of an English admiral, was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, and for a while threw in his lot with Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites. But instead of a devotion to mediæval ideals, he early developed a devotion to all sorts of rebel doctrines and became the passionate apostle of paganism in an England swept by a Christian and Catholic reaction.

His first experiments in poetic drama were not very successful—at least, dramatically; but although the *Poems and Ballads* of 1866 drew upon his head the indignation of the moralists and belonged frankly to a "fleshly school of literature," their melodic sweep at least proved his indubitable poetic gift. Its inundations continued to produce harvests of drama and lyric, and narrative verse for the next quarter-century: *Tristram of Lyonesse* being one of the most haunting of its autumn fruits, as *Atalanta in Calydon* had been of its springtide. And if Swinburne's waves of verbal magnificence are often so hypnotic as to render the reader half-unconscious of his meaning, that may be considered among the merits of his defects. For while this meaning became less revolutionary with time, it was never as important as his music.

From ATALANTA IN CALYDON

CHORUS

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair, thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
Thy feet are as winds that divide the stream of the sea;
Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire;
And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;
Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath;
But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.
For an evil blossom was born
Of sea-foam and the frothing of blood,
Blood-red and bitter of fruit,
And the seed of it laughter and tears,
And the leaves of it madness and scorn;
A bitter flower from the bud,
Sprung of the sea without root,
Sprung without graft from the years.

The weft of the world was untorn
That is woven of the day on the night,
The hair of the hours was not white
Nor the raiment of time overworn,
When a wonder, a world's delight,
A perilous goddess was born;
And the waves of the sea as she came
Clove, and the foam at her feet,
Fawning, rejoiced to bring forth
A fleshly blossom, a flame
Filling the heavens with heat
To the cold white ends of the north.
And in air the clamorous birds,
And men upon earth that hear
Sweet articulate words
Sweetly divided apart,
And in shallow and channel and mere
The rapid and footless herds,
Rejoiced, being foolish of heart.

For all they said upon earth,
She is fair, she is white like a dove,
And the life of the world in her breath
Breathes, and is born at her birth;
For they knew thee for mother of love,
And knew thee not mother of death.

What hadst thou to do being born,
Mother, when winds were at ease,
As a flower of the springtime of corn,
A flower of the foam of the seas?
For bitter thou wast from thy birth,
Aphrodite, a mother of strife;
For before thee some rest was on earth,
A little respite from tears,
A little pleasure of life;
For life was not then as thou art,
But as one that waxeth in years
Sweet-spoken, a fruitful wife;
Earth had no thorn, and desire
No sting, neither death any dart;
What hadst thou to do amongst these,
Thou, clothed with a burning fire,
Thou, girt with sorrow of heart,
Thou, sprung of the seed of the seas
As an ear from a seed of corn,
As a brand plucked forth of a pyre,
As a ray shed forth of the morn,
For division of soul and disease,
For a dart and a sting and a thorn?
What ailed thee then to be born?

Was there not evil enough,
Mother, and anguish on earth
Born with a man at his birth,
Wastes underfoot, and above
Storm out of heaven, and dearth
Shaken down from the shining thereof,
Wrecks from afar overseas
And peril of shallow and firth,
And tears that spring and increase
In the barren places of mirth,
That thou, having wings as a dove,
Being girt with desire for a girth,
That thou must come after these,
That thou must lay on him love?

ON A COUNTRY ROAD

Along these low pleached lanes, on such a day,
So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,
With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad wild way,
And heart still hovering o'er a song begun,
And smile that warmed the world with benison,

Our father, lord long since of lordly rime,
Long since hath haply ridden, when the lime
Bloomed broad above him, flowering where he came.
Because thy passage once made warm this clime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each year that England clothes herself with May,
She takes thy likeness on her. Time hath spun
Fresh raiment all in vain and strange array
For earth and man's new spirit, fain to shun
Things past for dreams of better to be won,
Through many a century since thy funeral chime
Rang, and men deemed it death's most direful crime
To have spared not thee for very love or shame;
And yet, while mists round last year's memories climb,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each turn of the old wild road whereon we stray,
Meseems, might bring us face to face with one
Whom seeing we could not but give thanks, and pray
For England's love our father and her son
To speak with us as once in days long done
With all men, sage and churl and monk and mime,
Who knew not as we know the soul sublime
That sang for song's love more than lust of fame.
Yet, though this be not, yet, in happy time,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Friend, even as bees about the flowering thyme,
Years crowd on years, till hoar decay begrime
Names once beloved; but, seeing the sun the same,
As birds of autumn fain to praise the prime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

WALTER PATER

1839-1894

Walter Pater, author and lecturer at Brasenose College, Oxford, exerted a permeating influence upon the more serious literary students of his time, so many of whom were destined to come as converts into the Church. He himself stood for exquisite intensity in art and in life and while at moments candidly pagan, he was extremely sensitive to the *beauty of holiness* which he found in Catholic Christianity. Perhaps it was to the beauty rather than the holiness; perhaps he shared the characteristics of his own *Marius the Epicurean;* perhaps the keynote of his *Renaissance* studies—to crowd "as many pulsations as possible into the given time"—may easily reach the danger point. But his frank æstheticism does not contradict the almost feminine rightness of his vision and intuition, nor the fact that his volume of *Appreciations*, with its extraordinary essay on "Style," remains one of the most suggestive in English criticism.

From WORDSWORTH[1]

Contemplation—impassioned contemplation—that is with Wordsworth the end-in-itself, the perfect end. We see the majority of mankind going most often to definite ends, lower or higher ends, as their own instincts may determine; but the end may never be attained, and the means not be quite the right means, great ends and little ones alike being, for the most part, distant, and the ways to them, in this dim world, somewhat vague. Meantime, to higher or lower ends, they move too often with something of a sad countenance, with hurried and ignoble gait, becoming, unconsciously, something like thorns in their anxiety to bear grapes; it being possible for people, in the pursuit of even great ends, to become themselves thin and impoverished in spirit and temper, thus diminishing the sum of perfection in the world, at its very sources. . . . We think it bad morality to say that the end justifies the means, and we know how false to all higher conceptions of the religious life is the type of *one* who is ready to do evil that good may come. We contrast with such dark, mistaken eagerness a type like that of Saint Catherine of Siena, who made the means to her ends so attractive, that she has won for herself an undying place in the *House Beautiful*, not by her rectitude of soul only, but by its 'fairness'—by those quite different qualities which commend themselves to the poet and the artist. . . . That the end of life is not action but contemplation—*being* as distinct from *doing*—a certain disposition of the mind: is, in some shape or other, the principle of all the higher morality. In poetry, in art, if you enter into their true spirit at all, you touch this principle, in a measure: these, by their very sterility, are a type of beholding for the mere joy of beholding. To treat life in the spirit of art, is to make life a thing in which means and ends are identified: to encourage such treatment, the true moral significance of art and poetry.

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THOMAS HARDY

1840-1928

Hardy, born in Dorsetshire and privately educated, began and ended his literary career in the writing of poetry. But his fame rests chiefly upon the series of tales and novels which filled the quarter-century between *Under the Greenwood Tree*, 1872, and *The Well Beloved*, 1897. Most of these are impassioned interpretations of life in Wessex, built up with imaginative realism but overwhelmingly pessimistic in their philosophy.

Thomas Hardy was one of the powerful "naturalistic" influences in modern English fiction, although by contrast with the ultra-realism of the last two decades his work towers in restraint and dignity.

FROM THE WITHERED ARM[1]

. . . In an instant the boy had lifted the latch to Mrs. Lodge's gentle knock.

'I see I have come to the right house,' said she, glancing at the lad, and smiling. 'But I was not sure till you opened the door.'

The figure and action were those of the phantom, but her voice was so indescribably sweet, her glance so winning, her smile so tender, so unlike that of Rhoda's midnight visitant, that the latter could hardly believe the evidence of her senses. She was truly glad that she had not hidden away in sheer aversion, as she had been inclined to do. In her basket Mrs. Lodge brought the pair of boots she had promised to the boy, and other useful articles.

At these proofs of a kindly feeling towards her and hers, Rhoda's heart reproached her bitterly. This innocent young thing should have her blessing and not her curse. . . . When Mrs. Lodge was leaving, Rhoda said, 'I hope you will find this air agree with you, Ma'am, and not suffer from the damp of the water meads.'

The younger one replied that there was not much doubt of it, her general health being usually good. 'Though, now you remind me,' she added, 'I have one little ailment which puzzles me. It is nothing serious, but I cannot make it out.'

She uncovered her left hand and arm; and their outline confronted Rhoda's gaze as the exact original of the limb she had beheld and seized in her dream. Upon the pink round surface of the arm were faint marks of an unhealthy colour, as if produced by a rough grasp. Rhoda's eyes became riveted on the discolorations; she fancied that she discovered in them the shape of her own four fingers.

'How did it happen?' she said mechanically.

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'I cannot tell,' replied Mrs. Lodge, shaking her head. 'One night when I was sound asleep, dreaming I was away in some strange place, a pain suddenly shot into my arm there, and was so keen as to awaken me. I must have struck it in the daytime, I suppose, though I don't remember doing so. . . . When I awoke, I could not remember where I was,' she added, 'till the clock striking two reminded me.'

She had named the night and the hour of Rhoda's spectral encounter. . . . The artless disclosure startled her; she did not reason on the freaks of coincidence; and all the scenery of that ghastly night returned with double vividness to her mind.

'O, can it be,' she said to herself, when her visitor had departed, 'that I exercise a maliganant power over people against my own will?' She knew that she had been slily called a witch since her fall; but never having understood why that particular stigma had been attached to her, it had passed disregarded. Could this be the explanation, and had such things as this ever happened before?

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

1844-1889

Gerard Hopkins was born at Stratford at the very height of the Oxford Movement, was educated at the Cholmondeley School and at Balliol College, and in October, 1866, he was received into the Catholic Church by Newman himself. Less than two years later he joined the Society of Jesus, spending the rest of his exterior life in the prayer, the teaching, and the parochial activities of a busy Jesuit.

But as part of his sacredly guarded interior life must be considered the fabric of his finely wrought, passionately felt poems. Scarcely any of these were published during his lifetime; but they are being more and more prized by critical readers in spite (or perhaps even because) of the exotic style, which owes something to Greek verse-forms but more to Father Hopkins's unique habits of thought and expression.

HEAVEN HAVEN[1]

(A NUN TAKES THE VEIL)

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

BARNFLOOR AND WINEPRESS

Thou who on Sin's wages starvest,
Behold we have the Joy of Harvest;
For us was gathered the Firstfruits,
For us was lifted from the roots,
Sheaved in cruel bands, bruised sore,
Scourged upon the threshing floor,
Where the upper millstone roofed His head,
At morn we found the Heavenly Bread;
And on a thousand altars laid,
Christ our Sacrifice is made.
Thou, whose dry plot for moisture gapes,
We shout with them that tread the grapes;
For us the Vine was fenced with thorn,
Five ways the precious branches torn.
Terrible fruit was on the tree
In the acre of Gethsemane;
For us by Calvary's distress
The wine was rackéd from the press;
Now, in our altar vessels stored,
Lo, the sweet vintage of the Lord!

In Joseph's garden they threw by
The riven Vine, leafless, lifeless, dry;
On Easter morn the Tree was forth,
In forty days reached Heaven from earth,
Soon the whole world is overspread;
Ye weary, come into the shade.
The field where He hath planted us
Shall shake her fruit as Libanus,
When He has sheaved us in His sheaf,
When He has made us bear His leaf,
We scarcely call that banquet food,
But even our Saviour's and our blood,
We are so grateful on His wood.

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[1] Reprinted by the kind permission of Mr. Gerard Hopkins and the Oxford University Press.

RT. REV. WILLIAM FRANCIS BARRY

1849-

FROM THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE[1]

'Science,' I hear it said by many voices, 'has killed religion; and all that remains for the clergy is to bury the corpse.' Nietzsche with wild gesture exclaims 'God is dead.' Those who would wrap their memories of a heavenly creed 'in the purple where the dead gods sleep,' talk of reconciliation with science, and they achieve it by dropping all that was distinctive out of their beliefs, keeping names from which the reality has vanished. All such cries and exhortations take for granted that science is equal to the task laid upon it of building up the human world from physical elements, precisely as it constructs with its formulas the inorganic compounds. It measures and it combines, and the desired result is there.

To this I answer as sharply as it strikes upon my ear, 'God cannot die while man lives.' The science which has been thus exalted gets quit of religion by eliminating from Humanity its characteristic qualities. What is it that lends to our race a glamour and an interest so entrancing? Is it the complexity of chemical notation by which science registers its secretions? You look up disgusted and bid me leave to Voltaire the odious pleasantries of *Candide.* With all my heart, if popular science would first take shame to itself for the outrage on reverence it is eternally committing when it reduces the martyr at the stake to his burning flesh. Martyrdom, like mother's love, saint's devotion, philosopher's thought, poet's ecstasy, can be to the mere chemist only that which his reagents discover, acids and alkalis dissolving or united. But in the chain of mechanical energies the soul, the conscious Ego, has no place. Neither, we tell our compounder of oxygen with carbon and the rest, will he find it in his retort; the formula that would include it lies beyond chemistry. Shall he therefore declare that soul is not? Then poetry is not, nor love, nor argument, nor the acts of sense, seeing, hearing, touching; for not one of these or their like can the laws of atomic equivalents ascertain. Science measures that which it observes. It has no power by which to observe the inward man, who is our true self, and he is incalculable by its methods because invisible to its view. The constantly changing chemical formula which might represent his organism must leave him out. And precisely in what is left out does the interest we attach to him consist. The body is a symbol, the countenance a veil, the eyes are lights kindled by a spirit within. 'You may bury me,' said Socrates in prison waiting for his death, 'if you can catch me.' That immortal jest sends physical science—the only science our day on principle and as a first cause admits—about its business. 'I have dissected the body and not found the soul,' cried a surgeon who thereupon turned sceptic. Did he fancy the soul was a gland or a muscle? He should have concluded, 'Therefore life is something else than I foolishly dreamt; it is to be sought by other methods than mine.' . . .

To science, always in this narrow meaning, man, I repeat, is incalculable and God unknowable. About its own world, on the supposition of uniform law, it may prophesy the future. But into the laws of the spirit no means of prying are given it. The postulate of uniformity does not apply to man. Why not? Because he is not in the chain of which all the links are material and alike. Hence he is free from their implications. And he is secret, therefore impenetrable, in his conscience. Motives fix the quality of actions; but who can be sure of the reason why Cæsar chooses the right, or Mark Antony the left, except Cæsar and Mark Antony? . . . Character makes the hero; but the hero has often transformed his character, becoming the contrary of what he was. No shadow of a science yet attained or attainable, could enable us to draw the horoscope of a living child. Neither saint nor sinner has an assurance that for him to-morrow will resemble yesterday.

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ALICE MEYNELL

1850-1923

Perhaps the best introduction to Mrs. Meynell's work is the comment of her rationalistic friend, George Meredith: "Her manner presents to me the image of one accustomed to walk in holy places and keep the eye of a fresh mind on our tangled world." Born in England but educated largely on the Continent, under the supervision of her father, Alice Thompson came early as a convert into the Catholic Church, and early also into marriage with the genial London editor and literateur, Wilfrid Meynell. Thenceforth she contrived to combine the duties of wife and mother with those of an active journalist and an exquisitely fastidious artist in word and thought.

Her prose essays are unique examples of a criticism at once intellectual and imaginative; her poetry has contradicted every charge of sentimentality, sweetness, and ornateness so often brought against women verse-makers. It is tremulous with delicate, remote fancies; with emotion controlled yet deeply impassioned; with philosophic and religious questionings which press on to the answer of a vital faith. In many ways Mrs. Meynell was a *poet's poet*, "the loud shouts of the crowd" meaning as little to her as to her devoted friend, Francis Thompson; yet her work commanded distinguished admiration all through her life. Like her own Shepherdess, she may be said to represent the high-water mark of Catholic womanhood and Catholic artistry in our modern world.

CHIMES[1]

Brief, on a flying night,
From the shaken tower,
A flock of bells take flight,
And go with the hour.

Like birds from the cote to the gales,
Abrupt—O Hark!
A fleet of bells set sails,
And go to the dark.

Sudden the cold airs swing,
Alone, aloud,
A verse of bells takes wing
And flies with the cloud.

RENOUNCEMENT

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

THE SHEPHERDESS

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep,
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

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[1] Selections from the work of Mrs. Meynell are reprinted by the kind permission of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

VIA, ET VERITAS, ET VITA

'You never attained to Him.' 'If to attain
Be to abide, then that may be.'
'Endless the way, followed with how much pain!'
'The way was He.'

EASTER NIGHT

All night had shout of men and cry
Of woeful women filled His way;
Until that noon of sombre sky
On Friday, clamour and display
Smote Him; no solitude had He,
No silence, since Gethsemane.

Public was Death; but Power, but Might,
But Life again, but Victory,
Were hushed within the dead of night,
The shuttered dark, the secrecy.
And all alone, alone, alone
He rose again behind the stone.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850-1894

Stevenson knew better than most men what he wanted in this life and fought for it gallantly. Born in Scotland of an engineering family, he turned from that inherited profession, and from the law, to follow literature—working to fulfil his art as one might work for salvation. "I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove." Certainly he achieved a literary style of tender and whimsical beauty, an extraordinary influence over his contemporaries, and the title of Robert Louis the Beloved.

Before the martyrdom of the last fourteen years, Stevenson followed the woman he loved across the Atlantic Ocean and the United States, and allowed neither ill health, poverty, nor family opposition to prevent their marriage. Popular success came eventually, less from the delicate essays or verses than from the robust romanticism of such stories as *Treasure Island* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* And one likes to remember, among other fruits of the final years spent on the Island of Samoa, his historic defense of the leper-saint, Father Damien.

From VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE[1]

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and despatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colours, or a rough footway where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he wakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colours; it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting; and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience—would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after? . . .

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[1] Reprinted by the kind permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimæras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

CANON PATRICK AUGUSTINE SHEEHAN

1852-1913

"The story of Patrick Augustine Sheehan is," says his biographer, Dr. Heuser, "that of a modest country pastor in the South of Ireland who made a great name as a writer of fiction, poetry, and thoughtful essay." Born at Mallow in the diocese of Cloyne, he was educated for the oriesthood at Maynooth College; and after various curacies in England and Ireland, he was appointed parish priest of Doneraile. Here, as beloved rector and as canon, he remained for the rest of his life, save for a brief visit to the Continent. He was deeply interested in patriotic, ecclesiastical, and educational problems, many of which he treated with gentle but witty realism in his popular novels—*My New Curate, Luke Delmage, Lisheen, etc.*

From MY NEW CURATE[1]

I admit that Hannah's scorn for my scanty belongings was well bestowed. The sofa, which appeared to affect her æsthetic sense most keenly, was certainly a dilapidated article. Having but three legs, it leaned in a loafing way against the wall, and its rags of horsehair and protruding springs gave it a most trampish and disreputable appearance. The chairs were solid, for the smith had bound them in iron clamps. And the carpet?—Well, I pitied it. It was threadbare and transparent. Yet, when I looked around, I felt no feminine scorn. They all appealed to me and said:

'We have been forty years in your service. We have seen good things and evil things.

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[1] Reprinted by the kind permission of Longmans, Green, and Company.

Our faces are familiar to you. We have spent ourselves in your service.'

And I vowed that, even under the coming exigencies, when I should have to put on an appearance of grace and dignity,—exigencies which I clearly foresaw the moment my curate made his appearance, these old veterans should never be set aside or cast as lumber, when their aristocratic friends would make their appearance. And my books looked at me as much as to say:

'You're not ashamed of us?'

No, dear silent friends, I should be the meanest, most ungrateful of mortals if I could be ashamed of you. For forty years you have been my companions in solitude; to you I owe whatever inspirations I have ever felt; from you have descended in copious streams the ideas that raised my poor life above the commonplace, and the sentiments that have animated every good thing and every holy purpose that I have accomplished. Friends that never obtruded on my loneliness by idle chatter and gossip, but always spoke wise, inspiriting things when most I needed them; friends that never replied in irritation to my own disturbed imaginings, but always uttered your calm wisdom like voices from eternity, to soothe, to control, or to elevate; friends that never tired and never complained; that went back to your recesses without a murmur; and never resented by stubborn silence my neglect,—treasures of thought and fountains of inspiration, you are the last things on earth on which my eyes shall rest in love, and like the orphans of my flock your future shall be my care. True, like your authors, you look sometimes disreputable enough. Your clothes, more to my shame, hang loose and tattered around you, and some of your faces are ink-stained or thumb-worn from contact with the years and my own carelessness. I would dress you in purple and fine linen if I may, yet you would reproach me and think I was weary of your homely faces. Like the beggar-maid you would entreat to be allowed to go back from queenly glory and pomp to the tatters and contentment of your years. So shall it be! but between you and me there must be no divorce, so long as time shall last for me. Other friends will come and go, but nothing shall dissolve our union based upon gratitude and such love as man's heart may have for the ideal and insensible.

OSCAR FINGAL O'FLAHERTY WILDE

1856-1900

Oscar Wilde, born in Ireland and educated at Oxford, was the recognized leader of semi-æsthetic culture and semi-decadent literature in London until his career, wrecked on the rocks of dissolute adventure, was done to death by imprisonment. But his literary gifts survived even this superfluous obloquy, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* being as memorable an arraignment of capital punishment as his dramas had been an apotheosis of satiric or sometimes pathetic comedy. "Lord of Language" Wilde was from first to last—prose and verse, in fairy tale and criticism, even in paradox and perversity. And it is good to remember that at the close of his broken life, in Paris, he fulfilled the wish to become a Catholic which in his youth had alas! been frustrated.

From DE PROFUNDIS

Love is a sacrament that should be taken kneeling, and *Domine, non sum dignus* should be on the lips and in the hearts of those who receive it . . . .

Where there is sorrow there is holy ground . . . When I was brought down from my prison to the Court of Bankruptcy, between two policemen,—waited in the long dreary corridor that, before the whole crowd, whom an action so sweet and simple hushed into silence, he might gravely raise his hat to me, as, handcuffed and with bowed head, I passed him by. Men have gone to heaven for smaller things than that. . . . When wisdom has been profitless to me, philosophy barren, and the proverbs and phrases of those who have sought to give me consolation as dust and ashes in my mouth, the memory of that little, lovely, silent act of love has . . . brought me out of the bitterness of lonely exile into harmony with the wounded, broken and great heart of the world.

HELAS!

To drift with every passion till my soul
Is as a stringed lute on which all winds can play,
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom and austere control?
Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday
With idle songs for pipe and virelay,
Which do but mar the secret of the whole.

Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God:
Is that time dead? Lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance—
And must I lose my soul's inheritance?

JOSEPH CONRAD

1857-1924

Teodor Josef Konrad Karzeniowski (Joseph Conrad) was born in Poland, the Catholic son of a patriot later driven into exile because of nationalist activities; and after an early love of books, he found in the sea his master passion. When about seventeen, he became a seaman in the Mediterranean service; and later becoming a British subject, he entered the British merchant marine and had fifteen years' experience of the high seas.

It was not until his health put an end to this strenuous career—and not, of course, until he had carefully acquired his extraordinary mastery of the English language—that Conrad turned to literature in *Almayer's Folly*. *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *Lord Jim*, *Nostromo*, and a long series of novels followed this—novels in which the storm and stress of the sea was matched only by the storm and stress of human souls. Something of an epic and heroic quality distinguishes these books, as well as a rich and often involved exoticism of style, which have marked this adopted son of England as one of the very greatest of her recent novelists.

FROM LORD JIM[1]

. . . When he came up into the light of torches the wailing of the women ceased suddenly. Doramin did not lift his head, and Jim stood silent before him for a time. Then he looked to the left, and moved in that direction with measured steps. Dain Waris's mother crouched at the head of the body, and the grey dishevelled hair concealed her face. Jim came up slowly, looked at his dead friend, lifting the sheet, then dropped it without a word. Slowly he walked back.

'He came! He came!' was running from lip to lip, making a murmur to which he moved. 'He hath taken it upon his own head,' a voice said aloud. He heard this and turned to the crowd. 'Yes. Upon my head.' A few people recoiled. Jim waited awhile before Doramin, and then said gently, 'I am come in sorrow.' He waited again. 'I am come ready and unarmed,' he repeated.

The unwieldy old man, lowering his big forehead like an ox under a yoke, made an effort to rise, clutching at the flintlock pistols on his knees. From his throat came gurgling, choking, inhuman sounds, and his two attendants helped him from behind. People remarked that the ring which he had dropped on his lap fell and rolled against the foot of the white man, and that poor Jim glanced down at the talisman that had opened for him the door of fame, love, and success within the wall of forests fringed with white foam, within the coast that under the western sun looks like the very stronghold of the night. Doramin, struggling to keep his feet, made with his two supporters a swaying, tottering group; his little eyes stared with an expression of mad pain, of rage, with a ferocious glitter, which the bystanders noticed; and then, while Jim stood stiffened and with bared head in the light of torches, looking him straight in the face, he clung heavily with his left arm round the neck of a bowed youth, and lifting deliberately his right, shot his son's friend through the chest.

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[1] Reprinted by the kind permission of Doubleday, Doran, and Company and of the Estate of Joseph Conrad.

The crowd, which had fallen apart behind Jim as soon as Doramin had raised his hand, rushed tumultuously forward after the shot. They say that the white man sent right and left at all those faces a proud and unflinching glance. Then with his hand over his lips he fell forward, dead.

And that's the end. He passes away under a cloud, inscrutable at heart, forgotten, unforgiven, and excessively romantic. Not in the wildest days of his boyish visions could he have seen the alluring shape of such an extraordinary success! For it may very well be that in the short moment of his last proud and unflinching glance, he had beheld the face of that opportunity which, like an Eastern bride, had come veiled to his side.

But we can see him, an obscure conqueror of fame, tearing himself out of the arms of a jealous love at the sign, at the call of his exalted egoism. He goes away from a living woman to celebrate his pitiless wedding with a shadowy ideal of conduct. Is he satisfied —quite, now, I wonder? We ought to know. He is one of us—and have I not stood up once, like an evoked ghost, to answer for his eternal constancy? Was I so very wrong after all? Now he is no more, there are days when the reality of his existence comes to me with an immense, with an overwhelming force; and yet upon my honour there are moments, too, when he passes from my eyes like a disembodied spirit astray amongst the passions of this earth, ready to surrender himself faithfully to the claim of his own world of shades.

JOHN AYSCOUGH

(Rt. Rev. Monsignor Count Bickerstaffe-Drew)

1858-1928

Francis Bickerstaffe, the son of an Anglican clergyman, was born at Leeds, and assumed the maiden name of his mother (Drew) for whom he had always great devotion. He was converted to Catholicism while studying at Oxford, was ordained in 1884, and served as chaplain in the British army for over thirty years, receiving many decorations for his heroism during the World War. *French Windows* gave his impressions of the conflict; and he also enriched Catholic fiction with such distinguished novels as *Marotz*, *San Celestine*, etc.

From FRENCH WINDOWS[1]

There were no lights in any of the cottages. But a few women had crept out. They must have seen from some peeping holes the Ancient go into the cottage where François and his grandfather lived.

'Mesdames,' said the Ancient, sick of his formula, 'François is going to open the church for me. I am going to arrange a little hospital in it. I am an English priest. We expect many wounded. Is there anything you could bring me?'

Poor creatures! They had been cowed; and had cause, no doubt, for weary anxiety still; who could tell how this battle would go? But they were French, and full of generosity; and were wives, or sisters, or mothers of soldiers.

'What does Monsieur want?' asked a woman with a fine but not very gentle face. She was perhaps the last to whom, of all the little group that had gathered round him, the Ancient would have appealed. Thus we are stupid, and judge good books by their austere binding.

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[1] Reprinted by the kind permission of Longmans, Green, and Company.

'Ah, Madame! What do I not want? There is the church—and that is all. To lay a shattered *brave* down on the hard flags—that also is hard.'

'Of the hardest. Come, Mesdames!'

And the hard-featured woman assumed command. They all went off after her. In ten minutes they, and others whom they had enlisted, brought the Ancient twenty-seven mattresses, nearly fifty blankets; and in half an hour they had brought him, in all, forty-eight mattresses or beds, over sixty blankets and *duvets*, many pillows, and milk, wine and eggs and a little cognac—and they had hardly dared to eat all day or all the day before.

'It is poor people's stuff,' said Madame of the hard face, 'but, Monsieur, it is all we have.'

'I cannot thank you. God must. Your French St. Martin gave Jesus Christ half his cloak, and how He boasted of it in Heaven that night! He is showing these beds to St. Martin, and St. Denis, and St. Remy now, and saying, "Look what your daughters have given me to lie upon—their own beds: their only beds: Eh, Mesdames, He will be proud of His Church's eldest daughter." '

FRANCIS THOMPSON

1859-1907

Francis Thompson was born in Lancashire of a family convert to the Faith. He was sent first to Ushaw College in expectation of a priestly career, then to Owens College, Manchester, in expectation that he might follow his father's profession of medicine. But the call of literature was too insistent to be denied: and when circumstances did seem to deny it and the London to which he had come would have none of him, the young Thompson recalled, alas! just enough of his medical knowledge to fall a victim of narcotics.

From illness, penury, and despair he was rescued by Wilfrid Meynell, then editor of *Merrie England*, who, with his wife Alice, lifted up the outcast to his proper pinnacle as one of the greatest poets of a great poetic century. To them Thompson dedicated his first momentous volumes of 1893; to their children his *Sister Songs* two years later. And when, after the poignant *New Poems* of 1897, his genius found its chief expression in prose, their friendship still followed him, whether in London or in the monastic shrines in which he sought peace and health.

If Patmore was preëminently the poet of the Catholic Revival in England, Thompson might well have been the singer of its immemorial Catholic past. Elizabethan and Jacobean harmonies roll through his verse—it knows the devout mysticism of the Middle Ages. Some of his poems to Mrs. Meynell, Patmore himself declared "St. John of the Cross might have addressed to St. Theresa"; and his unforgettable masterpiece, *The Hound of Heaven*, might be a modern lyric rendering of the cry throughout St. Augustine's *Confessions*.

Thompson, the tempest-tossed invalid, saw the world of Time—all its joy and all its sorrow—transfigured in the light of Eternity, as he saw the beauty of Eternity reflected not only in the Church's liturgy but even in snow-flake and field-flower. "To be the poet of the return to Nature is somewhat," he once wrote: "but I would be the poet of the return to God."

TO A POET BREAKING SILENCE[1]

Too wearily had we and song
Been left to look and left to long,
Yea, song and we to long and look,
Since thine acquainted feet forsook
The mountain where the Muses hymn
For Sinai and Seraphim.
Now in both the mountains' shine
Dress thy countenance, twice divine!
From Moses and the Muses draw
The Tables of thy double Law!
His rod-born fount and Castaly
Let the one rock bring forth for thee,
Renewing so from either spring
The songs which both thy countries sing;
Or we shall fear lest, heavened thus long,
Thou should'st forget thy native song,

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[1] Selections from the works of Francis Thompson are reprinted by the kind permission of Mr. Francis Meynell.

And mar thy mortal melodies
With broken stammer of the skies.

Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord
With earth's waters make accord;
Teach how the crucifix may be
Carven from the laurel-tree,
Fruit of the Hesperides
Burnish take on Eden-trees,
The Muses' sacred grove be wet
With the red dew of Olivet,
And Sappho lay her burning brows
In white Cecilia's lap of snows!

TO A SNOW-FLAKE

What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour?—
'God was my shaper.
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,

From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind;—
Thou could'st not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost.'

'EX ORE INFANTIUM'

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play *Can you see me?* through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—
So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: 'O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one.'

And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
  I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
  Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

Up vistaed hopes, I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasméd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.'

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who followéd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside.)
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangéd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn: Be sudden; to eve: Be soon—
With thy young skyey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged His chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:—
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
'Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.'

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
'Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
With me' (said I) 'your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses.
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured daïs,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.'
So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds arise,
Spuméd of the wild sea-snortings;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with; made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,

And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness:
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
And past those noiséd Feet
A Voice comes yet more fleet—
'Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me.'

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;
I am defenseless utterly.
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap,
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding: cords of all too weak account
For earth, with heavy griefs so overplussed.
Ah! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity:
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpséd turrets slowly wash again;
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dunged with rotten death?
Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
'And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!

'Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught' (He said),
'And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?

All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come.'
Halts by me that footfall;
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
'Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.'

SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

Born at Kirriemuir, Scotland, 1860-

FROM COURAGE,[1] (THE RECTORIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED AT ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY IN 1922).

You must excuse me if I talk a good deal about courage to you today. There is nothing else much worth speaking about to undergraduates or graduates or white-haired men and women. It is the lovely virtue—the rib of Himself that God sent down to his children.

My special difficulty is that though you have had literary rectors here before, they were the big guns, the historians, the philosophers; you have had none, I think, who followed my more humble branch, which may be described as playing hide and seek with angels. My puppets seem more real to me than myself, and I could get on much more swingingly if I made one of them deliver this address. It is M'Connachie who has brought me to this pass. M'Connachie, I should explain, as I have undertaken to open the innermost doors, is the name I give to the unruly half of myself: the writing half. We are complement and supplement. I am the half that is dour and practical and canny, he is the fanciful half; my desire is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on my hearth rug among the harsh realities of the office furniture; while he prefers to fly around on one wing. . . .

Isaak Walton quotes the saying that doubtless the Almighty could have created a finer fruit than the strawberry, but that doubtless also he never did. Doubtless also He could have provided us with better fun than hard work, but I don't know what it is. To be born poor is probably the next best thing. The greatest glory that has ever come to me was to be swallowed up in London, not knowing a soul, with no means of subsistence, and the fun of working till the stars went out. To have known anyone would have spoilt it. I did not even quite know the language. I rang for my boots, and they thought I said a glass of water, so I drank the water and worked on. There was no food in the cupboard, so I did not need to waste time in eating. . . . How courteously tolerant was I of the postman without a proof for us; how M'Connachie, on the other hand, wanted to punch his head. The magic days when our article appeared in an evening paper. The promptitude with which I counted the lines to see how much we should get for it. Then M'Connachie's superb air of dropping it into the gutter. Oh, to be a free lance of journalism again—that darling jade! . . .

Courage is the thing. All goes if courage goes. What says our glorious Johnson of courage: 'Unless a man has that virtue he has no security for preserving any other.' We should thank our Creator three times daily for courage instead of for our bread, which, if we work, is surely the one thing we have a right to claim of Him. This courage is a proof of our immortality. . . . Pray for it. 'Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered.' Be not merely courageous, but light-hearted and gay. . . .

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KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON[1]

(Born in County Dublin, Ireland, 1861-)

GOD'S BIRD

Nay, not Thine eagle, Lord;
No golden eagle I,
That creep half-fainting on the sward
And have not wings to fly.

Nor yet Thy swallow dear,
That, faring home to Thee,
Looks on the storm and hath no fear
And broods above the sea.

Nor yet Thy tender dove,
Meek as Thyself, Thou Lamb!
I would I were the dove, Thy love,
And not the thing I am!

But take me in Thy hand
To be Thy sparrow, then;
Were two sparrows in Holy Land,
One farthing bought the twain.

Make me Thy sparrow, then,
That trembles in Thy hold;
And who shall pluck me out again
And cast me in the cold?

But if I fall at last,
A thing of little price,
If Thou one thought on me hast cast,
Lo, then my Paradise!

PLANTING BULBS

Turning the sods and the clay,
I think on the poor, sad people
Hiding their dead away
In the churchyard, under the steeple.
All poor women and men,
Broken-hearted and weeping,
Their dead they call on in vain,
Quietly smiling and sleeping.

Friends, now listen and hear,
Give over crying and grieving,
There shall come a day and a year
When the dead shall be as the living.
There shall come a call, a footfall,
And the golden trumpeters blowing
Shall stir the dead with their call,
Bid them be rising and going.

Then in the daffodil weather
Lover shall run to lover;
Friends all trooping together;
Death and Winter be over.
Laying my bulbs in the dark,
Visions have I of hereafter,
Lip to lip, breast to breast, hark!
No more weeping, but laughter!

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[1] Selections from the work of Mrs. Hinkson are reprinted by the kind permission of the author.

RUDYARD KIPLING

(Born at Bombay, India, 1865-)

DANNY DEEVER[1]

'What are the bugles blowin' for?' said Files-on-Parade.
'To turn you out, to turn you out,' the Color-Sergeant said.
'What makes you look so white, so white?' said Files-on-Parade.
'I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch,' the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can 'ear the Dead March play,
The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him to-day;
They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

'What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?' said Files-on-Parade.
'It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold,' the Color-Sergeant said.
'What makes that front-rank man fall down?' says Files-on-Parade.

Reprinted from (1) *Barrack Room Ballads* and (2) (p. 365) *The Five Nations* by the kind permission of the author and of the publishers, Doubleday, Doran, and Company.

'A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun.' the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound—
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

''Is cot was right-'and cot to mine,' said Files-on-Parade.
''E's sleepin' out an' far to-night,' the Color-Sergeant said.
'I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times,' said Files-on-Parade.
''E's drinkin' bitter beer alone,' the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is country an' the regiment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

'What's that so black agin the sun?' said Files-on-Parade.
'It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life,' the Color-Sergeant said.
'What's that that whimpers over'ead?' said Files-on-Parade.
'It's Danny's soul that's passin' now,' the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play.
The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

RECESSIONAL[2]

God of our fathers, known of old
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

(Born in Dublin, Ireland, 1865-)

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN[1]

The old priest, Peter Gilligan,
Was weary night and day;
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of the eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

'I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die';
And after cried he, 'God forgive!
My body spake, not I!'

He knelt, and leaning on the chair
He prayed and fell asleep,

And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind,
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths come once more,
The old priest, Peter Gilligan,
Stood upright on the floor.

'Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair.'
He raised his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
'Father! you come again.'

'And is the poor man dead?' he cried,
'He died an hour ago.'
The old priest, Peter Gilligan,
In grief swayed to and fro.

'When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird.'
The old priest, Peter Gilligan,
He knelt him at that word.

'He who hath made the night of stars
For souls who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.

'He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair.'

WHEN YOU ARE OLD[1]

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true!
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

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[1] From *Poetical Works*, copyright 1911 by the Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

ERNEST DOWSON

1867-1900

Dowson was born in Kent, but because of his father's ill health passed most of his boyhood wandering about southern France and Italy. He took with him to Queen's College, Oxford, an unusual familiarity with the classics and with modern French literature; but he left without adding a degree to his equipment. Shortly afterward, the shy, silent, sophisticated youth made his submission to the Catholic Church, laying hold then upon the one spiritual and intellectual anchor of his vagrant pilgrimage.

By 1891 he was contributing to the Rhymers' Club and to various transient publications poetry as delicate and artistic as any he was to achieve. And after a shadowy and hopeless little romance, and a few more years in which beautiful but sometimes morbid work alternated with lamentable periods of depression and dissipation, his story ended in the death from consumption which, as Arthur Symons declared, meant little to the world at large but "a great deal to the few people who care passionately for poetry."

NUNS OF THE PERPETUAL ADORATION[1]

Calm, sad, secure; behind high convent walls,
These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray:
And it is one with them when evening falls,
And one with them the cold return of day.

These heed not time; their nights and days they make
Into a long, returning rosary,
Whereon their lives are threaded for Christ's sake;
Meekness and vigilance and chastity.

A vowed patrol, in silent companies,
Life-long they keep before the living Christ.
In the dim church, their prayers and penances
Are fragrant incense to the Sacrificed.

Outside, the world is wild and passionate;
Man's weary laughter and his sick despair
Entreat at their impenetrable gate:
They heed no voices in their dream of prayer.

They saw the glory of the world displayed;
They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet;
They knew the roses of the world should fade,
And be trod under by the hurrying feet.

Therefore they rather put away desire,
And crossed their hands and came to sanctuary
And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire;
Because their comeliness was vanity.

And there they rest; they have serene insight
Of the illuminating dawn to be;
Mary's sweet Star dispels for them the night,
The proper darkness of humanity.

Calm, sad, secure; with faces worn and mild:
Surely their choice of vigil is the best?
Yea! for our roses fade, the world is wild;
But there, beside the altar, there is rest.

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[1] Used by permission of Dodd, Mead, and Co., Inc.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

(Born in England, 1867-   )

THE LOST DOG[1]

It was the first October frost. Outside a half-built house, before a board on which was written, 'Jolly Bros., Builders,' I saw a man, whose eyes seemed saying: 'In the winter building will stop; if I am homeless and workless now, what shall I be in two months' time?' Turning to me he said: 'Can you give me a job, Sir? I don't mind what I do.'

His face was in mourning for a shave, his clothes were very ragged, and he was so thin that there seemed hardly any man behind those ragged clothes. He smelt, not indeed of whisky, but as though bereaved of it; and his blue and watery eyes were like those of a lost dog.

We looked at each other, and this conversation passed between our eyes:

'What are you? Where did you work last? How did you get into this condition? Are you married? How many children? Why don't you apply to the proper authorities? I have money, and you have none; it is my right to ask these questions.'

'I am a lost dog.' . . .

'I dare say; but what can I do? I can't make work! I know nothing about you. I daren't recommend you to my friends. No man gets into the condition you are in without the aid of his own folly. You say you fell ill; but you all say that. Why couldn't you look ahead and save some money? You see now that you ought to have? And yet you come to me! I have a great many calls. . . .

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[1] Reprinted by the kind permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

'I am a lost dog.'

'Ah! but I am told daily by the just, the orderly, the practical, who have never been lost or hungry, that I must not give to casuals. You know yourself it would be pure sentiment; you know yourself it would be mere luxury. I wonder you can ask me.'

'I am a lost dog.'

'You have said that before. It's not as if I didn't know you! I have seen and talked with you—with dozens of you. I have found you asleep on the Thames Embankment. I have given you sixpence when you were shambling empty away after running a mile behind a cab. One night, don't you remember, in the Cromwell Road—well, not you, but your twin brother—we talked together in the rain, and the wind blew your story against the shuttered windows of the tall, closed houses. Once you were with me quite six weeks, cutting up a dead tree in my garden. Day after day you sat there, working very slowly to keep the tree from coming to an end, and showing me in gratitude each morning your waistbelt filling out. With the saw in your hand and your weak smile you would look at me, and your eyes would say: "You don't know what a rest it is for me to come here and cut up wood all day." At all events you *must* remember how you kept yourself from whisky until I went away, and how you excused yourself when I returned and found you speaking thickly in the morning "I can't help remembering things!" It was not you, you say? No; it was your double.'

'I am a lost dog.'

'Yes, yes, yes! You are one of those men that our customs breed. You had no business to be born—or at any rate you should have seen to it that you were born in the upper classes. What right had you to imagine you could ever tackle the working-man's existence—up to the mark all day and every day? You, a man with a soft spot? You knew, or your parents ought to have known, that you couldn't stand more than a certain pressure from life. You are diseased, if not physically, then in your disposition. Am I to excuse you because of that? Most probably I should be the same if life pressed hard enough. Am I to excuse myself because of that? Never—until it happens! Being what you are you chose deliberately—or was it chosen for you?—to run the risks of being born; and now you complain of the consequences, and come to me for help? To me—who may myself at some time be in need, if not of physical, of moral bread? Is it right, or reasonable?'

'I am a lost dog.'

'You are getting on my nerves! Your chin is weak—I can see that through your beard; your eyes are wistful, not like the professional beggar's pebbly eyes; you have a shuffling walk, due perhaps a little to the nature of your boots; yes, there are all the marks of amiability about you. Can you look me in the face and say it would be the slightest use to put you on your legs and thrust you again, equipped, into the ranks of battle? Can you, now? Ah! if you could only get some clothes on you, and some work to do! But don't you know that, three weeks hence, that work would be lost, those clothes in pawn, and you be on the drink? Why should I waste my charity on *you*—"the deserving" are so many! There's "something against you" too? Oh! nothing much—you're not the sort that makes a criminal; if you were you would not be in such a state. You would be glad enough to do your fellows a good turn yourself; and you are not ungrateful, you would attach yourself to any one who showed you kindness. But you are hopeless hopeless, hopeless—aren't you now?'

'I am a lost dog.'

'You know our methods with lost dogs? Have you never heard of the lethal chamber? A real tramp, living from hand to mouth in sun and rain and dirt and rags, enjoys his life. But *you* don't enjoy the state you're in. You're afraid of the days when you've nothing to eat, afraid of the nights when you've nowhere to sleep, afraid of crime, afraid even of this begging; twice since we've been standing here I've seen you looking round. If you knew you'd be afraid like this, what made you first desert the narrow path? Something came over you? How could you let it come like that? It still comes over you? You were tired, you wanted something new—something a little new. We all want that something, friend, and get it if we can; but we can't recognize that *your* sort of human creature is entitled, for you see what's come of it?'

'I am a lost dog.'

'You say that as if you thought there were one law for the rich and another for the poor. You are making a mistake. If I am had up for begging as well as you, we shall both of us go to prison. The fact that I have no need to steal or beg, can pay for getting drunk and taking holidays, is hardly to the point—you must see that! Do not be led away by sentimental talk; if we appear before a judge, we both must suffer punishment. I am not so likely to appear as you perhaps, but that's an accident. No, please don't say that dreadful thing again! I wish to help you. There is Canada, but they don't want you. I would send you anywhere to stop your eyes from haunting me, but they don't want you. Where do they want you? Tell me, and you shall go.'

'I am a lost dog.'

'You remind me of that white shadow with little liver spots that my spaniel dog and I picked up one night when we were going home.

' "Master," he said, "there's such an amusing cur out there in the middle of the road."

' "Behave yourself! Don't pick up with anything you come across like this!"

' "Master, I know it is a thin and dirty cur, but the creature follows me."

' "Keep to heel! The poor dog will get lost if you entice him far from home."

' "Oh, master! that's just what's so amusing. He hasn't any."

'And like a little ghost the white dog crept along behind. We took him home—and how he ate, and how he drank! But my spaniel said to me:

' "Master, what is the use of bringing in a dog like this? Can't you see what he is like? He has eaten all my meat, drunk my bowl dry, and now he is sleeping in my bed."

'I said to him: "My dear, you ought to like to give this up to this poor dog."

'And he said to me: "Master, I *don't!* He is no good, this dog; I am cleaner and fatter than he. And don't you know there's a place the other side of the water for all this class of dog? When are we going to take him there?"

'And I said to him: "My dear, don't ask me; *I don't know.*" . . .

'And you are like that dog, standing there with those eyes of yours and that weak chin and those weak knees, before this half-built house with the winter coming on. And I am like my spaniel, who knows there is a proper place for all your kind of creature. Man! what shall I do with you?'

'I am a lost dog.'

LIONEL JOHNSON[1]

1867-1902

Lionel Johnson was born at Broadstairs, Kent, into a family with military, Protestant, Irish, and Welsh traditions—none of which, save the Celtic strain, seems to have affected him in the least. His education, first at Winchester, then at New College, Oxford (where he came strongly under the influence and into the friendship of Pater), was accomplished with delight and distinction, each alma mater being tenderly commemorated in his verse.

In 1891 the young scholar and poet was received into the Catholic Church. In addition to much critical journalism, he published during the next six years two volumes of poems as well as his searching study of *Thomas Hardy*. Then life began to slip from his hold; and in the autumn of 1902, after a year of illness and isolation, an accidental fall brought his untimely death.

From first to last Johnson sang with exquisite, restrained passion of Nature and of books, of England and Ireland, of friends, and of his Catholic Faith. Louise Imogen Guiney, commenting upon his "austere but opulent mind," points out that he belonged "to an English literary group of meteoric brilliancy, over many of whom hung a singularly tragic fate. In the matter of art, his, the most reticent and the most sensitive expression among them, was also, beyond all doubt, the soundest and the most robust."

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[1] Selections from the work of Lionel Johnson are reprinted by the kind permission of Messrs. Elkin, Mathews, and Marrot, owners of the copyright.

THE DARK ANGEL

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust
To rid the world of penitence;
Malicious Angel, who still dost
My soul such subtle violence!

Because of thee, no thought, no thing,
Abides for me undesecrate;
Dark Angel, ever on the wing,
Who never reachest me too late!

When music sounds, then changest thou
Its silvery to a sultry fire;
Nor will thine envious heart allow
Delight untortured by desire.

Through thee, the gracious Muses turn
To Furies, O mine Enemy!
And all the things of beauty burn
With flames of evil ecstasy.

Because of thee, the land of dreams
Becomes a gathering place of fears:
Until tormented slumber seems
One vehemence of useless tears.

When sunlight glows upon the flowers,
Or ripples down the dancing sea:
Thou, with thy troop of passionate powers,
Beleaguerest, bewilderest, me.

Within the breath of autumn woods,
Within the winter silences:
Thy venomous spirit stirs and broods,
O Master of impieties!

The ardour of red flame is thine
And thine the steely soul of ice:
Thou poisonest the fair design
Of nature, with unfair device.

Apples of ashes, golden bright;
Waters of bitterness, how sweet!
O banquet of a foul delight,
Prepared by thee, dark Paraclete!

Thou art the whisper in the gloom,
The hinting tone, the haunting laugh;
Thou art the adorner of my tomb,
The minstrel of mine epitaph.

I fight thee, in the Holy Name!
Yet, what thou dost, is what God saith:
Tempter! should I escape thy flame,
Thou wilt have helped my soul from Death:

The second Death, that never dies,
That cannot die, when time is dead:
Live Death, wherein the lost soul cries,
Eternally uncomforted.

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust!
Of two defeats, of two despairs:
Less dread, a change to drifting dust,
Than thine eternity of cares.

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,
Dark Angel! triumph over me:
Lonely, unto the Lone I go;
Divine, to the Divinity.

MASTERY

If thou wouldst be a master, learn the way:
Little thou knowest of that sacred joy,
Which haunts the deep of night, and fills the day,
And makes a warrior of a dreaming boy.

To love the austerity of sea and stars:
To love the multitudes of mighty towns:
To love the hardness of thy prison bars:
This must thou know, or lose the eternal crowns.

Bear to be last, though the world's fools were first;
Endure the wealth and wage, thy service brings;
Wages enough, heart's hunger and soul's thirst,
And blessedness beyond the pride of kings.

Knowest thou this? And holds thy purpose still?
Praise thou thy God, O servant of His Will!

JOHN MASEFIELD

(Born in England, 1867-)

'REST HER SOUL, SHE'S DEAD'[1]

She has done with the sea's sorrow and all the world's way
And the wind's grief:
Strew her with laurel, cover her with bay
And ivy leaf.
Let the slow mournful music sound before her,
Strew the white flowers about the bier, and o'er her
The sleepy poppies red beyond belief.

On the black velvet covering her eyes
Let the dull earth be thrown;
Hers is the mightier silence of the skies,
And long, quiet rest alone.
Over the pure, dark, wistful eyes of her,
O'er all the human, all that dies of her,
Gently let flowers be strown.

Lay her away in quiet old peaceful earth
(This blossom of ours),
She has done with the world's anger and the world's mirth,
Sunshine and rain-showers;
And over the poor, sad, tired face of her,
In the long grass above the place of her
(The grass that hides the glory and the grace of her),
May the Spring bring the flowers.

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[1] From *Collected Poems*, copyright 1912, by the Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

HILAIRE BELLOC

(Born in England, 1870-)

COURTESY

Of Courtesy, it is much less
Of Courage of Heart or Holiness,
Yet in my Walks it seems to me
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy.

On Monks I did in Storrington fall,
They took me straight into their Hall;
I saw Three Pictures on a wall,
And Courtesy was in them all.

The first the Annunciation;
The second the Visitation;
The third the Consolation,
Of God that was our Lady's Son.

The first was of Saint Gabriel;
On Wings a-flame from Heaven he fell;
And as he went upon one knee
He shone with Heavenly Courtesy.

Our Lady out of Nazareth rode—
It was Her month of heavy load;
Yet was Her face both great and kind,
For Courtesy was in Her Mind.

The third it was our Little Lord,
Whom all the Kings in arms adored;
He was so small you could not see
His large intent of Courtesy.

Our Lord, that was Our Lady's Son,
Go bless you, People, one by one;
My Rhyme is written, my work is done.

From EUROPE AND THE FAITH

I have said that the prime product of the Reformation was the isolation of the soul. That truth contains, in its development, very much more than its mere statement might promise.

The isolation of the soul means a loss of corporate sustenance; of the sane balance produced by general experience, the weight of security, and the general will. The isolation of the soul is the very definition of its unhappiness. But this solvent applied to society does very much more than merely complete and confirm human misery.

In the first place and underlying all, the isolation of the soul releases in a society a furious new accession of *force.* The break-up of any stable system in physics, as in society, makes actual a prodigious reserve of potential energy. It transforms the power that was keeping things together with a power driving separably each component part: the effect of an explosion. That is why the Reformation launched the whole series of material advance, but launched it chaotically and on divergent lines which would only end in disaster. But the thing had many other results.

Thus, we next notice that the new isolation of the soul compelled the isolated soul to strong vagaries. The soul will not remain in the void. If you blind it, it will grope. If it cannot grasp what it appreciates by every sense, it will grasp what it appreciates by only one.

On this account in the dissolution of the corporate sense and of corporate religion you had successive idols set up, worthy and unworthy, none of them permanent. The highest and the most permanent was a reaction towards corporate life in the shape of a worship of nationality—patriotism.

You had at one end of the scale an extraordinary new *tabus*, the erection in one place of a sort of maniac god, blood-thirsty, an object of terror. In another (or the same) a curious new ritual observance of nothingness upon every seventh day. In another an irrational attachment to a particular printed book. In another successive conceptions: first, that the human reason was sufficient for the whole foundations of human life—that there were no mysteries; next, the opposite extravagance that the human reason had no authority even in its own sphere. And these two, though contradictory, had one root. The rationalism of the eighteenth century carried on through the materialism of the nineteenth, the irrational doubts of Kant (which included much emotional rubbish) carried on to the sheer chaos of the later metaphysicians, with their denial of contradictions, and even of being. Both sprang from this necessity of the unsupported soul to make itself some system from within: as the unsupported soul, in an evil dream, now stifles in strict confinement and is next dissolved in some fearful emptiness.

All this, the first interior effect of the Reformation, strong in proportion to the strength of the reforming movement, powerful in the regions or sects which had broken away, far less powerful in those which had maintained the Faith, would seem to have run its full course, and to have settled at last into universal negation and a universal challenge proffered to every institution, and every postulate. But since humanity cannot repose in such a stage of anarchy, we may well believe that there is coming, or has already begun, yet another stage, in which the lack of corporate support for the soul will breed attempted strange religions: witchcrafts and necromancies.

It may be so. It may be that the great debate will come up for final settlement before such novel diseases spread far. At any rate, for the moment we are clearly in a stage of complete negation. But it is to be repeated that this breaking up of the foundations differs in degree with varying societies, that still in a great mass of Europe, numerically the half perhaps, the necessary anchors of sanity still hold; and that half is the half where directly by the practice of the Faith, or indirectly through a hold upon some part of its tradition, the Catholic Church exercises an admitted or distant authority over the minds of men.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON

1871-1914

The future Monsignor Benson was a son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and belonged to a celebrated literary family. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and in 1891 was ordained in the Anglican Church. Nine years later he startled England by becoming a convert to Catholicism; and having been ordained priest in Rome, he devoted the rest of his too short life to the service of the Church and her literature. His religious dramas, Catholic historical novels (*By What Authority, Come Rack, Come Rope, The Queen's Tragedy, etc.*) and devotional work are all notable, alike for their noble and zealous inspiration and their graceful literary style.

FROM CHRIST IN THE CHURCH[1]

I do not for one instant profess to believe that all the world is about to turn Catholic; I am quite sure that it is not; I even think it probable that we are on the verge of a Great Apostasy; but of one point I am as certain as of my own existence, that fifty years hence there will be no considerable body in the whole of western Christendom which will be able for one moment to compete with her; and that a thousand years hence, if the world lasts so long, we shall have once more the same situation that we have now.

On the one side will stand human society ranged against her, in ranks and companies of which hardly two members are agreed upon anything except upon opposition to her. There will be the New Theologians of that day, as of ours; new schools of thought, changing every instant, new discoveries, new revelations, new presentations and combinations of fragments of old truth. And on the other side will stand the Church of the ages, with the marks of her Passion deeper than ever upon her. From the one side will go up that all but eternal cry, 'We have found her out at last; she is forsaken of all except of a few fanatics at last; she is dead and buried at last.' And on the other side she will stand, then as always, wounded indeed to death, yet not dead; betrayed by her new-born Judases, judged by her Herods and her Pilates, scourged by those who pity while they strike, despised and rejected, and yet stronger in her Divine foolishness than all the wisdom of men; hung between Heaven and earth, and yet victorious over both; sealed and guarded in her living tomb, and yet always and forever passing out to new life and new victories.

So, too, then as now, and as at the beginning, there will be secret gardens where she is known and loved, where she will console the penitent as the sun rises on Easter Day; there will be upper rooms where her weeping friends are gathered for fear of the Jews, when, the doors being shut, she will come and stand in the midst and give them peace; on mountains, and roads, and by the sea, she will walk then, as she has walked always, in the secret splendor of her Resurrection. So once more the wheel will turn; there will be ten thousand Bethlehems where she is born again and again; the kings of the earth will bring their glory and honor to lay at her feet, side by side with the shepherds who have no gifts but themselves to offer. Again and again that old and eternal story will be told and retold as each new civilization comes into being and passes away—that old drama reënacted wherever the Love of God confronts the needs of men.

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GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON[1]

(Born at Campden Hill, London, 1874-)

FROM ORTHODOXY

It is said that Paganism is a religion of joy and Christianity of sorrow; it would be just as easy to prove that Paganism is pure sorrow and Christianity pure joy. Such conflicts mean nothing and lead nowhere. Everything human must have in it both joy and sorrow; the only matter of interest is the manner in which the two things are balanced or divided. And the really interesting thing is this, that the pagan was (in the main) happier and happier as he approached the earth, but sadder and sadder as he approached the heavens. The gaiety of the best Paganism, as in the playfulness of Catullus or Theocritus, is, indeed, an eternal gaiety never to be forgotten by a grateful humanity. But it is all a gaiety about the facts of life, not about its origin. To the pagan the small things are as sweet as the small brooks breaking out of the mountain; but the broad things are as bitter as the sea. When the pagan looks at the very core of the cosmos he is struck cold. Behind the gods, who are merely despotic, sit the fates, who are deadly. Nay, the fates are worse than deadly; they are dead. And when rationalists say that the ancient world was more enlightened than the Christian, from their point of view they are right. For when they say 'enlightened,' they mean darkened with incurable despair. It is profoundly true that the ancient world was more modern than the Christian. The common bond is in the fact that ancients and moderns have both been miserable about existence, about everything, while mediævals were happy about that at least. I freely grant that the pagans, like the moderns, were only miserable about everything—they were quite jolly about everything else. I concede that the Christians of the Middle Ages were only at peace about everything—they were at war about everything else. But if the question turn on the primary pivot of the cosmos, then there was more cosmic contentment in the narrow and bloody streets of Florence than in the theatre of Athens or the open garden of Epicurus. Giotto lived in a gloomier town than Euripides, but he lived in a gayer universe.

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[1] Selections from the works of Mr. Chesterton are used by permission of Dodd, Mead, and Co., Inc.

The mass of men have been forced to be gay about the little things, but sad about the big ones. Nevertheless (I offer my last dogma defiantly) it is not native to man to be so. Man is more himself, man is more manlike, when joy is the fundamental thing in him, and grief the superficial. Melancholy should be an innocent interlude, a tender and fugitive frame of mind; praise should be the permanent pulsation of the soul. Pessimism is at best an emotional half-holiday; joy is the uproarious labour by which all things live. Yet, according to the apparent estate of man as seen by the pagan or the agnostic, this primary need of human nature can never be fulfilled. Joy ought to be expansive; but for the agnostic it must be contracted, it must cling to one corner of the world. Grief ought to be a concentration; but for the agnostic its desolation is spread through an unthinkable eternity. This is what I call being born upside down. The sceptic may truly be said to be topsy-turvy; for his feet are dancing upwards in idle ecstacies, while his brain is in the abyss. To the modern man the heavens are actually below the earth. The explanation is simple; he is standing on his head; which is a very weak pedestal to stand on. But when he has found his feet again he knows it. Christianity satisfies suddenly and perfectly man's ancestral instinct for being the right way up; satisfies it supremely in this; that by its creed joy becomes something gigantic and sadness something special and small. The vault above us is not deaf because the universe is an idiot; the silence is not the heartless silence of an endless and aimless world. Rather the silence around us is a small and pitiful stillness like the prompt stillness in a sick-room. We are perhaps permitted tragedy as a sort of merciful comedy; because the frantic energy of divine things would knock us down like a drunken farce. We can take our own tears more lightly than we could take the tremendous levities of the angels. So we sit perhaps in a starry chamber of silence, while the laughter of the heavens is too loud for us to hear.

LOVE'S TRAPPIST

There is a place where lute and lyre are broken,
Where scrolls are torn and on a wild wind go,
Where tablets stand wiped naked for a token,
Where laurels wither and the daisies grow.

Lo; I too join the brotherhood of silence,
I am Love's Trappist and you ask in vain,
For man through Love's gate, even as through Death's gate,
Goeth alone and comes not back again.

Yet here I pause, look back across the threshold,
Cry to my brethren, though the world be old,
Prophets and sages, questioners and doubters,
O world, old world, the best hath ne'er been told!

THE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS

There fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.

The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.
Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honour and high surprise,
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the yule tale was begun.

A Child in a foul stable,
Where the beasts feed and foam;
Only where He was homeless
Are you and I at home;
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,
But our hearts we lost—how long ago!
In a place no chart nor ship can show
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

ALFRED NOYES

(Born in Staffordshire, England, 1880-)

THE FIDDLER'S FAREWELL[1]

With my fiddle on my shoulder,
And my hair turning grey,
And my heart growing older
I must shuffle on my way!
Tho' there's not a hearth to greet me
I must reap as I sowed,
And—the sunset shall meet me
At the turn of the road.

O, the whin's a dusky yellow
And the road's a rosy white,
And the blackbird's call is mellow
At the falling of night;
And there's honey in the heather
Where we'll make our last abode
My tunes and me together
At the turn of the road.

I have fiddled for your city
Thro' market-place and inn!
I have poured forth my pity
On your sorrow and your sin!
But your riches are your burden,
And your pleasure is your goad!
I've the whin-gold for guerdon
At the turn of the road.

Your village-lights 'll call me
As the lights of home the dead;
But a black night befall me
Ere your pillows rest my head!
God be praised, tho' like a jewel
Every cottage casement showed,
There's a star that's not so cruel
At the turn of the road.

Nay, beautiful and kindly
Are the faces drawing nigh,
But I gaze on them blindly
And hasten, hasten by;
For O, no face of wonder
On earth has ever glowed
Like the One that waits me yonder
At the turn of the road.

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Her face is lit with splendour,
She dwells beyond the skies;
But deep, deep and tender
Are the tears in her eyes:

The angels see them glistening
In pity for my load,
And—she's waiting there, she's listening,
At the turn of the road.

PADRAIC COLUM

(Born in Longford, Ireland, 1881-)

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS[1]

Oh, to have a little house,
To own the hearth and stool and all—
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains,
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Cleaning and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store.

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed, and loth to leave
The ticking clock and shining delph.

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

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HELEN PARRY EDEN

(Born in England, 1885-)

THE CONFESSIONAL[1]

My Sorrow diligent would sweep
That dingy room infest
With dust (thereby I mean my soul)
Because she hath a Guest
Who doth require that self-same room
Be garnished for His rest.

And Sorrow (who had washed His feet
Where He before had been)
Took the long broom of Memory
And swept the corners clean,
Till in the midst of the fair floor
The sum of dust was seen.

It lay there, settled by her tears,
That fell the while she swept—
Light fluffs of grey and earthy dregs;
And over these she wept,
For all were come since last her Guest
Within the room had slept.

And, for nor broom nor tears had power
To lift the clods of ill,
She called one servant of her Guest
Who came with right good will,
For, by his sweet Lord's bidding, he
Waiteth on Sorrow still;

Who, seeing she had done her part
As far as in her lay
And had intent to keep the place
More cleanly from that day,
Did with his Master's dust-pan come
And take the dust away.

She thanked him, and Him who sent
Such succor, and she spread
Fair sheets of Thankfulness and Love
Upon her Master's bed,
Then on the new-scoured threshold stood
And listened for His tread.

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INDEX

INDEX

A Birthday 347
A Child My Choice 97
A Holy Man 124
A Rich Miser 117
A Valiant Man 117
Addison, Joseph 185
Address to the Sun 248
Advantages of Living in a Garret 206
Ælla: "Mynstrelles Songe" 256
Altar, The 113
An A. B. C., From 12
An Old Woman of the Roads 376
Ancient Mariner, The 275
Angel in the House: "Unthrift" 340
Apologia Pro Vita Sua, From 308
Arnold, Matthew 338
Art of Political Lying, From *The* 181
Ascension Hymn 165
Ask Me No More 114
'At the Mid Hour of Night' 290
Atalanta in Calydon: "Chorus" 348
Ayscough, John 358

Bacon, Sir Francis 86
Ballad of Father Gilligan 365
Ballads 48
Barnfloor and Winepress 351
Barrie, Sir James Matthew 363
Barry, Rt. Rev. William Francis 352
Beau Tibbs 220
'Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms' 289
Belloc, Hilaire 371
Bells of Shandon 303
Benson, Robert Hugh 372
Bible, From The 142
Birthday, A 347
Blake, William 260
Blesséd Damozel, The 345
Bloody Sark 27
Bolton, Edmund 109
Book of Ruth 142
"Bookseller's Dedication," from *Tale of a Tub* 183
Boswell, James 249
Break, Break, Break 319
Bridge of Sighs 301
Brown Robin's Confession 52
Browne, Sir Thomas 117
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett 315
Browning, Robert 327
Burke, Edmund 227
Burning Babe 98
Burns, Robert 262
Byron, Lord 291

Canterbury Tales: "Prologue" 3
Carew, Thomas 113
Carlyle, Thomas 304
Carnal and the Crane, The 54
Celia Singing 114
Chatterton, Thomas 256
Chaucer, Geoffrey 3
Chesterton, Gilbert K. 373
Child My Choice, A 97
Child's Purchase, From *The* 341
Childe Harold, From 291
Chimes 353
"Choice of a Wife" from *Claremont* 180
Chorus from *Atalanta in Calydon* 348
Christ in the Church, From 373
Christ's Childhood 99
Christus Mathaeum 162
Citizen of the World: "First Impressions" 219
Claremont: "Choice of a Wife" and "Manners" 180
Club, The 191
Coleridge, S. T. 275
Collins, William 216
Colum, Padraic 376
Complaint of a Lover Rebuked 70
Complaint to His Empty Purse, The 13
Composed Upon Westminster Bridge 274
Computation 107
Confessional, The 376
Conrad, Joseph 357
Constable, Henry 101
Cotter's Saturday Night, The 264
Courage, From 363
Courtesy 371
Cowley, Abraham 159
Cowper, William 241
Crabbe, George 258
Crashaw, Richard 145
Crossing the Bar 325
Crown of Wild Olive, From 337
Cry of the Children, From 315

Danny Deever 364
Dark Angel 370
Dark Rosaleen 302
Davenant, Sir William 125
'Dear Harp of My Country' 290
Death 106
Death of Sir Roger 189
Death of Sir T[homas] W[yatt] 70
Defoe, Daniel 173

De Profundis, From 356
De Regimine Principum: "To Chaucer" 19
Description of a Religious House and Condition of Life 157
Description of Castara 122
Description of Spring 70
Description of the Contrarious Passions 69
Deserted Village, The 222
De Vere, Aubrey 334
Dialogue Between Hope and Fear 121
Dialogue of Syr Thomas More, From *A* 40
Dickens, Charles 331
Dies Iræ, Dies Illa 151
Dispensary, From *The* 179
Diverting History of John Gilpin, The 241
Don Juan, From 294
Donne, John 106
Dowson, Ernest 366
Dream-Children: A Reverie 286
Dream of Gerontius, From 307
Dryden, John 165
Dunbar, William 36

Easter Night 354
Easter Wings 113
Eden, Helen Parry 376
Education of Women 177
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard 213
Eliot, George 334
Epistle to Augusta 292
Epitaph (Coleridge) 281
Epitaph (Davenant) 126
Essay on Criticism: I 198
Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful 228
Europe and the Faith, From 371
Everyman 56
'Ex Ore Infantium' 360
Example of Virtue: "Excusation" 39
Expostulation and Reply 268

Faber, Frederick William 314
Fabiola, From 312
Fables 197
Faerie Queene: "Book I" 72
Fiddler's Farewell, The 375
"First Impressions" from *Citizen of the World* 219
Fisher, Blessed John 30
Flaming Heart, The 156
Flecknoe, Richard 116
Fountain, The 163
Fortune's Falsehood 96
French Windows, From 358
From *An A. B. C.* 12
From *Bristowe Tragedie* 257
From *Crown of Wild Olive* 337
From *Cry of the Children* 315
From *De Regimine Principum:* "To Chaucer" 19
From *Dispensary* 179
From *Egoist* 343
From *Example of Virtue* 39
From *Hind and the Panther* 166
From *Repressor of Over Much Blaming* 14
From *Seasons:* "Spring" 203
From *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time* 339
From *Village:* "Book I" 259
From *Withered Arm* 350

Galsworthy, John 367
Garth, Sir Samuel 179
Gay, John 196
Give Me Thy Heart 343
God's Bird 364
Goldsmith, Oliver 218
Gondibert, From 126
Good Friday 163
Grasshopper, From *The* 161
Gray, Thomas 213

Habington, William 121
Hardy, Thomas 350
Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls, The 290
Hawes, Stephen 38
Hazlitt, William 288
Heaven Haven 351
Helas! 357
Henryson, Robert 27
Herbert, George 112
Herrick, Robert 110
Hesperides, From 110, 111
History of England, From 285
Hoccleve, Thomas 18
Holy Man, A 124
Home Thoughts, from Abroad 328
Hood, Thomas 300
Hopkins, Gerard Manley 351
Horns Away: "Humility" 18
Hound of Heaven, The 360
House of Christmas, The 374
Howard, Henry, Earl of Surrey 69
Hugh of Lincoln 53
"Humility" from *Horns Away* 18
Hydriotaphia: I 118
Hymn to Diana 107
Hymn to God's Power 205
Hymn to St. Teresa, A 154

I Saw Three Ships 49
'I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud' 271
Il Penseroso 129
In Memoriam, From 320
Incident of the French Camp 328
Internal Mission, From *The* 313
Instability of Human Glory 176
"Isaac Ashford" from *The Parish Register* 258
'It is a Beauteous Evening' 274

John Gilpin, The Diverting History of 241
Johnie Armstrong 49
Johnson, Dr. Samuel 205
Johnson, Lionel 369
Jonson, Ben 107

Keats, John 298
Kipling, Rudyard 364
Kubla Khan 281

L'Allegro 128
La Belle Dame Sans Merci 300
Lady of Shalott 317
Lamb, Charles 286
'*Lead, Kindly Light*' 311
Leave Me, O Love 84
Le Morte D'Arthur, From 20
Letter to His Wife 47
Life Is But Loss 97
Life of Samuel Johnson, From 249
'*Lines Composed Upon Westminster Bridge*' 274
Lingard, John 285
Lodge, Thomas 85
London, From 210
Look Home 96
Lord Jim, From 357
Loss and Gain, From 310
Lost Dog, The 367
Love-Lily 346
Love's Difficulties 101
Love's Protestation 85
Love's Trappist 374
Lovelace, Richard 161
Lover Beseecheth His Mistress, The 69
Lover Hideth His Desire, The 68
Lover Sendeth Sighs, The 69
Lucy 270
Lydgate, John 17

Macaulay, Thomas Babington 305
Macpherson, James 247
Magdalen, The 163
Mahony, Francis Sylvester 303
Malory, Sir Thomas 20
Mangan, James Clarence 302
"Manners" from *Claremont* 180
Manning, Henry Edward 313
Marmion, From 282
Mary Magdalen's Complaint 95
Mary Weeping for Jesus Lost 163
Masefield, John 371
Mastery 370
Means to Attain Happy Life 70
Mediocrity in Love Rejected 114
Meditation Upon a Broomstick 182
Meredith, George 343
Merle and the Nightingale 37
Meynell, Alice 353
Milton, John 127
Moore, Thomas 289
More, Blessed Thomas 40
Morte D'Arthur, From 322
'*My Heart Leaps Up*' 270
My Last Duchess 327
My New Curate, From 355
"Mynstrelles Song" from *Ælla* 256

Nativity of Christ 99
New Year's Day 150
Newman, John Henry 306
Night Thoughts: "Silence and Darkness". 195
No Armour Against Fate 115
Noble Love 117
Noble Numbers, From 111, 112
Non Nobis Domine 124
Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam 123
Noyes, Alfred 375
Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration 367

Ode (Jonson) 108
Ode on a Distant Prospect 215
Ode on a Grecian Urn 299
Ode on Intimations of Immortality 272
Ode on St. Cecelia's Day 201
Ode to Duty 271
Ode to Evening 217
Ode to Simplicity 217
Ode to the West Wind 297
Ode Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746 218
Of Celia Singing 114
Of Friendship 88
Of Marriage and Single Life 87
Of Obscurity 160
Of Riches 91
Of Studies 94
Of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar 99
Of Truth 86
Of Youth and Age 93
'*Oft in the Stilly Night*' 290
Old Woman of the Roads, An 376
Olney Hymns: "Walking with God" 245
On a Country Road 348
'*On an Evening View*' 262
On First Looking into Chapman's Homer 299
On His Blindness 127
On Mr. George Herbert's Book 158
On the Conversation of Authors, From 288
On the Death of Lady Jean Cheynée 117
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture 245
Orthodoxy, From 373
Ossian, From 247
O Thou Dread Power 263

Palinode 109
Paradise Lost: "Book I" 131
Parish Register: "Isaac Ashford" 258
Passing Bell, The 116

Past and Present, From 304
Pastime of Pleasure, From 39
Pater, Walter 349
Patmore, Coventry 340
Pecock, Reginald 13
Phyllis 85
Piper, The 261
Piping Peace 116
Planting Bulbs 364
Polite and Rustic Manners 187
Pope, Alexander 198
Praise of Saint Anne, A 18
Procter, Adelaide Ann 342
Prologue from *The Canterbury Tales* 3
Prologue from *The Child's Purchase* 341
Psalm CXXXVII 158

Rabbi Ben Ezra 329
Ranke's History, From 306
Recessional 365
Recogitabo Tibi 123
Renouncement 353
Repressor of Over Much Blaming 14
Requiem 355
'Rest Her Soul, She's Dead' 371
Retreat, The 163
Reward of Innocent Love 123
Rich Miser, A 117
Robin and Makyne 29
Robin Hood's Death 51
Robinson Crusoe, From 174
Romola, From 335
Rosalind's Madrigal 85
Rossetti, Christina Georgina 347
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel 344
Ruskin, John 336

Sacraments of Nature 334
St. Agnes' Eve 319
Saint Mary Magdalen 152
School Mistress, The 212
Scott, Sir Walter 282
Sesame and Lilies, From 337
Shakespeare, William 102
Shakspere 339
'She Walks in Beauty' 293
'She Was a Phantom of Delight' 271
Sheehan, Patrick Augustine 355
Shelley, Percy Bysshe 295
Shenstone, William 211
Shepherdess, The 353
Sherburne, Sir Edward 162
Shirley, James 114
Sidney, Sir Philip 83
Silence 116
"Silence and Darkness" from *Night Thoughts* 195
Sir Galahad 320
Sir Patrick Spens 51
Sir Roger on Men of Fine Parts 193
Song (Shirley) 115
Song for St. Cecelia's Day 173
Song of Divine Love 158
Songs (Shakespeare) 104, 105, 106
Songs of Innocence, From 261
Sonnet on Chillon 292
Sonnets (Shakespeare) 102, 103, 104
Sonnets (Sidney) 84
Sonnets from the Portuguese: XLIII 315
Southwell, Robert 95
Spectator's Account of Himself, The 185
Speech on Conciliation, From 238
Spenser, Edmund 71
Spiritual Conferences, From 314
Spirituall Consolacyon 31
"Spring" from *The Seasons* 203
Steele, Sir Richard 190
Steps to the Temple: "Upon Easter Day" 157
Stevenson, Robert Louis 354
Storke, The 48
Swift, Jonathan 180
Swinburne, Algernon Charles 347

Table Talk, From 244
Tale of a Tub: "The Bookseller's Dedication" 183
Tale of Two Cities, From 332
Tears, Idle Tears 319
Tennyson, Alfred 316
Thackeray, William Makepeace 325
The Altar 113
The Ancient Mariner 275
The Blesséd Damozel 345
The Bristowe Tragedie, From 257
The Child's Purchase: "Prologue" 341
The Club 191
The Complaint to His Empty Purse 13
The Confessional 376
The Cotter's Saturday Night 264
The Crown of Wild Olive, From 337
The Cry of the Children, From 315
The Deserted Village 222
The Dispensary, From 179
The Egoist, From 343
The Faerie Queene: "Book I" 72
The Fiddler's Farewell 375
The Flaming Heart 156
The Fountain 163
The Function of Criticism at the Present Time, From 339
The Garden 115
The Grasshopper, From 161
The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls 290
The Hind and the Panther, From 166
The Hound of Heaven 360
The Internal Mission 313

The Lost Dog 367
The Magdalen 163
The Passing Bell 116
The Retreat 163
The Schoolmistress 212
The Seasons: "Spring" 203
The Shepherdess 353
The Storke 48
The Toys 340
The Village: "Book I" 259
The Virgin 275
The Wish 159
The Withered Arm, From 350
The World 164
'The World Is Too Much With Us' 275
Thompson, Francis 359
Thomson, James 202
Tiger, The 261
Times Go By Turns 96
Tintern Abbey 268
To a Mountain Daisy 263
To a Poet Breaking Silence 359
To a Skylark 295
To a Snow-Flake 360
To Althea from Prison 162
To Castara (Melancholy) 123
To Castara (Upon Beauty) 122
To Castara Praying 122
To Celia 108
"To Chaucer" from *De Regimine Principum* 19
To Cupid 121
To Lucasta 162
To Night 298
To Our Blessed Lady 101
To Saint Mary Magdalen 101
To the Blessed Sacrament 101
To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare 108
To the Name Above Every Name 148
Toys, The 340
Triumph of Life, From 352
Trust 347
Truth 13
Tynan-Hinkson, Katharine 364

"Unthrift" from *Angel in the House* 340
Upon Cupid's Death and Burial 122
"Upon Easter Day" from *Steps to the Temple* 157
Upon the Shortness of Man's Life 159
Utopia, From 41

Valiant Man, A 117
Vanity Fair, From 326
Vanity of Human Wishes, From 211
Vaughan, Henry 163
Verses: "On an Evening View" 262
Via, et Veritas, et Vita 354
Village, The: "Book I" 259
Virginibus Puerisque, From 354
Virtue 113

"Walking with God" from *Olney Hymns* 245
We are Seven 267
Wealth 208
What Joy to Live 98
'When I Have Fears that I May Cease to Be' 300
When You Are Old 366
Wilde, Oscar 356
Wiseman, Nicholas Patrick 311
Wish, The 159
Wishes to His (Supposed) Mistress 146
Wordsworth, From 349
Wordsworth, William 266
World, The 164
World Is Too Much With Us, The 275
Wyatt, Sir Thomas 68

Year of Sorrow 334
Yeats, William Butler 365
Young, Edward 195
Young Waters 50